June 19, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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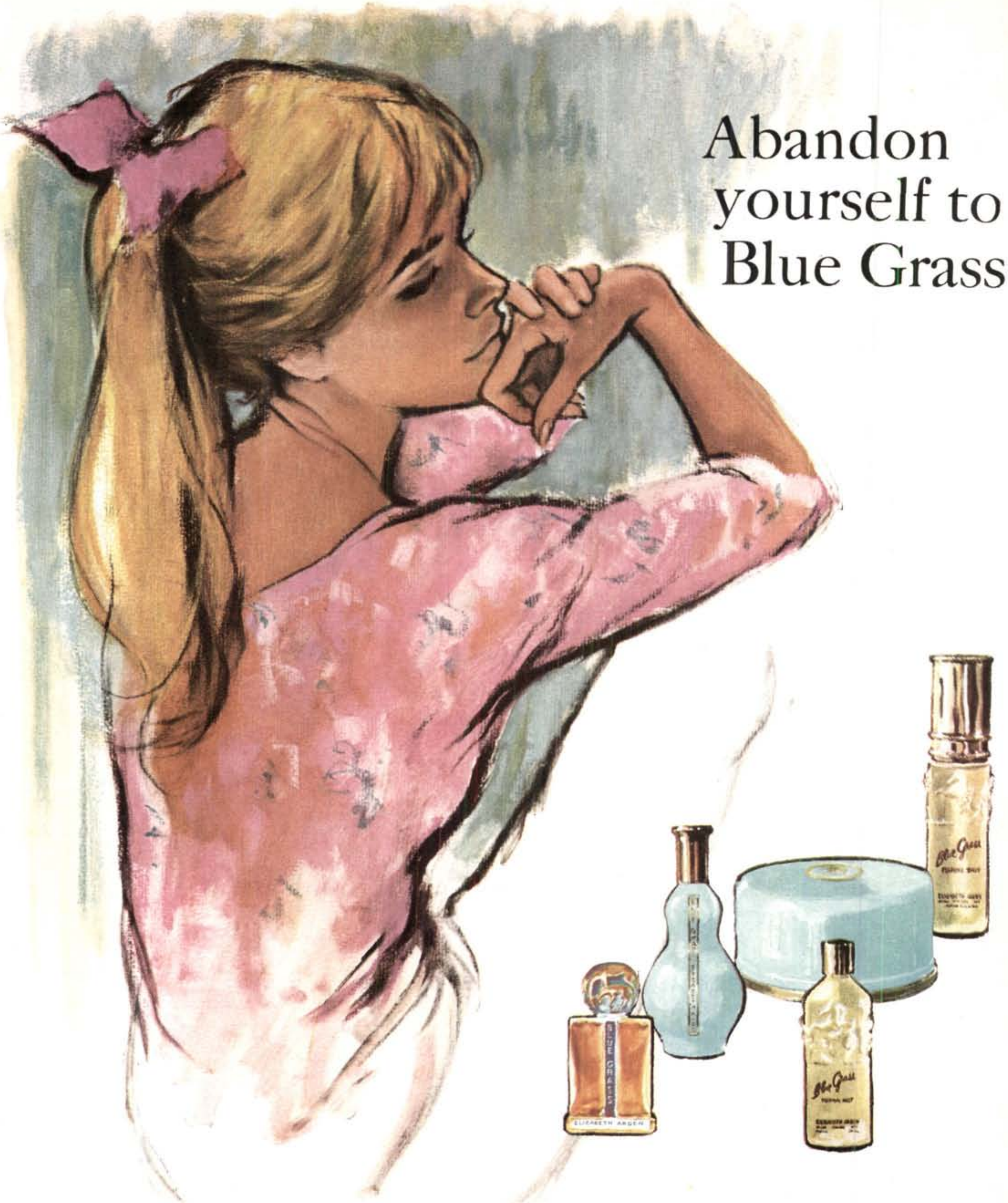
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—James Baldwin's first play, which describes some melodramatic doings in a Harlem store-front tabernacle. A long-winded affair but one in which Bea Richards does a fine job as the tabernacle's pastor. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Glass Menagerie—George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in a feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

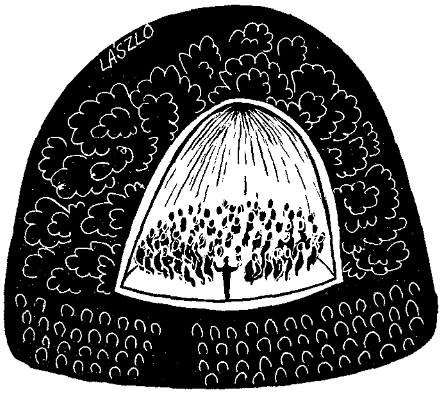
The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vagaries of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson and Martin Gabel portray, respectively, a lady in love with Sherlock and the dread Moriarty himself. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—The days of the great depression recalled ineptly in a musical that was directed by the usually reliable George Abbott, who also collaborated on the book with Robert Russell. Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy are prominent in the hard-working cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very nicely and goes out very nicely, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Half a Sixpence—A most pleasant adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—funny girl: Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **hello, dolly!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—new york city center light opera company: Bert Parks in **the music man**, the last in a series of musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of **kismet**, with Alfred Drake, Anne Jeffreys, and Lee Venora, will be the first of two musicals by the company. Preview Monday, June 21. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 22, and will run through Saturday, July 31. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

APA at the Phoenix—The final performances of a three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's **judith:** Thursday, June 17, at 8:30; Sunday, June 20, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, June 26, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, June 27, at 2:30 and 7:30. . . . **war and peace:** Friday, June 18, at 8:30; Saturday, June 19, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 22-24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Shaw's **man and superman:** Friday, June 25, at 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"Pagliacci" and the first performances of George Wehner's "Three Days After." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, June 26, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan, Thursday and Friday, June 17-18, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 22-23, at 8:40: "The Gondoliers.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 24-25, at 8:40: "Iolanthe.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 3 and 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St.

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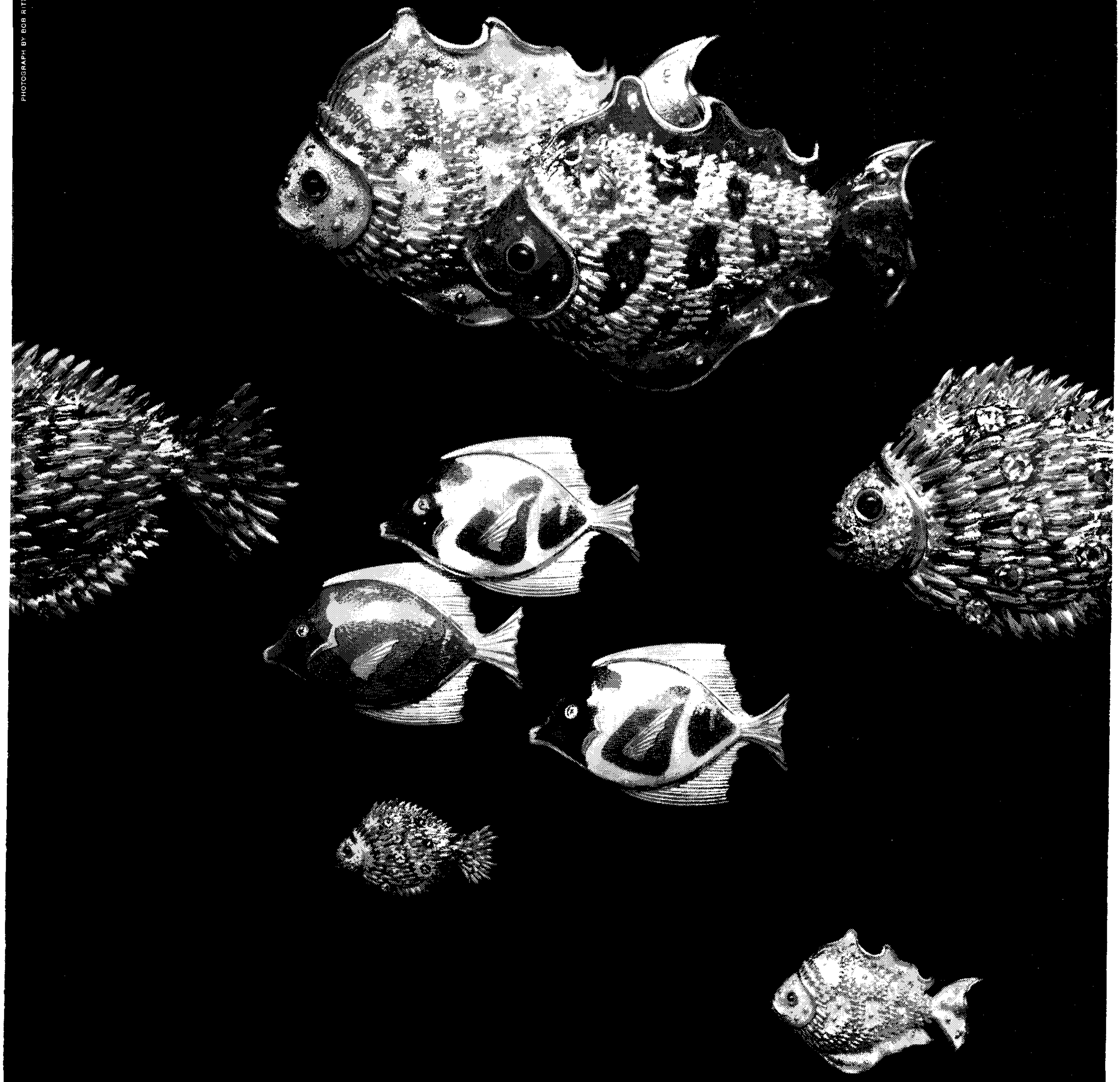

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—Most of this apparently rowdy but actually wistful English play, by John Arden, consists of scenes from the home life of a raffish bunch who have been forced to move from an abandoned tram car into a tidy housing project. The play is lively at times and tedious at times, and the same can be said of its performance by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Sundays at 3 and 8:40.... ¶ "Baal": Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Moiseyev Dance Company—A two-week return engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Love's Labor's Lost," with Jane White and Rae Allen. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. Opens Saturday, June 26. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Nancy Wilson, a pyromaniac who likes nothing better than setting a song on fire, inhabits the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, now just about the best in town, is around most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Polite society is the household god of the restaurant, where George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This sceptred isle is among the crown jewels of the British Empire, which is always glad these days to pick up another good colony. Freddie Jagels' neat little band and Freddy Alonso's Latinists work out in the grand salon. In the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio (Ernest Schoen's) provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Life on our inland waterways was never more handsomely memorialized. On one deck of this many-tiered restaurant, Les and Larry Elgart play all kinds of tricks on dance music. Their orchestra operates Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays, from one to ten, a can opener is used to provide prepacked music for those who wish to dance.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among them Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is having summer practice on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre. Yvette Souviron, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday; the Cutlers never say die.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Youth wants to know about John Gary, who is a cynosure of its eyes as he sings at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The dance tunes for the customers are offered up by the frisky band of Mark Monte and George Cort's Plaza orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. ... ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. Mondays, a pianist goes it alone.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—See the pretty smog from the topless towers of Ilium. Michael Longo's folksy orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of the *jeunesse dorée* that climbs this pinnacle. Charles Turecamo's band, fresh as a daisy, and Quintero's orchestra, which is quite at home in Latin, do their level best from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

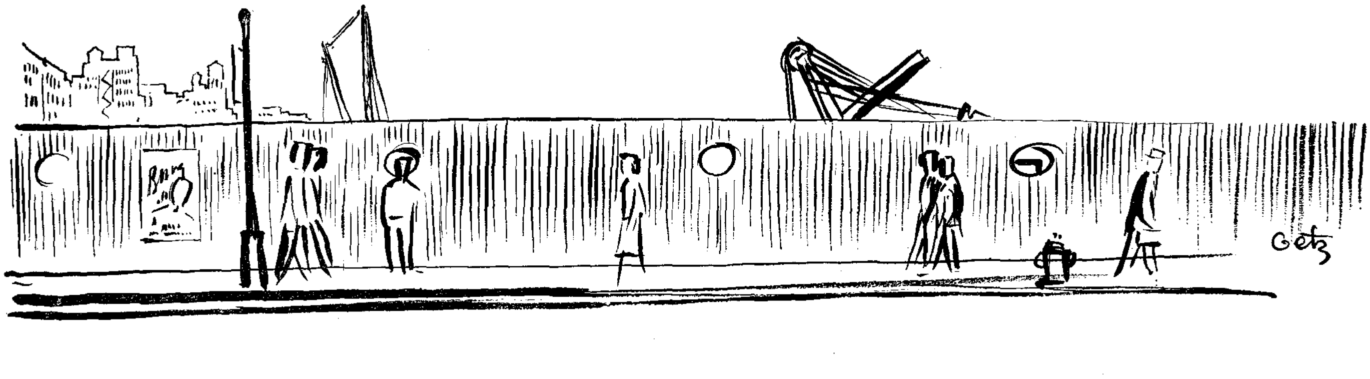
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Amid what passes in our town for forest primeval, there are dining and dancing from seven-thirty until after midnight every night but Monday.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Cadets who are awaiting their chance to operate in space can work out on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), even though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Close Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. Fragments of "La Bohème" and "Pagliacci," along with stuff much closer to home, are apt to bubble from the lips of the itinerant singers. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is also present. Closed Mondays.... **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The night sky as it looks from a terrace of Fontainebleau or Versailles. Jules Kuti, whose piano makes the transition from Rodgers and Hart to Debussy with ease, is on duty in the bar from five-thirty until ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a richly embossed slice of cityscape, every *geste* is *beau.* Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays.... ¶ Le Palais, which is Vienna (cuisine and all) on its best behavior, serves up dinner, seven to ten, along with the unhurried zither of Hans Hansberg. Closed Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter,



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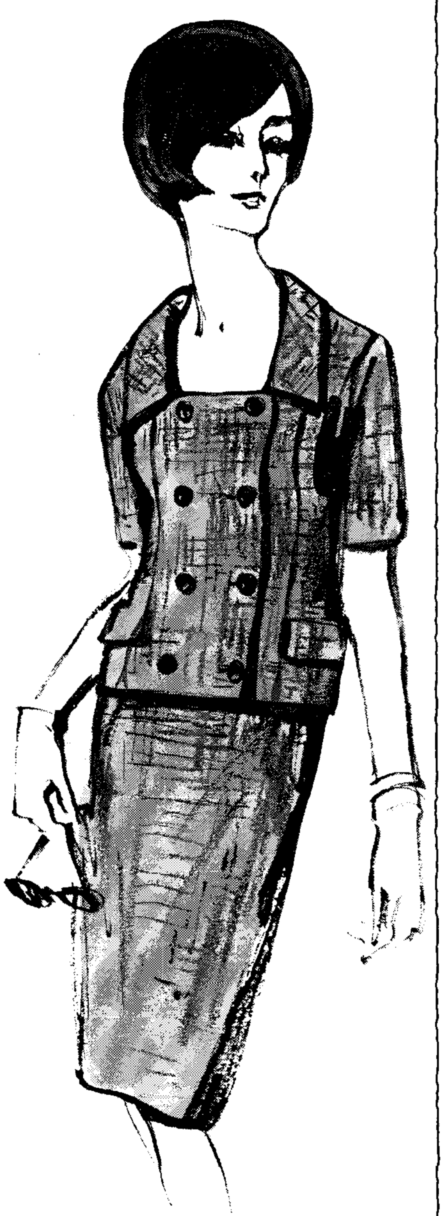
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The artfulness of this medieval banqueting room is not Pop or Op but Camp. Through its prankish halls Norbert Faconi and his age-of-chivalry violin are audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the chef) usually carry on from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music (José Luis Franco) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, providing room for Andalusian guitar (Gustavo Lopez) on the same schedule every night but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from seven-thirty until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. Five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday is his curriculum. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Those who wonder what ever became of such fixtures of night life as Nancy Steele, Jimmie Daniels, and Murray Grand will find them together in a new plush-and-panelled playroom. The Steele chansons are done in romping, who-cares fashion; the Daniels ditties occur in *bon-vivant* fashion; the Grand piano is fluent and romantic. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas are the jazz background. The music begins at five-thirty, the singing at eight-thirty. Paula Wayne, who starts her evenings by chortling in "Golden Boy," arrives as soon as she can. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The instrument of choice is the harp, which is gallantly plucked by Gerald Goodman every night but Monday, when Daphne Hellman does the honors. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A Sunday in this museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts chockablock on every wall, in every nook, is a continuous parade, from one to nine, of flamenco chanters and careeners. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There is treacle-and-molasses piano by George Feyer in this counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until one or two every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. There is casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Muriel Roberts, who is in possession of the piano in the colonnaded dining room here, has a liberal lacing of jazz in her background, and it flavors whatever she plays. Dinner until eleven is her scheme; she will be away Sunday, and her last night is Thursday, June 24. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and supping in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan, new man in town, and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except Mondays; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-



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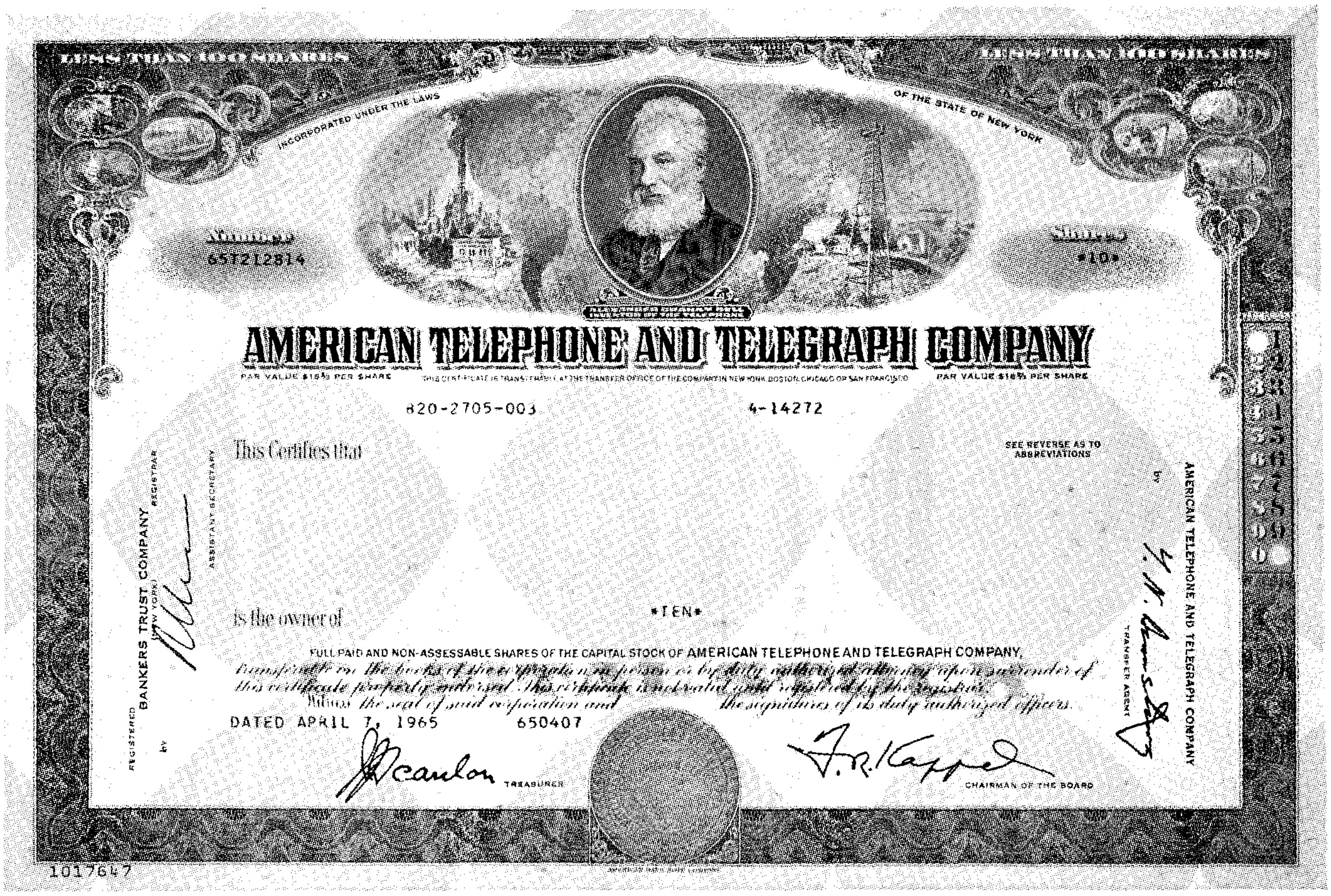

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7455): The ground-floor restaurant is likely to become a theatrical greenroom after the theatre. Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble, gets his guitar and tenor to work at nine, and keeps at them until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In the refectory of the Hotel Westbury, Conrad Monjoy's piano spends the hours between nine-thirty and one (except Mondays) reminding everybody of the tunes he had cherished and then forgotten. He will take his leave Thursday, June 24.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by quantity than by quality, is represented at its best by **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and one of the first to bring a touch of repute to the peculiar industry. The appointments are opulent, the music is clarion. From seven to ten, it is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four other nights. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon. There are no Penrod Schofields in the assemblage of young people to be found floundering on the floor here. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Pretty and deserving girls who have nothing to wear are nevertheless enjoying themselves night after night in an extravaganza that at times passes all understanding. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Trini Lopez, a mobile singer who does seem to be all things to all emotional members of the younger set, and Jackie Vernon, another of those high-decibel rapid-fire speakers, have the floor, the walls, and the ceiling. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Most of all, the idea is the songs of Frankie Avalon, who stands for ah youth, ah wilderness, ah me, and oh my! There is also an exceptional group of Copa ballerinas, made supernal by the archness of Jane Zachary. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Neil Sedaka, who is much more worthy of the adoration of the little girls' fan clubs than are most of his companion whirlybirds, is singing and cavorting in a spectacular (sort of) that may puzzle his young supporters—a razzle-dazzle of fine big strapping females who care not a fig for the few leaves they bother to wear. Twice every night is the plan. Dancing.

CABARETS

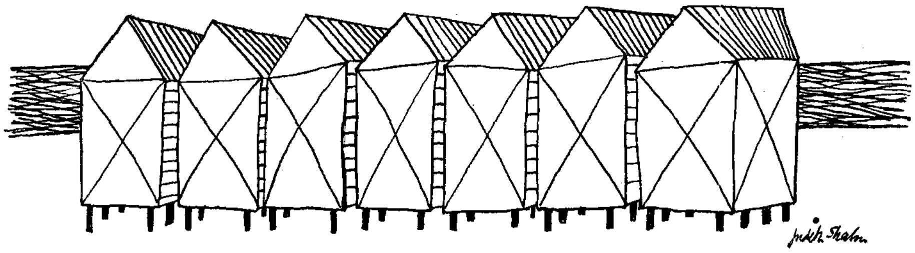
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Six members of the junior brigade (the names are Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Lou Kristofer, Michael Maurer, Maggie Peters, and Kitty Sullivan) are deep in a carrousel of six-part singing and six-part prancing that makes the lightest, gayest sort of summer reading. The event begins not long after nine and goes on and on until quite late. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together swings together, which means that Los Chavales de España are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights. Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second revision of the miniature revue called "The Game Is Up," in which R. G. Brown's wit makes much ado out of even the merest nothing, is presented Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda housing a bunch of ballet devotees—the Lydia Torea troupe—that has both Las Vegas and Andalusian antecedents. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. A mite named Maribel de Cirez is especially apt to catch one's fancy. Dinner and supper are when they go into action. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" restores to us Porter games with words and music that have been too long in the warehouse. It also restores an absolutely untrammelled Kaye Ballard, who is having herself a terribly good time, and the footwork of Harold Lang. Some of the stage business contains an archness Mr. P. would not have liked, but no matter. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Heat lightning, burning desire, and a sprinkling of humor are the basic materials of the ballads sung so well by Felicia Sanders; the humor in the caricatures executed by George Matson, who threads the mazes of the female mind without ever making a wrong turn, is plentiful and sardonic. Irving Joseph, Norene Tate, and Warren Vaughn, their aides, have a lot of romantic piano at the tips of their fingers. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison, playing piano that is flavored with catnip, heads a threesome; Sonny Rollins, carefully measuring and flavoring his sturdy notes, is running his brood of fellow-thinkers through a set of noteworthy paces. Their closing night is Sunday, June 20; Earl Hines' quartet will arrive on Tuesday, June 22. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; all quiet Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): An enormous ground swell is set up by the piano of Erroll Garner, whose complex dynamics are impressive rather than inventive; Leon Bibb, who owns as fine a voice as has ever explored folklore, uses not only antiquity but composers like Loesser and Bernstein as source material. The Messrs. Garner and Bibb check out on Sunday, June 20. On Thursday, June



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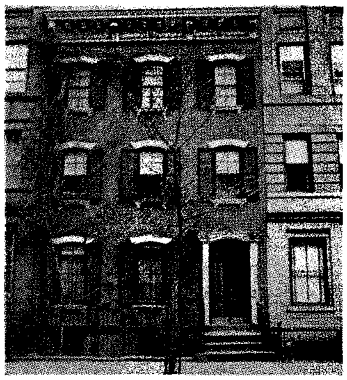

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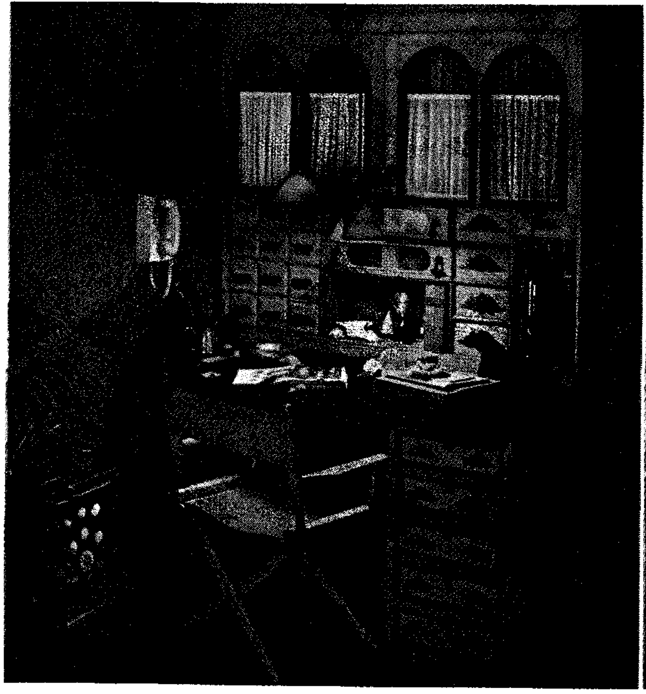

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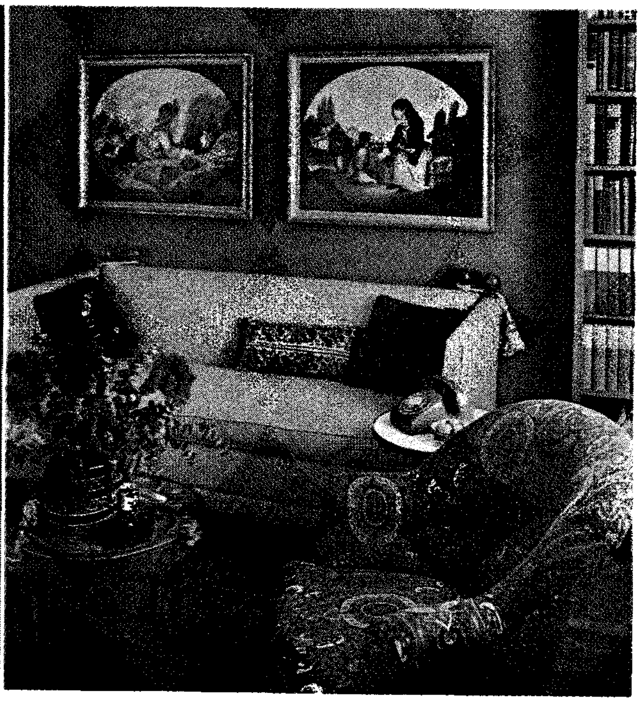

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

24, Charlie Mingus and his Jazz Workshop quintet will move in. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to eleven every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. Folk music, the principal stock in trade, is now represented by the Serendipity Singers, an amusing lot; humor of sorts is represented by a new group known as the Uncalled For Three. The Serendipity Singers will be replaced on Wednesday, June 23, by the Highwaymen, another collection of folk singers. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Great God Pandemonium reigns here. His levees begin as early as three in the afternoon (sock-and-boil music) and go on into the night with Dizzy Gillespie's band. Sundays, other shouters and tumulters stand in. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Blakey's sextet is crashing one gate after another. On Tuesday, June 22, Wes Montgomery's quartet and the Wynton Kelly trio, who are now one, take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The plain, simple sound of old-fashioned outgoing music, designed to cheer rather than confuse. It is produced by Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, Herb Gardner, and quite often, too, by Eddie Condon himself, the long-invisible patron saint of the premises. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the team of Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, who walk the difficult boundary separating classicism and jazz with exceeding skill. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the piano—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, and Vic Dickenson are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and—at a guess—no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from six until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAUL DELVAUX—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Friday, June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Free-form sculptures in tangled metallic wire and colored-glass nuggets, plus kinetic paintings; through Friday, June 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHARLES LE CLAIR—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, June 26. (Salpeter and White galleries, both at 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Boardman Robinson, John Sloan, and Tom Hardy; through July 2. . . . **LEWISON,** 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists: through Saturday, June 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists—Waldo Peirce, Nathan Cabot Hale, and Robert Vickrey (to mention a few); through Friday, June 25. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through Friday, June 25.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, assemblages, and drawings by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Marcia Marcus, and others; through July 2. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century flower still-lifes by, for instance, Fantin-Latour, Vlaminck, and Arbit Blatas; through July 2. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Dino Basaldella, Max Beckmann, and Luciano Minguzzi, plus paintings by Afro; through Friday, June 25. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through July 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12, (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan," containing furniture, pottery, textiles, lacquers, paintings, dolls, and books; through July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through Sunday, June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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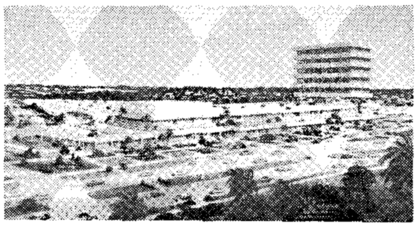

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, non-sloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; through July 27. . . . ¶ Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Audubon watercolors and drawings; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; starting Wednesday, June 23. (Daily, except Tuesday, June 22, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall—Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting a varied program Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19, at 8:30 (with Moura Lympany, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program Tuesday through Thursday, June 22-24, at 8:30 (with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Barbara Crouch, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Cassilly, tenor); and an all-Gershwin program on Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Robert Mosley, baritone; Theodore Lettvin, piano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Lewisohn Stadium—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 7—Monday, June 21: Fausto Cleva directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a varied program, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano, and Louis Sgarro, bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23: Kurt Adler conducting the orchestra in a program of excerpts from operas, with Jean Fenn, soprano; Bruno Prevedi, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25: George Schick directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "La Traviata" in concert form, with Anna Moffo, soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and Calvin Marsh, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26: Franz Allers and Richard Rodgers directing the orchestra and chorus in a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; and William Walker, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Metropolitan Opera box office, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-1210, and the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

New York Folk Festival—At Carnegie Hall—Thursday, June 17, at 7:30: "The Evolution of Funk," with Mose Allison, Dave Van Ronk, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 2:30: "The Contemporary Singer Composers," Part I, with Johnny Cash, Mississippi John Hurt, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8:30: "Grassroots to Bluegrass to Nashville," Part I, with Johnny Cash, the New Lost City Ramblers, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 2:30: "Grassroots to Bluegrass to Nashville," Part II, with Johnny Cash, the Greenbriar Boys, Mike Seeger, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8:30: "The Contemporary Singer Composers," Part II, with Johnny Cash, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at midnight: A repeat performance of "The Evolution of Funk.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 3: "The Real Thing," with Mississippi John Hurt, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 8:30: "The Carl Sandburg American Songbag," with the Greenbriar Boys, Mississippi John Hurt, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and others.

New School Outdoor Concerts—Friday, June 18: Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19: Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20: Viveca Lindfors, dramatic reading. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25: John Ciardi, poetry reading. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26: The Greenbriar Boys, folk music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be held in the auditorium.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.)

Riverside Park Concerts—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second of two concerts, this one with Frances Magnes, violin. (Monday, June 21, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the Strauss Community Center, 270 W. 70th St.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, June 17, at 8:30: Sonny Rollins' quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 8:30: Bud Freeman's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, June 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, June 18, at 8; Saturday, June 19, at 2; and Sunday, June 20, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, June 22, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, June 23, at 7; and Thursday, June 24, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 25, at 8, and Saturday, June 26, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 19.). . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 19; varsity race at 7:15.)

Golf—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Elmwood Country Club, White Plains. Monday through Friday, June 21-25.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 19; the National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 23; and the Vagrancy Handicap, Saturday, June 26. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. Starting Monday, June 21, a boat will leave Battery Park at 10:15, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.). . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 26.

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, June 20, at 7:40: Varese vs. Portuguesa and New Yorkers vs. West Ham United. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30: West Ham United vs. Varese. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Sports-Car Racing—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, June 19, at 12:30. . . . WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, June 26, at 10, and Sunday, June 27, at 2.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Through Sunday, June 20.)...¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 19, through Sunday, June 27.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 19.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

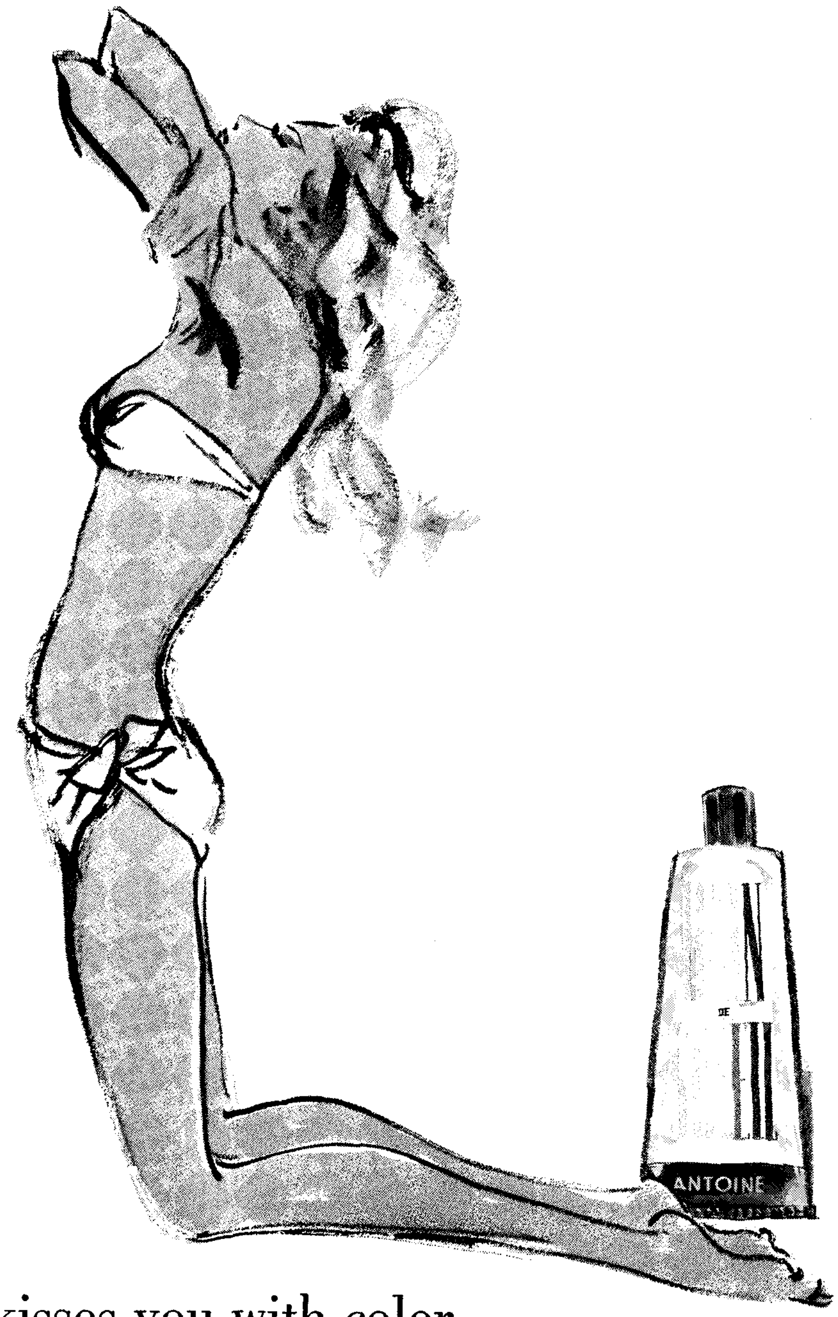
Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd: Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master"—Through June 19: "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess....¶ June 20-23: "Dream Street" (1921), with Carol Dempster. (Showings at 3, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)... GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle: Through June 19: "Plague Summer" (1951) and "The Loves of Franistan" (1952).... ¶ Starting June 22: "Grizzly Golfer" (1952), "Bungled Bungalow" (1951), and five other U.P.A. cartoons. (Showings at 2, 3:45, and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits don't open until 10 A.M., although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Now is probably a good time to go to the Fair, since it still isn't very crowded.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

Pavilions—Almost none of the large, well-known pavilions are as interesting or as easy to get into as some of the smaller ones.... ¶ The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archaeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. The two Mexican restaurants are good, and only one of them is very expensive, and there is no more attractive or comfortable bar anywhere on the Fairgrounds....¶ Other good restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions.... ¶ The replica of the Santa Maria in the Amusement Area (now shrewdly called the Lake Area) shows, among other things, how much smaller people used to be.... ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar."... ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; free....¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free....¶ Between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., the Underground Home becomes an underground discothèque.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A French melodrama distinguished by the presence, in a merry mood, of Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe, all of whom are worth watching for hours and perhaps days on end. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 23.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama, with a Grand Hotel cast. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

A High Wind in Jamaica—An excellent adaptation of Richard Hughes' story about seven English children accidentally kidnapped by pirates. Anthony Quinn is at his best as the pirate captain. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through June 22. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting June 23.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Masquerade—A preposterous mock thriller, which will either amuse you or irritate you. Starring Jack Hawkins, Cliff Robertson, and a crumbly castle. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting June 23.)

Mirage—A straight, no-nonsense suspense film, in which Gregory Peck barely escapes with his life. Cunningly shot on location in New York and boasting Walter Matthau's presence in a small, funny role as a neophyte private eye. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 22. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 23.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Starting Saturday, June 19, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—Juvenile delinquency in a split-level Canadian suburb. Thanks to the director, Don Owen, and the star, Peter Kastner, the movie surpasses its subject matter and becomes a delightful work of art. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. It stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 23.)

Operation Crossbow—We *did* win the Second World War, and this tells one of the reasons why. With George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Tom Courtenay, and many another brave soul. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting June 23.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very convincing movie. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Pumpkin Eater—An odd, delightful study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 22.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 22. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 23.)

Symphony for a Massacre—A dispassionate French film about five professional criminals who die trying to make half a million dollars. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through June 20. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through June 22.)

36 Hours—An ingenious thriller about a desperate moment in the Second World War. James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor are all plausible in highly implausible roles. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 22.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. . . . ¶ Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through June 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 23.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 22.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 17.)

Cartouche (1964)—A French takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 20.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 22.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through June 21. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through June 23.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through June 21. . . . ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through June 23.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 19-21.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through June 20.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 18. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; starting June 23.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 17.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 17.)

Monkey in Winter (1963)—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo in a French picture about drink, loneliness, Channel weather, and dreams. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

The Notorious Landlady (1962)—A comedy of murder in an English setting, with Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon as a couple of diplomats at our London embassy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 23.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 22.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 22.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 18-21.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 23.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 21-23.)

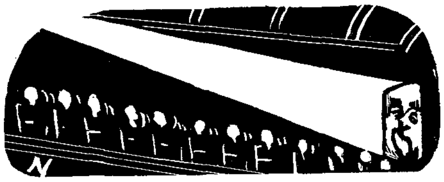
The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Zulu (1964)—The combatants are the English and the Zulus, the place is Natal, and the time 1870. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 23.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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20	21	22	23			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 21: **THE TRAIN.**
From June 22: "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 22: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA.**
From June 23: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 22: "Joy in the Morning," Richard Chamberlain, Yvette Mimieux; and "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
From June 23: **OPERATION CROSSBOW.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Truth About Spring," Hayley Mills, John Mills; and "The Naked Brigade," Shirley Eaton.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 22: "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors," Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee; and "The Girls on the Beach," Martin West, Noreen Corcoran.
From June 23: "Tickle Me," Elvis Presley; and "Gunman of the Rio Grande," Guy Madison.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through June 20: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
June 21-22: Theatre closed.
From June 23, at 8:30: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 23: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 22: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French).
From June 23: "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 22: **MIRAGE**; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.
From June 23: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 22: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**
From June 23 (tentative): "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through June 22: **SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE** (in French).
From June 23: **OPERATION CROSSBOW.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 22: "Plisetskaya Dances," a Russian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Dimka" (in Russian), revival.
From June 23: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and **MASQUERADE.**

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through June 23: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 21: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.
From June 22: "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 22: "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors," Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee; and "The Girls on the Beach," Martin West, Noreen Corcoran.
From June 23: "Tickle Me," Elvis Presley; and "Gunman of the Rio Grande," Guy Madison.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through June 20: **SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE** (in French).
From June 21: "Image of Love," a documentary film.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 20: **HE WHO MUST DIE**, revival.
From June 21: "The Eye of the Needle" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 18: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
June 19-21: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.
June 22: "The Good Earth," revival, Luise Rainer, Paul Muni; and "The Life of Émile Zola," revival, Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut.
From June 23: **ZULU**, revival; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 22: **MIRAGE.**
From June 23: **BANANA PEEL** (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 23: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 22: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
From June 23 (tentative): "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita," Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 22: "Buddha" (in Japanese).
From June 23: **THE TRAIN.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 22: "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors," Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee; and "The Girls on the Beach," Martin West, Noreen Corcoran.
From June 23: "Tickle Me," Elvis Presley; and "Gunman of the Rio Grande," Guy Madison.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 22: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA.**
From June 23: "Genghis Khan," Omar Sharif, Stephen Boyd.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 17: **M** (in German), revival; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
June 18-21: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From June 22: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 22: **MIRAGE**; and "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.
From June 23: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 22: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.
From June 23: **MIRAGE**; and "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 22: "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons; and "Convict Stage," Harry Lauter, Donald Barry.
From June 23: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA**; and "Earth Dies Screaming," Willard Parker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 22: "Buddha" (in Japanese).
From June 23: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
June 17: "The Kingdom and the Beauty" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From June 18: "Enchanting Shadow" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Eva," Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Fascist" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 20: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
June 21-23: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "La Viaccia" (in Italian), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 22: **36 HOURS**; and "Good Neighbor Sam," revival, Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.
From June 23: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**, revival.

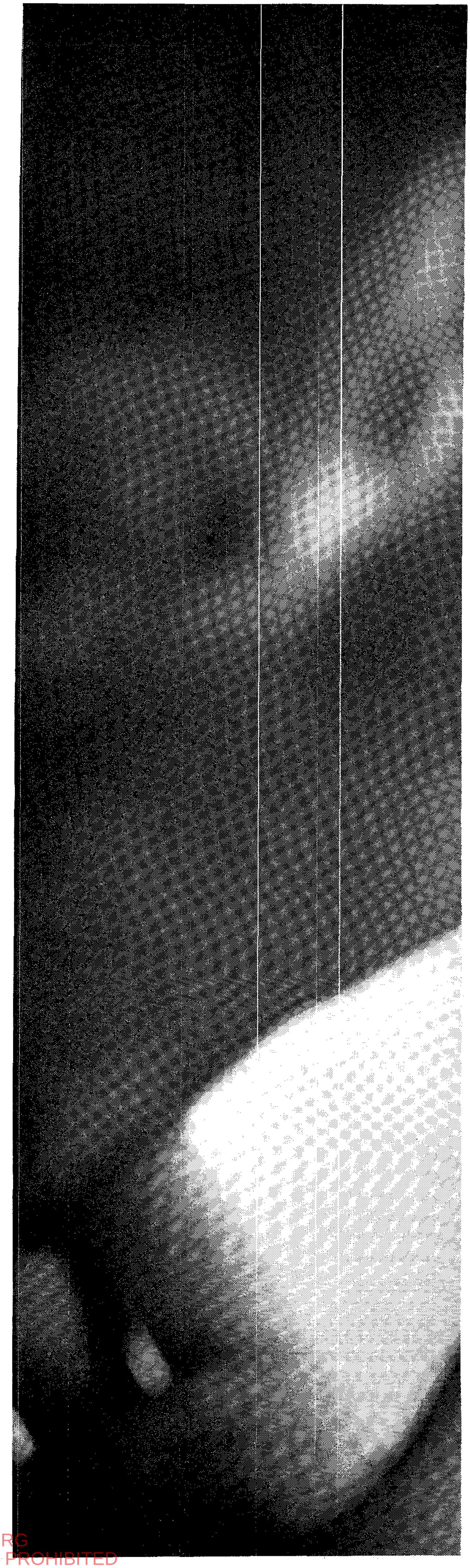
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 17: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
June 18: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
June 19: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival; and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival.
June 20: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival.
June 21: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
June 22: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival.
June 23: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Back to the Wall" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 22: "Buddha" (in Japanese); and "The Man Who Walked Through the Wall" (in German), Heinz Ruehmann.
From June 23: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.

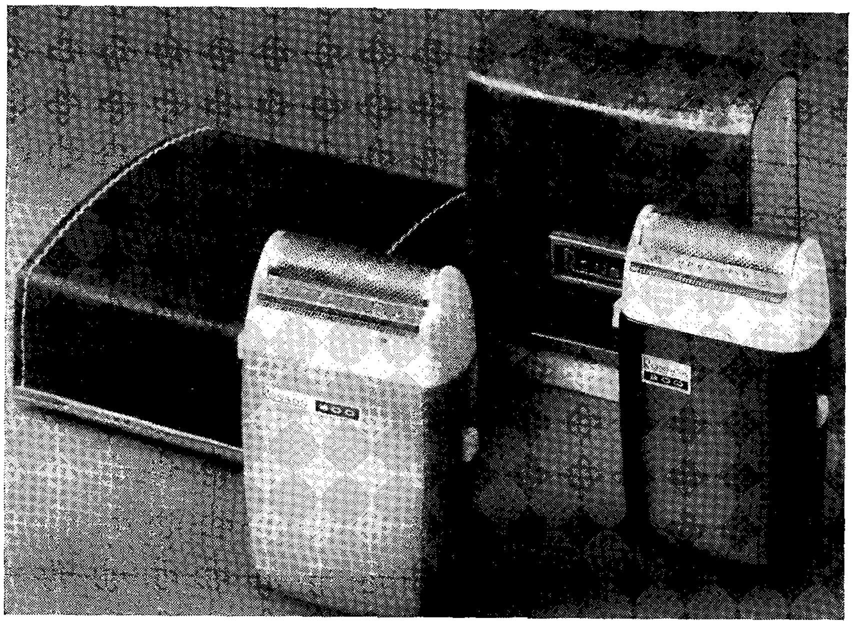
He's going
to shave
with his Ronson

Isn't that
kind of hard to do
with a cigarette lighter?

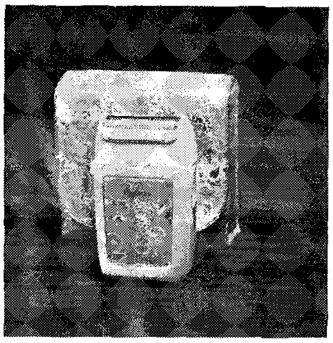
Get with it! Ronson has a great new electric shaver, the Ronson "400". Made the way of everything Ronson. With precision. And detailed excellence. Designed the Ronson way. Magnificently. To give you the kind of shave your fingers will be feeling all day. In amazement. Want to see it? For the details on the Ronson "400" electric shaver and its more modest companion, the Ronson "200", just turn the page. Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.



He's going to shave with his new Ronson "400" Electric Shaver

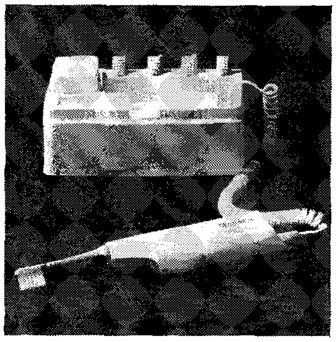


The Ronson "400" Electric Shaver is man size with 36 blades! Micro-thin shaving screen cuts close, smooth, quick. Exclusive "Super Trim" clippers groom sideburns, collar zone, mustache. Unbreakable Lexan body. Cleans itself at the flick of a switch. **The Ronson "200."** Popular priced 32-blade shaver with the same great Ronson features as the "400." At your favorite store.

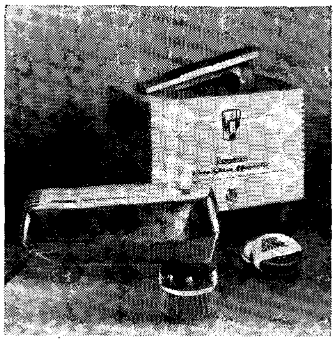


His wife will use the new Ronson Caress Ladies Electric Shaver. Screen is largest, thinnest for close, fast, comfortable shaving. Has contoured "Trimette" for underarms. Protective roll-top shield. Gold brocade purse.

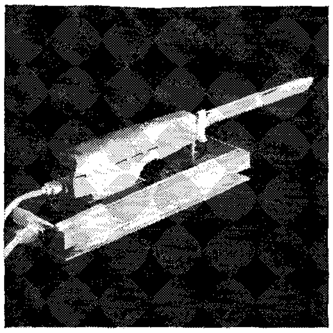
She'll dry her hair with the new Ronson Escort Portable Hair Dryer. 40 oz. light. Fast and quiet. Long cord. Four heat ranges. Fitted case with adjustable shoulder strap can be worn as handbag. Extra-large hood. Brush and comb.



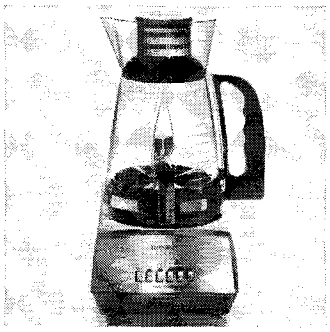
He'll brush his teeth with the new Ronson Electric Toothbrush. Runs on standard batteries and house current reduced to 5 safe volts with exclusive Safety-Coupler. Correct up-and-down action. Best cleaning speed.



He'll shine his shoes with the new Ronson Roto-Shine "Magnetic" Electric Shoe Polisher. The only one that picks up attachments magnetically, ejects at touch of a button. Applies polish, brushes, buffs. Storage chest.



He'll carve a roast with the new Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife. Carves, slices and shreds quickly, easily and quietly. Slim balanced grip. Wall rack with built-in extension cord can be used as a knife stand at dinner table.



She'll use the new Ronson 5-speed Blender to blend, whip, pulverize, chop, grate, mix. Only blender with self-feeding wide base 1½ quart container and longer blades to take whole fruits and vegetables. Easy to clean.

She'll open a can with the new Ronson Can-Do Electric Can Opener. Portable, versatile. Opens any size and shape can. Mixes drinks, whips food, mashes potatoes and sharpens knives. Comes with attachments and handy wall rack.

Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.

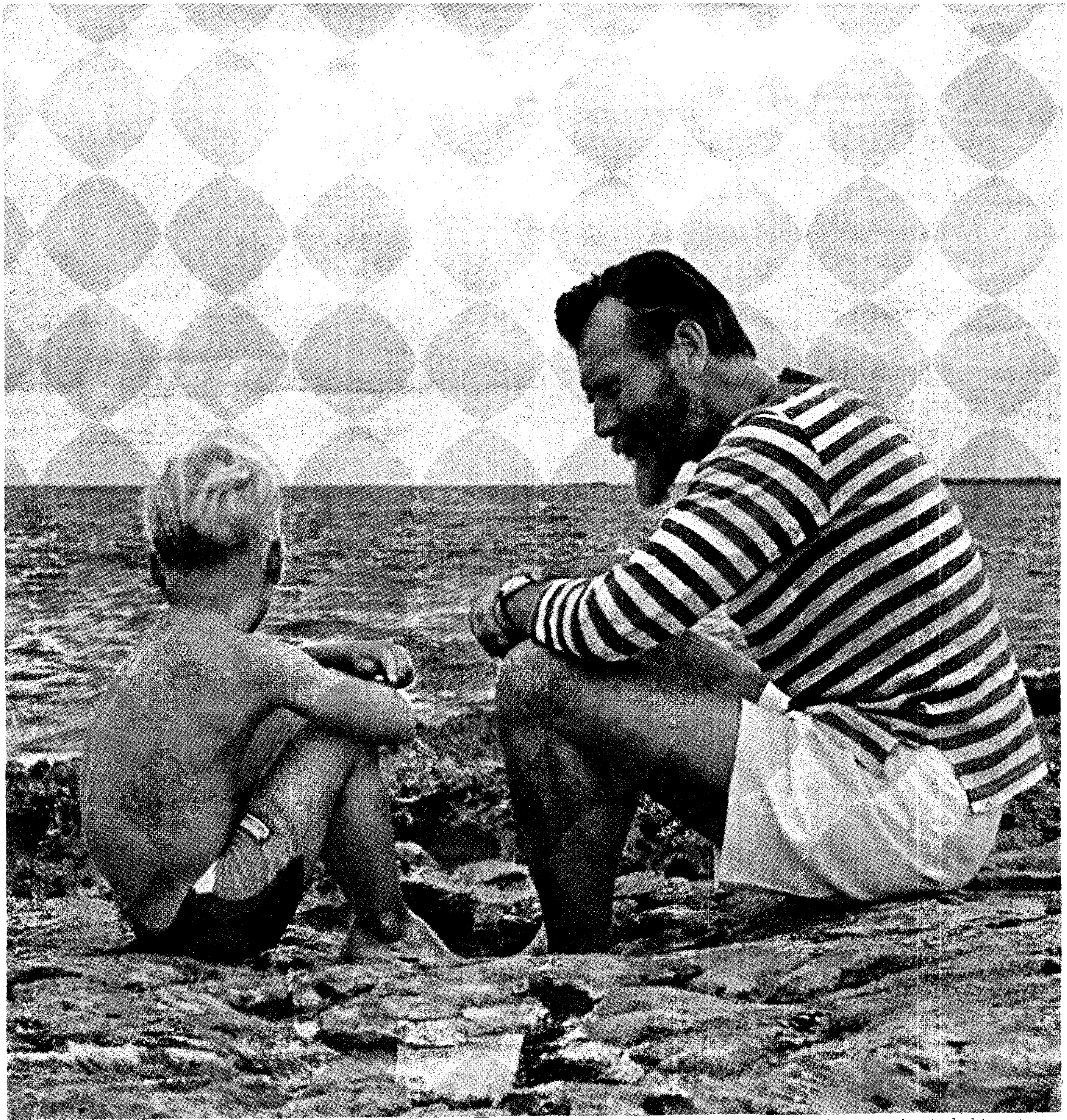
RONSON
automatically better ®
RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N. J.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Ever notice how many cars look like copies of Buick's Riviera? Rough copies.

It's one thing to duplicate a Riviera's looks. (You take a piece of tracing paper, see . . .) But then what do you do when it comes time to duplicate Buick's kind of engineering? And what about the somewhat overpowering list of regular equipment we build into all our Rivieras? Power steering and power brakes with finned drums. A 325-horsepower powerhouse of an engine. An automatic transmission. Squishy-deep bucket seats, with a console in between. A tilting steering wheel. Carpeting all over the place. Etc., etc., etc. (As for optional equipment, you might start things off with our new black vinyl top.) Don't get us wrong. You can get a perfectly nice, if fuzzy, copy of the Riviera for a few dollars less than we charge. But wouldn't you really rather have an original?

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division



Schweppes Bitter Lemon crossed the ocean and conquered America back in 1961.

"Of course Schweppes has nothing against children. It's simply that we invented Bitter Lemon for grownups."

Above, you see Commander Whitehead explaining a fact of life to a young Schweppesfan:

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is the first *adult* soft drink, as well as the most versatile new mixer since Schweppes Tonic itself.

Schweppes *invented* Bitter Lemon. "It was our first new drink in 100 years," says Commander Whitehead, "and we did not skimp. Schweppes uses whole fresh lemons in making Bitter Lemon. Juice, pulp, peel, everything."

Turn a bottle of Schweppes Bitter Lemon upside down before you open it. *See* the morsels of lemon for yourself. Whole, fresh lemons give Schweppes Bitter Lemon its tart, *grown-up* taste. It's the only soft drink children *don't* like.

If your child *does* like Schweppes Bitter Lemon, don't fret. Instead, rejoice. You have a precocious child.

Schweppes
Bitter Lemon

BEGINNING A SERIES OF PUBLICLY SPONSORED ADVERTISEMENTS OF COMPOUND INTEREST TO PRIVATE INVESTORS EVERYWHERE

The San Francisco Redevelopment Agency cordially requests the pleasure of your company

Or corporation, as the case may be, to participate in the development and enjoyment of the most elegantly profitable commercial enclave of the 20th Century: San Francisco's Golden Gateway. Please bring money.*

Money, however, is only money whereas the Golden Gateway is one of the rarest real estate sites in the world. Nearly 50 acres in area, it stretches from Market Street to Broadway, running along the financial district to Telegraph Hill on the west and fronting on San Francisco Bay from Ferry Building Plaza northward (see below).

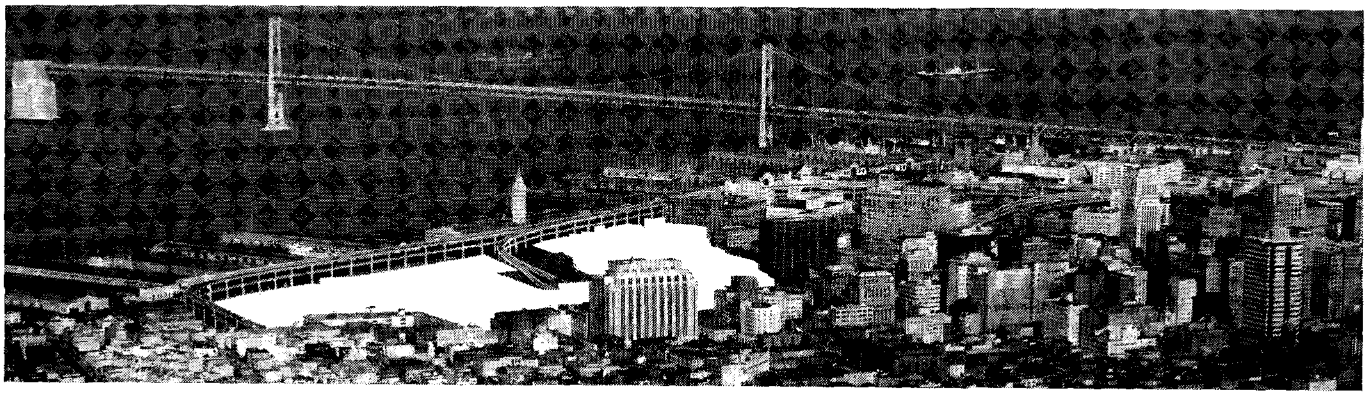
Because of the unique grandeur of this location in the heart of one of America's most beautiful cities, we have been charged with the responsibility of insuring that every structure and component (parks, hotels, business and professional offices, clubs, retail establishments, recreational facilities, apartments, plazas, garden town houses, etc.) in the Golden Gateway is both dynamically and aesthetically integrated with the area as a whole.

Which is why we are unable to sell to everybody who's willing to plonk down a few million dollars.** Not to somebody, for instance, who wanted to put up a twenty-three story building done in Neo-Pigeoncoop. It isn't that we're all that snobbish or altrustic, either. A strong vein of acumen tells us that the sum of the elegance of our Golden Gateway as a whole will increase the value of each building in it. Those already constructed provide a graceful setting for buildings yet to be designed and so future developments must compliment the present buildings; it's only fair. Also, mutually profitable.

If, by the way, you (or your company/corporation) would like to enjoy the benefits of the Golden Gateway without having to construct your own building, elegant space as mentioned above can be provided by agreement with other developers.

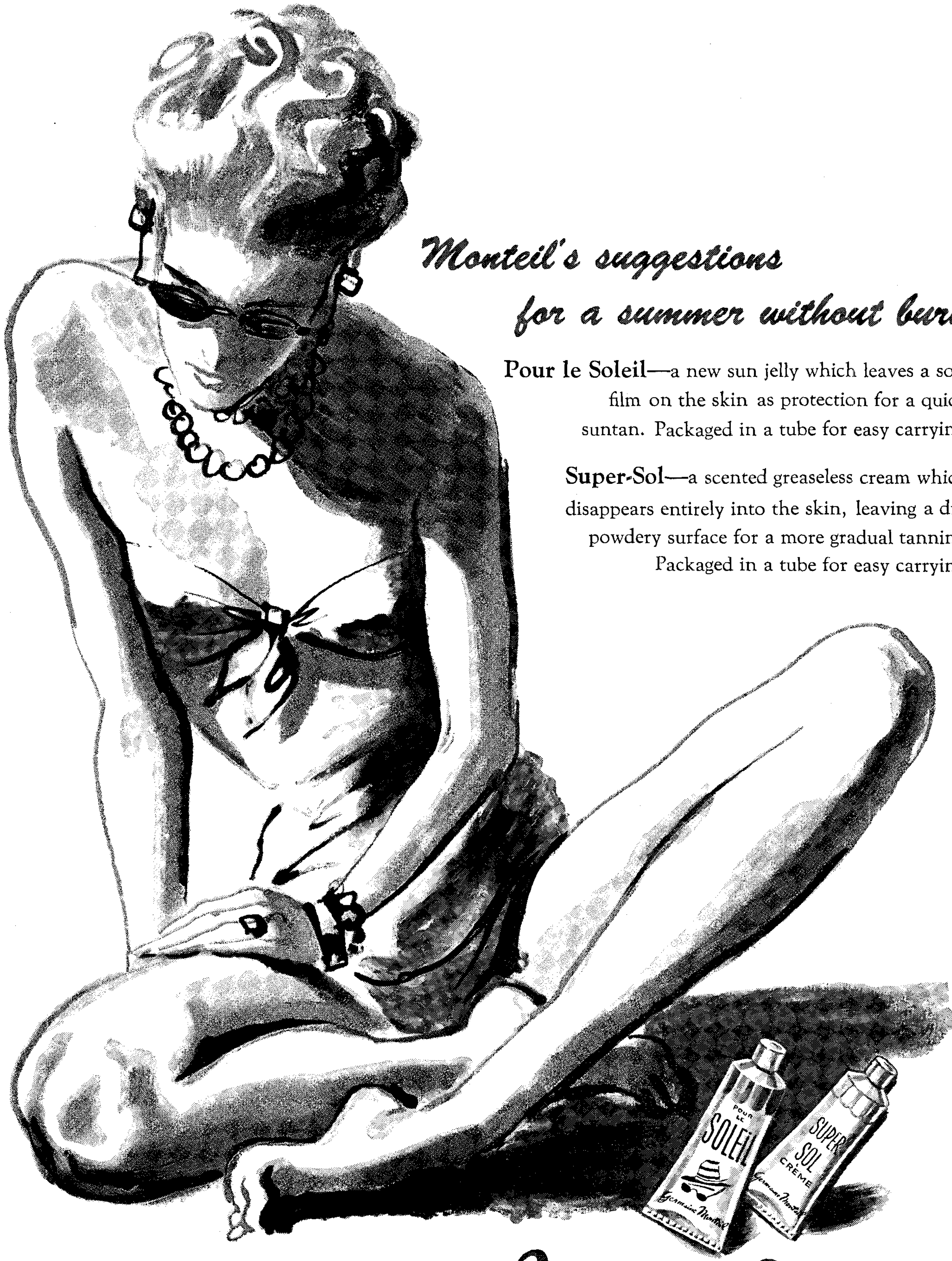
*About $2,310,120.00 if you'd like to buy a choice block of 74,520 square feet on Sacramento St. at Davis in the Golden Gateway. Your building (up to 23 stories) of course, would be extra.

**$4,850,880.00 for 156,480 square feet presently available on Market Street, enough land to develop 1½ million gross square feet. (Our base price is $31 per square foot and we pay your broker a 2½% fee to boot.)



RSVP **FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE OR ANY FURTHER INFORMATION YOU'D LIKE, PLEASE DROP A NOTE TO DOUGLAS MYERS, BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR, SAN FRANCISCO REDEVELOPMENT AGENCY, 525 GOLDEN GATE AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. THANK YOU.**

© 1965 San Francisco Redevelopment Agency


POUR LE SOLEIL
Germaine Monteil
SUPER SOL CRÈME
Germaine Monteil

Monteil's suggestions for a summer without burn

Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly which leaves a soft film on the skin as protection for a quick suntan. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Super-Sol—a scented greaseless cream which disappears entirely into the skin, leaving a dry powdery surface for a more gradual tanning. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR intellectual faculties have been fairly lifted off their hinges by a recent news story from Bournemouth, England, reporting that "plastic seaweed is being laid at this upper-middle-class coastal resort in Southern England to halt the ravages of the tides." The seaweed is being anchored in twelve feet of water, we are told, and it "looks like the horsehairs of a violin bow." The report does not say what sort of artificial seaweed is envisioned for lower-middle-class resorts, and we suspect that our happiness depends, in some measure, on our not thinking about this. Truly upper-class resorts, on the other hand, will undoubtedly decline to halt the ravages of the tides, however violent their advance and however vulnerable the beaches, with anything less elegant than genuine horsehairs in real violin bows. Meanwhile, over in Ireland, nature counters the depredations of the tides with a species of living seaweed that the inhabitants call, in their dreamy Irish way, carrageen, or carragheen, and out of which they make a good thing on the side. They sell it to cooks. Our dictionary tells us that carrageen is a dark-purple cartilaginous seaweed that, dried and bleached, is used in making blancmange. We believe it. Indeed, we are prepared to believe anything of blancmange, whose name has always struck our irrefrangibly American eye as being less appropriate to the culinary than to the veterinary arts. Perhaps somebody will discover another way to protect beaches. We find it hard to escape the feeling that neither nature nor science has distinguished itself in this matter of seaweed.

Exotic

THE contemporary upheavals in Africa have greatly aided Mr. Jay C. Leff, president of the Fayette Bank & Trust Co., of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in forming, during the past decade and a half, one of our country's largest collections of ancient tribal art—some two thousand sculptures, masks, implements, costumes, ornaments, and weapons, most of them ceremonial. Two selections of them have visited New York in the past several weeks—one at the Museum of Primitive Art and the other at the Museum of Natural History. "How could I acquire so much so fast?" their lender said to us when we shook his hand, by appointment, at the Central Park West exhibit. "Well, as new states were formed in Africa, and their inhabitants got converted to new religions—mostly Islam—their ceremonial objects became less important to them. Their proprietary attitude toward them changed, and a vast quantity of top material came onto the market. The supply is now somewhat diminished, and prices have increased tenfold since the nineteen-forties, but the Africans' willingness to sell their ancestors and their gods has been a great boon to me."

We asked whether this wasn't rather sad, in a way, and Mr. Leff said, "I hope that a collection like mine may draw attention to the fact that so-called primitive art—I deplore that adjective; I prefer 'exotic'—has a long cultural tradition. Its meaning is often lost on us because of our ignorance, but we can at least appreciate its elegance and creative vitality."

Mr. Leff's collection is also strong in non-African objects, as he demonstrated by leading us to a *kamanggabi*—a delicately carved wooden polelike figure, nearly ten feet tall, which he said was regarded as a figure of benevolence by the Arambak people, in the Sepik River district of northern New Guinea; it had a series of hooks on it that he was unable to explain. "Here's another figure I'm very fond of," he said of a wooden object, decorated with red paint, lime, bead ear ornaments, and a necklace, that looked something like a praying mantis. "And this one"—he pointed to a sculpture that combined attributes of both sexes—"is a protective ancestor figure that was used in funerary rites for chiefs in New Ireland. Many of the things here come from what used to be Dutch New Guinea; most of their counterparts are in the Netherlands."

Mr. Leff, who is forty, said that he began collecting in 1949, two years after he started out as an assistant cashier in the bank over which he now presides. "I was walking along Third Avenue, and I dropped in at the Carlebach Gallery, which is now on Madison Avenue, and bought a few ivory chess sets," he said. "That exposed me to various cultures and periods, and, encouraged by the late Julius Carlebach, I began to acquire ancient art—mostly South American and African. I now buy through probably thirty dealers. I have about thirty objects in the bank, where they attract a good deal of attention, some of it noncommittal. Still, we have deposits of over thirty million dollars, and we're the largest single-office bank in Pennsylvania. I like to think we're something of a museum, like the Chase headquarters bank here."

The David Rockefeller of Uniontown smiled, and said that the rest of his things, other than those out on loan, were in warehouses, in his house, or in his garage. "I keep the car outside," he said. "My wife takes a dim view of that. I have a library of around fifteen hundred books bearing on exotic art. I'm always visiting dealers in New York. Whenever I'm here, I eat too much. I like the Forum of the Twelve Caesars, the Café Nicholson, La Potinière, the Sea Fare group, and the Mandarin group. I suppose I come here too often; I ought to spend more time at the bank."

We asked how he happened to go into banking, and he said, "Well, I got out of the Navy in 1945, when I was twenty, and went into the record business as an employee of one of my brothers. He had a company called American Recording Artists, in Hollywood, and I handled distribution in New York—Hoagy Carmichael, Ginny Simms, and so on. The next year, my brother sold the company. As I was wondering what to do next, my father, who had substantial hotel interests in western Pennsylvania, said that his friends had been after him to help finance a bank in Uniontown. 'How would you like to become a banker?' he said. Now let me show you a ritual Tahitian fly whisk that I think has a certain feeling of elegance."

Discovery

A FRIEND of ours bought an afternoon newspaper at a local kiosk last week and stopped in mid-sidewalk to examine a huge front-page photograph of Major Edward H. White leaving his Gemini space capsule a hundred miles or so above a very distinct planet called Earth. A messenger boy, complete with transistor radio and sunglasses, halted at our friend's elbow and peered uninvited at the picture. "Look at that!" the boy said. "It really *is* round!"

Summer Festival

THIS year, according to the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, "New York is a World's Fair and a Summer Festival, too!," and on June 8th, at a lunch in the Grand Ballroom of the Astor Hotel, we attended the début of the temporarily expanded slogan. Scattered among the ballroom's wavy balconies and gilded seraphim were World's Fair-Summer Festival pennants, plastic Unispheres, and an orchestra that played "Alice Blue Gown" and "In the Good Old Summertime." Fifteen hundred businessmen—the Convention Bureau's constituents—had paid ten dollars apiece for some roast beef and some information on how much business they could expect to do this year with visitors from out of town and how the Bureau intended to make the visitors happy.

Mr. Harry Anholt, president of the Bureau and also of Realty Hotels, Inc., introduced a number of celebrities, businessmen, and city officials on the dais, and announced that New York is not only a World's Fair and a Summer Festival, too!, but also a Courtesy Festival. Nothing is more important than courtesy to visitors, Mr. Anholt said. He called attention to a group of typical and presumably courteous public servants who had been drafted for the occasion, including a redcap, a cabdriver, a stewardess, and an elevator man, all in uniform. Courteously, they rose from their seats at a center table when their names were called, and the audience of employers applauded.

According to Mr. Anholt, the sixteen million people who visited New York City in 1964 spent almost a billion and a half dollars here, and those who have come and are coming this year—about the same number—will spend about the same amount, or perhaps a little more. He went on to report that nine hundred and fifty conventions have been booked in the city for 1965, among them those of the American Medical Association, this week; the Kiwanis and the American Malacological (mollusks) Union, next month; and, in August, the National Bakery Wagon Drivers. Everyone looked pleased. Much to Mr. Anholt's regret, the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology will not convene here in 1968, as had been expected, because it found that the Coliseum was not big enough to hold all its exhibits. Unlike Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City (where the experimental biologists decided to go), New York has no space for what Mr. Anholt called "the super-convention." His listeners looked unhappy. Mr. Anholt asked for their sympathy and financial support, and then tried to cheer them up—and, at the same time, to suggest the fun to be had at the World's Fair—by bringing on a mariachi band from the Mexican Pavilion. The band played and sang vigorously while the members of the official orchestra peered speculatively down from their balcony, and the businessmen began to smile again.

Mr. Anholt then introduced Chita Rivera, recently of "Bajour," who will act as Summer Festival hostess—a symbol, Mr. Anholt said, of "the hospitality of all New Yorkers and the dynamic excitement of our great city." Miss Rivera described how her head spun and her mind raced when she was told she would have to make a speech. Then, with great fervor, she quoted Walt Whitman, recited her reasons for loving New York, and sang "Put On a Happy Face."

Finally, Mr. Anholt and Commissioner Richard Patterson, of the Department of Public Events, crowned the twelfth Summer Festival Queen, Gladys Moir, who alternately teaches English and models. We were assured that Miss Moir—or Queen Gladys, as she was being called—was chosen not only for her beauty but also for her poise, her personality, and her enthusiasm for New York. Queen Gladys, who has been touring the United States, Canada, South America, and Europe to make sure that the people in those places are aware that New York is a World's Fair and a Summer Festival, too!, made a short speech. "One of my hobbies in life is enjoying it, and what is life but its people?" she asked.

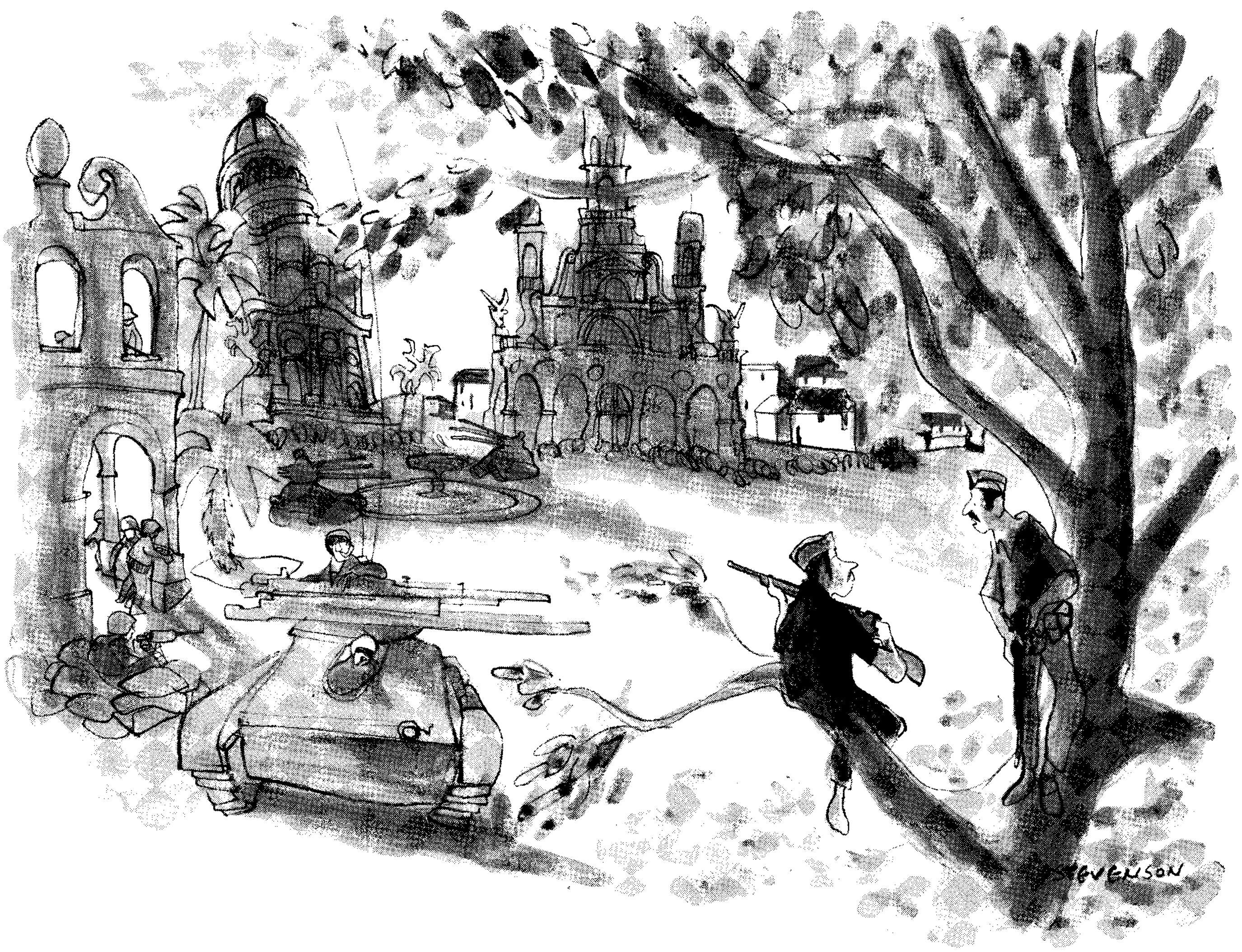
While everyone was mulling over Miss Moir's question, Commissioner Patterson read a telegram of congratulations and encouragement from the Mayor.

•

OVERHEARD in a hotel dining room, middle-aged mother to her husband: "A girl seventeen these days is much more of a woman than a boy seventeen."

Hey, Leach!

WE were taking a walk through the old—and doomed—Washington Market area one warm and love-



"Which do you favor, José—a counter-revolutionary military junta, a rebel-led constitutional force with leftist ties, or a provisional government containing dissident elements and pledged to new elections, supervised by the O.A.S.?"

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ly afternoon last week, strolling under the dark, rooflike canopies of the ancient commission-merchant buildings and savoring the few remaining moments of this beautiful and venerable part of New York, when we first caught a glimpse of Leach and his wagon.

The out-of-town trucks were beginning to arrive, and men were unloading the vegetables and fruits, piling the sidewalks with produce. We made our way past baskets of green peppers, parsley, stringbeans, and cucumbers; between piled crates of tomatoes; and down corridors of boxed celery, cauliflower, scallions, and purple eggplant. The cobblestone streets were wet where ice had melted from the trucks. Above the canopies of the buildings the paint was peeling from the old brick, where the handsomely lettered names of the merchants had generally flaked and faded. Over the tarred roofs the skyscrapers of downtown gleamed in the afternoon light. We had just turned down North Moore Street—one block ahead of us were West Street and the West Side Highway and the Hudson—when we saw, between two large parked trucks, a horse and wagon standing by the sidewalk. The wagon was decrepit, having unpainted slats for sides, and huge spoked wheels with battered rims. The wagon body was mounted on stylish but rusted springs, and across its top and hanging down on both sides was a makeshift canvas cover, patched and stitched, that was partly orange and partly tan. As we approached, a small elderly man in a white baseball cap came hurrying out of one of the buildings, stuffing a piece of paper in his breast pocket, and swung himself abruptly up onto the high front seat of the wagon, shook the reins, and growled a command to the horse. The horse and wagon heaved forward and began clattering down toward the river. "That's old Leach," said a man who was sitting on a crate on the sidewalk. He watched the wagon turn the corner into West Street. "He's the last horse truck left in the market. He's been here as long as anybody remembers."

We went down to the corner, but by the time we got there, Leach and his wagon had vanished among the giant trailer-trucks rumbling down West Street.

Early the next afternoon, having asked around the market about Leach, and having been told that his first stop in the area was usually in midafternoon at a place called Bazzini's, on Park Place, we walked down Washington Street, taking our time, in the hope of finding him. The street was quiet at this hour, and nearly deserted. The day's vegetables had been trucked out during the night and early morning, and the new produce had not yet begun to arrive. The cobblestones had been brushed and washed and had dried, and only a torn leaf of green was showing here and there. Under the canopies, a few men sat on boxes, waiting, or dozed in the shadowed doorways. On one corner, a Sabrett's hot-dog man was doing a desultory business.

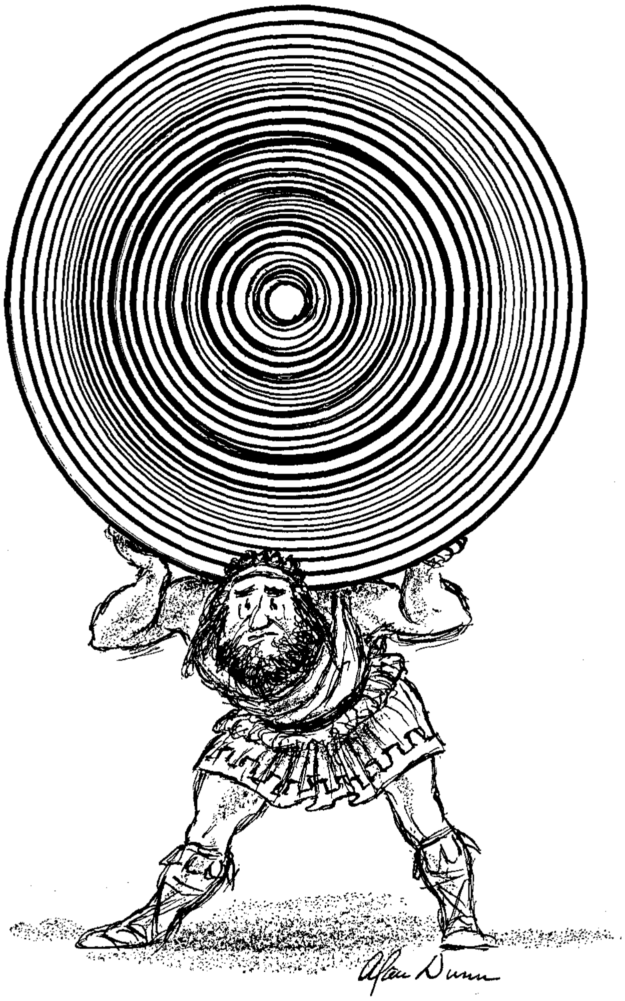
We turned east on Park Place and stopped at a red brick building with gray cast-iron Corinthian columns (on each of which was a yellowed metal plaque bearing a picture of an elephant holding a giant peanut in its trunk and, in small letters at the bottom, the credit "Veribrite Signs, Chicago"). Across the front of the building, just under the canopy, was the name "A. L. Bazzini Co., Inc., Peanuts, Nuts & Dried Fruit." Inside one of several rooms that opened onto the sidewalk, a couple of men were dumping nuts from wooden boxes into a large metal container that tapered to a chute at the bottom. We asked them if they'd seen Leach.

"Oh, *Leach*," said one of the men, smiling. He told us that Leach was due at any time to pick up some bags of peanuts.

"Old Leach," added the other man. "He'll be along."

We went out on the sidewalk to wait. In every direction there were signs of the bleak destiny that awaits the old market: to the east, the huge office buildings loomed; to the west, next door to Bazzini's, there was an open parking lot where a market building had been torn down; to the north was another parking lot, and above its car roofs we could see a third one beyond. Across from that sat a low, block-long garage.

Suddenly we were aware of a sharp clatter of hoofs on the cobblestones, and we turned and saw Leach, sitting very straight on the high seat of his wagon as it came rattling and lurching toward Bazzini's. Leach reined in the horse in midstreet, ignoring the cars and trucks behind him, and clambered down from his perch. He grabbed the horse's bridle and backed him up, turning, so that the wagon was parked at right angles to the sidewalk. Then he guided the horse to a position parallel to the curb, and as the traffic once again began to flow past, he hopped up onto the sidewalk. He was wearing the same baseball cap, glasses, a hearing aid, a blue coat, a checked shirt, dark pants, and blue canvas shoes with rubber soles, and he was chewing on a cigar. He untied a cord that stretched across the back of his wagon—crisscrossed between metal knobs on either side—to hold the freight in, and began dragging thirty-pound boxes of shelled pecans ("From the Land of Enchantment") down onto the sidewalk. One of the men from Bazzini's helped him stack the boxes, and then they started loading hundred-pound bags of fancy peanuts into the wagon.



We introduced ourself to Leach, and asked him where he was going next. "Jay Street," he said. "You want a ride? All right. Get in." He indicated the mountain of peanut bags. "Sit up there." We climbed up onto the rear of the wagon and over the bags, which crunched pleasantly, and made a seat for ourself on a bag just behind the driver's seat. On the floor of the wagon was a cardboard box containing oats and a honeydew melon. Leach crisscrossed the cord between the metal knobs again, guided the horse out into the street, and then bobbed up on the seat in front of us and snapped the reins. With a lurch, the wagon moved forward, and in a moment we were riding up Greenwich Street—against the traffic—with the canvas flapping like a sail above us, the wagon shaking, the springs screeching, the boards groaning and creaking, and the wheels shuddering and clanking on the cobblestones. Leach raised his hand to fend off the oncoming cars and, ignoring the honking, swung the wagon in a sharp left turn into Murray Street.

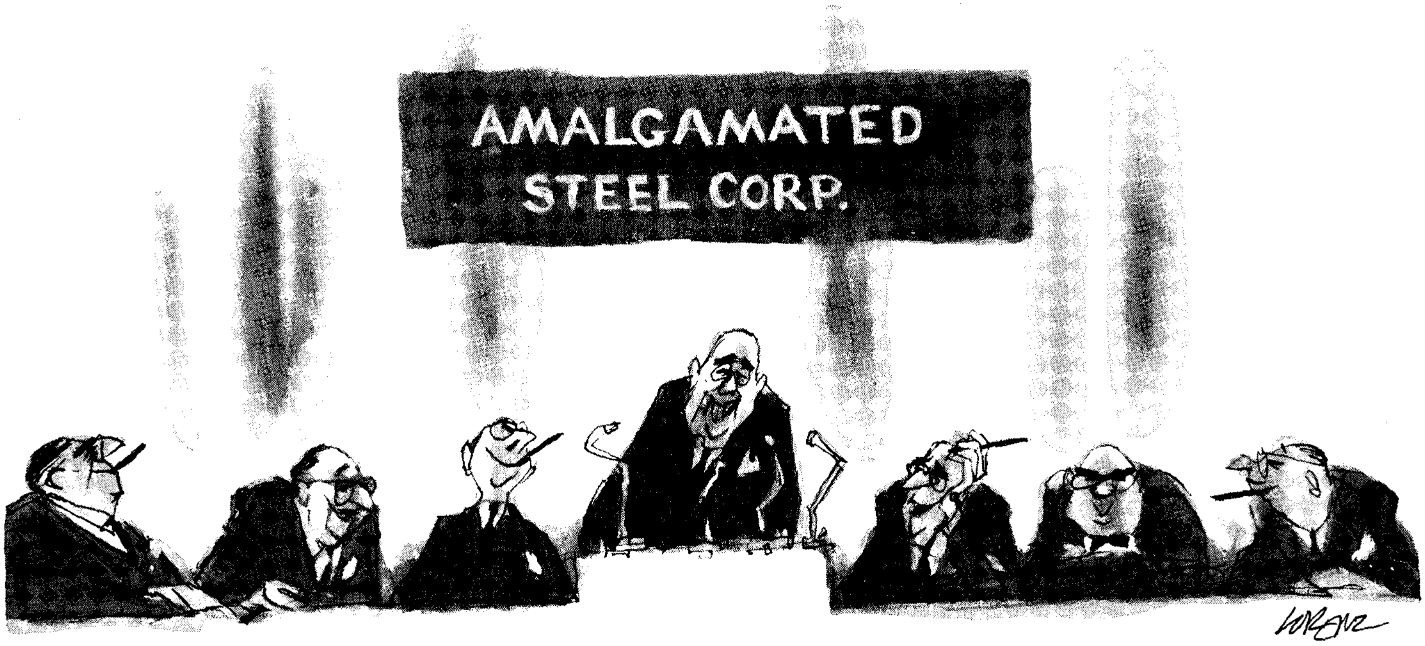
"I had a horse and wagon down here for forty years," Leach said, over the noise. "I know everybody. I'm seventy-three years old. I work when I feel like it. Half the time, I don't go out. I'm just getting by." We turned up Washington Street. "I live in Brooklyn. I keep the horse and wagon on Forty-eighth Street, between Tenth and Eleventh. I take the B.-M.T. over, then I come down Eleventh Avenue to West Street." Leach steered between a couple of trucks. "When this place goes, I retire," he said. "What'll I do? I won't do nothing." He shook the reins. "It's a ruination," he said. "It's going to ruin a lot of people. There's a lot closed up already." He was silent. "All my years down here, I wasted my time," he said suddenly. "I could have joined the newspaper union. I could have been retired by now. It's a new world today. I would have quit ten years ago, but I can't get rid of *him*." He pointed at his horse, plodding along below us. "Buster, his name is."

We turned west into Jay Street, and Leach jumped down and guided Buster to the curb, pushing the wagon into a narrow space between a car and a truck. The truck was full of crates of corn on the cob, packed with ice, and the ice was dripping onto the street.

A man in a T shirt came out of A. J. Trucco, Inc., and, after Leach had untied the cord again, helped unload the peanut sacks. "Old Leach was a big prizefighter once," said the man enthusiastically as he grabbed one end of a sack. "Wasn't you, Leach?"

Leach, holding the other end and chewing on his cigar, did not deign to reply.

We stepped out of the way of the peanuts and stood beside the wagon, looking around. Across the street, on the corner, was Joey Endive, Inc., and next to Trucco's was A. J. Weinstein, where a man was watering some open boxes of lettuce with a garden hose. Trucks were beginning to arrive in large numbers. We stepped up onto



"I think I can assure you, Madam, that your company has not been taken over by crooks."

• •

the sidewalk and brushed against the axle of Leach's wagon, getting a large, gleaming glob of axle grease on our trousers. As we were scrubbing at it with an old mesh orange sack we found on the pavement, a short man wearing a rubber apron came over, introduced himself as "Little Maxie from Weinstein's," offered his sympathy, and went to get a paper towel.

A trim-looking middle-aged man in a spruce business suit, spectacles, and a dazzling straw boater stepped over and expressed concern for our trousers. "I don't think that'll come off," he remarked sadly, and went on, "I'm Straw Hat Johnny Weinstein. I'm the only man in New York City who wears a straw hat three hundred and sixty-five days—or nights—of the year. I've been here in this market fifty years. You mail a postcard anywhere in the world to 'Straw Hat Johnny, New York City,' and it'll come right to me." He added, "It's true." He pointed to the building next door. "See my place?" he said. "That's the only new building that's been built on Washington Street in a hundred and fifty years. The only one. I built it in 1922." He paused. "Now it's going to be torn down, with all the rest."

"Hey, Leach!" yelled a man farther down the sidewalk. "I need a place. I got a truck coming in!"

Leach, who had finished unloading the peanuts and was now helping stack some crates of garlic in his wagon, yelled back, "When I get fifty garlic, I'll give it to ya!"

Little Maxie returned with a paper towel, and we thanked him, scrubbed up, and then, saying goodbye to Straw Hat Johnny and Little Maxie, climbed aboard the wagon again, just as Leach started guiding Buster out into the traffic.

"Were you really a prizefighter?" we asked Leach once we were settled on a stack of crated garlic and the wagon was rumbling along.

Leach muttered. "I fought about twenty times," he said, finally. "In them days, you didn't get much. Twenty-five dollars, maybe. Fifty dollars. They give you tickets, and you could sell 'em to your friends and split fifty-fifty. I was a lightweight. I fought at the Winter Garden on Grand Street. Sometimes I had to fight here in the market, too. In the old days, there was plenty of gorillas around here. They used to try to grab your customers. I'd do the best I can. I was born on Monroe Street—No. 37, I think it was—on the East Side. It's all knocked down now. It's all projects now. I went to public school there, and then I was a newsboy going through the market here, selling papers—the *Globe*, the *Evening Mail*, the Brooklyn *Standard-Union*, the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Then I was a helper in the market. You worked six days a week; you got paid three dollars a week. Later, I got twenty-five cents an hour. If you wanted to work four hours, you could earn a dollar. After a while, I got the horse and wagon. In those days, there was no trucks—just horses and wagons. Everything came in by railroad or boat or wagons." He paused, then added, "You used to pay a nickel going over the Brooklyn Bridge with a horse and wagon."

Leach steered Buster down Beach Street and backed the wagon up against the unloading platform of Roman Crest Foods, at No. 80. As he began pulling out the crates of garlic, a man sauntered over and greeted him. Another man joined Leach and helped him stack the garlic.

"Hey, Leach," said the first man slowly, leaning against the building with his hands in his pockets. "What are you going to do when they tear this place down?"

"I'm gonna take it easy," replied Leach, heaving a crate of garlic onto the stack.

"Are you going to move up to the new market in the Bronx?"

"No," said Leach disgustedly. "I got no business up there."

"The horse," said the man. "What are you going to do with the horse?"

"Sell him to the race track," said Leach.

The man watched Leach for a while, and then he pointed to Leach's wagon and asked, "Hey, Leach, how long's that wagon going to last?"

Leach hesitated for a moment. "It might last as long as me," he said, and then, for the first time that afternoon, he smiled a little. "Or," he added, "it might last longer."

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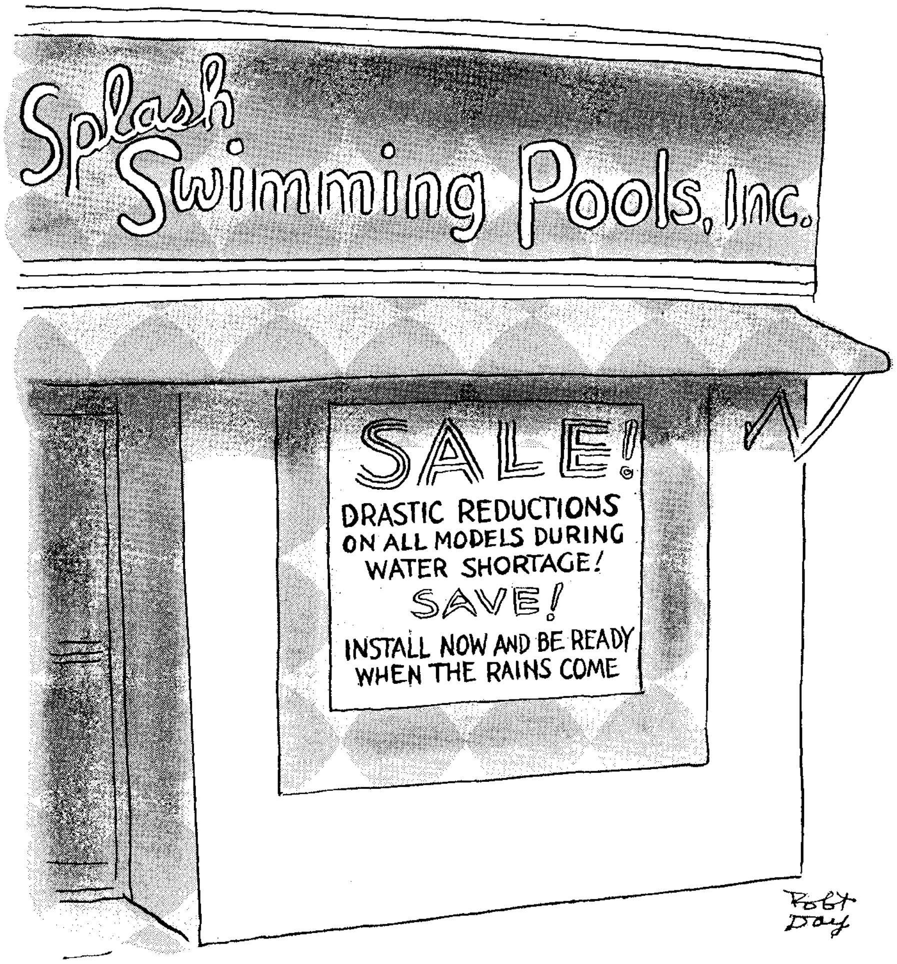
ST. FRANCIS HIGH SCHOOL of Little Falls, Minnesota, has a choral group of ten nuns who call themselves The Hootenunnies.

CAVEAT EMPTOR, FORTISSIMO EX PHILADELPHIA

I MUST admit that I was fit to be tied when three-quarters of an hour had elapsed without any sign of Barney Bienstock. After all, I had cancelled a dentist's appointment at his insistence, traversed the city to lunch with him at a restaurant I abhorred, and here I sat, frozen, elbowed by busboys, and malevolently eyed by a headwaiter grudging me the cubic footage I displaced. The gabble of the Broadway crowd around me—agents, box-office treasurers, and movie exhibitors—was earsplitting, and the reek of their cigars, imprisoned by the low milk-glass ceiling, made my eyes water. Just as I was girding to leave, Bienstock, modish in a duffel coat and a tiny plaid cap that perched on his head like a baked apple, wriggled his way feverishly through the press of diners, hugging a dispatch case. "Swinish of me—unforgivable!" he panted. "But it wasn't my fault, word of honor. They yanked me back for retakes on this commercial I did. A dog's life—that's what a TV actor leads." He tapped my glass. "Come on, have another of these while I unwind."

I accepted, in deference to his obvious tension, and, exhaling deeply, he conjugated the rigors of his calling. It appeared that the Cosmonut Corporation, packager of a leading assortment of nutmeats, had established in surveys that partygoers relished the walnuts, almonds, filberts, and pecans in its selection but invariably left the cashews untouched. To offset this, it had commissioned a film in which Bienstock, introduced as a world-famous authority on nutrition, hailed a milestone in medical research—i.e., the finding that cashews were loaded with Plectrin C, a vitamin essential to life. "When they saw it, they decided it didn't have enough scientific pizzazz," he recounted. "So I shot it over wearing a surgeon's tunic and a goatee, with a mirror on my forehead. Then they threw out the whole business and made me a carnival pitchman, in a derby hat and sleeve garters. Oh, well, what the hell," he said shamefacedly. "It's a living, and the residuals'll keep the wolf away until a part turns up. However, that isn't why I called you. Could you spare an hour this afternoon to help out a friend?"

As Bienstock outlined it over our blueplates, the favor he sought sounded less than monumental. The apartment he and his wife occupied was so noisy that, to retain their sanity, the pair had decided to move. After a protracted search, Hedwig had narrowed things down to a possibility at the Casa Modigliani, a new dwelling on First Avenue in the Seventies. Its location, conveniences, and rent appealed to her, and Barney had acceded to the move without seeing the place when Hedwig's mother, in Philadelphia, sent them a newspaper article that gave them pause. The gist of it, said Bienstock, was that it was folly of apartment hunters not to check a prospective rental beforehand for noises that might prove distracting. "Here, I brought it along," he said, extending a clipping from the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "Don't bother to read it all—just what I marked."

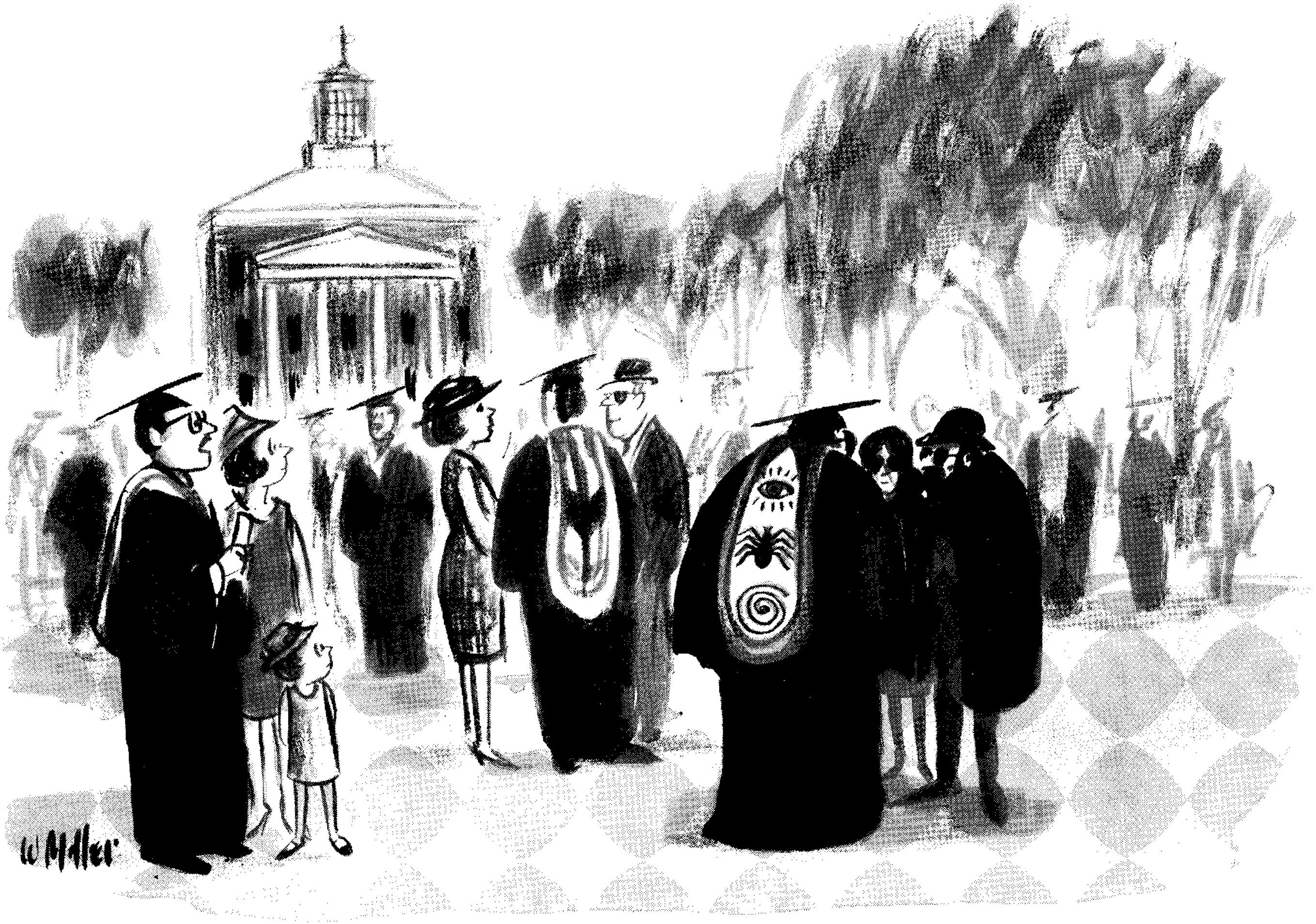

Splash Swimming Pools, Inc.
SALE!
DRASTIC REDUCTIONS ON ALL MODELS DURING WATER SHORTAGE!
SAVE!
INSTALL NOW AND BE READY WHEN THE RAINS COME
Robt Day

The underscored portions of text implemented the theme. An individual named D. W. Ladd, Jr., vice-president of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, described at length a number of tests whereby one could ascertain the noise potential in whatever apartment one was considering. These included an examination of the thickness of the walls, operation of the bathroom fixtures and kitchen appliances, a scrutiny of electrical switches and outlets, an investigation of the incinerator's function—in short, an exhaustive catalogue of every detail that might eventually plague the occupants.

"Oh, come off it," I objected. "Nobody's going to go to all that trouble. A certain amount of noise is inevitable."

"Sure, sure," Bienstock agreed. "But I think the guy has a point here where he says, 'Take along a portable radio and a friend. Have your companion, in the bedroom with door closed, play the radio at different volume levels while you listen from other rooms.' Or this suggestion: 'Have a companion pound on the wall in one room while you listen from an adjacent room.' That's what I figured we'd do this afternoon—hop over to the joint in a cab, make sure it hasn't any glaring defects, and you'll be on your way inside an hour. How's about it?"

To say that the idea quickened my pulse would be inexact, but I couldn't think of any polite means of extricating myself, and fifty minutes later the two of us stood in the lobby of the Casa Modigliani awaiting the arrival of the renting agent. The décor was standard and uninspiring—an Art Nouveau fountain devoid of a trace of moisture, banked by half a dozen equally dusty liriodendrons, and, in homage to the patron saint of the premises, three or four reproductions of his work, visibly



"That's a fairly new degree. It's a doctorate in Consciousness Expansion."

• •

curling on the fake Carrara walls. After an aeon, a porcine young man in a hacking coat and chukka boots strolled in, chewing a toothpick, and identified himself as Burton Nougat, the owner's nephew. He surveyed us under drooping, supercilious lids as Bienstock—a bit incautiously, I felt—revealed the precise nature of our errand. Apparently concluding that we were building inspectors on the prowl for violations, he frostily announced that he was not empowered to admit any casual passersby or Nosy Parkers to the apartment, and that he was busy.

"Doing what?" retorted Bienstock, nettled. "From the clothes you've got on, you must have been steeplechasing. Where do you stable your hunters—on the roof?"

Nougat reddened, compressed his lips—an action partly negated by the toothpick—and stalked out.

Bienstock, in some frustration, had just begun to apologize for dragging me on a wild-goose chase when a plump, bald-headed party in sharkskin hurried in. He proved to be Mr. Kaywoodie, the owner, and by a coincidence a cousin of Bienstock's present landlord, Max Toplitz, who, he informed us pridefully, had built the Toplitz Towers of Ilium, New Jersey. He begged us to overlook his nephew's rudeness. "A college boy, a know-nothing," he said with contempt. "Five years he worked for a diploma so he could antagonize possible tenants—go figure. Anyhow, this isn't your problem. You want to glance over the unit I showed your wife—correct? Well, sir, coöperation is my middle name. Follow me, gentlemen."

As we rode upward with him in the elevator, Bienstock evidently judged it best to take the bull by the horns. He exhumed the clipping that contained Ladd's advice, notified our escort that he planned to use it for guidance, and, opening his dispatch case, disclosed a transistor radio, a hammer, and a packet of fruit peels and coffee grounds he had laid in to test the garbage grinder.

"Great," Kaywoodie approved heartily. "You've got a real head on your shoulders, Mr. Bienstock. If every prospect had your foresight, it'd save us plenty of grief. Well, here we are at 7-W, and any flaws you find, you can bet your bottom dollar they'll be rectified one-two-three. Your happiness is my first consideration."

From what one could discern in a brief circuit of the apartment, it was a pleasant, if unremarkable, affair—a modest living room, two adequate bedrooms and baths, and a cheerful kitchen, all facing a court that seemingly insured privacy. My friend, though, wasted no time rhapsodizing over its advantages. He loped through the rooms like a bloodhound on the scent, slammed the doors experimentally and flung up the windows to peer at the flat opposite, ran the faucets with maximum force, and shook the refrigerator, now and again pausing to consult the newspaper cutting and mutter inaudibly to himself.

"*Nu*, how does it strike you offhand?" asked Kaywoodie anxiously.

Bienstock frowned. "It doesn't," he replied. "For one thing, those windows across the court are too close to these. Here's what Ladd says: 'Windows should be far enough apart so that cross-talk will not carry from an open window into one in the next room or apartment.' "

"He's absolutely, one hundred per cent right," said Kaywoodie. "As a matter of fact, I meant to call this error to your attention myself. Don't worry, though. I know how to deal with it. I'll have the windows over there bricked up."

"But the people who live there," I demurred. "They won't have any light or air."

"That's their headache," he returned stonily. "I repeat what I said—Bienstock must be satisfied, come what may."

"The next drawback," Bienstock resumed, "is more serious. I noticed that the outside doors in the hallway face each other. Ladd is against that, Mr. Kaywoodie. 'Check to see that doors are staggered along the corridor,' he advises, 'so that noise from one area will not pass directly across into another area.' "

"How do you like that?" Kaywoodie exclaimed ruefully. "I told the architect to stagger them, I told the contractor stagger, and the minute my back is turned they louse me up. Well, it'll just have to be done over, that's all."

"It's going to involve quite a structural alteration," I hazarded.

"Yes, and a small fortune," he said. "Still, if it's a question of this man's peace of mind, who am I to pinch pennies?"

"Very gracefully put," Bienstock acknowledged. "I appreciate that. Now, then, let's try the radio test they recommend," he proposed, picking up the transistor. "You two listen closely while I play this outside. Ladd claims that if there's proper noise suppression in the hall, you won't be disturbed."

Kaywoodie, smiling benignly, watched him go. "A lovely person," he commented. "What business is he in? . . . A TV actor?" An indulgent chuckle escaped him. "I love actors—they're such gypsies. They sleep all day, drink and holler all night—real live wires. And you're never sure whether they're going to pay the rent, either. It makes kind of a game for we landlords."

A dissonance of music, news, weather reports, and commercials blasted through the door, as audible as if the set were in the room, and when Bienstock rejoined us I saw that he anticipated our verdict.

"This place is a whispering gallery," he declared. "I could hear every word you said, Mr. Kaywoodie. Watch." He knelt by the front door and dealt it several sharp blows with his hammer that splintered its surface. "Hollow-core doors," he said. "The very kind Ladd warns against. Let me read you what he says—"

"It ain't necessary," Kaywoodie broke in. "I can see with my own eyes. I'm installing a new heavy-gauge steel door for you, and while I'm at it I may as well replace all the others on the floor. Now, is there anything else?"

Bienstock studied the clipping. "Not much, except this note on the utilities," he said. " 'Run the shower, flush the toilet, and operate the garbage-disposal unit and other kitchen appliances. . . . Whistling noises indicate pipes too small to carry their water load, while vibrating and clattering pipes usually point to unsatisfactory insulation from the apartment walls.' "

"Look, my boy," said the owner. "With you I don't beat around the bush. The plumbing in here is the worst that money can buy. It's noisy, it leaks, and half the time it doesn't work at all. So if it's O.K. by you, I'm prepared to tear the whole thing out and substitute a good, expensive grade of pipes and fixtures like they have in the Waldorf-Astoria." He held up his hand. "Now, wait a minute—I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, 'How much will all this cost, to stagger the doors, to seal the windows, et cetera? Conservatively, fifty, a hundred thousand dollars. How is Kaywoodie going to persuade the corporation to spend so much, just in order to noiseproof a two-bedroom flat for Bienstock?' Well, baby," he said, jabbing his forefinger at him, "don't give it a second thought. I *am* the corporation, and what I say goes."

"I'm sure it does," said Barney. "The fact is, though—"

"One other thing," Kaywoodie interrupted. "I'd advise you to insert a noise amendment in your lease, so that even after I make the changes you can cancel if you find the place unlivable. I realize I'm talking contrary to my own benefit, but I always try to look at it from the tenant's point of view."

"Thank you," said Bienstock, "but I've decided not to take the apartment in any case. It's too noisy."

"I can't say I blame you," admitted Kaywoodie. "I guess it *is* a lemon. Still and all, I certainly am obliged to you for giving up your valuable time to point out our mistakes. . . . Could I use your bag for a minute to write on?"

Mystified, my companion handed it over. Kaywoodie extracted a check from his billfold, filled it in, and presented it to him with a flourish.

"Hey," Barney protested. "What's this for?"

"Why, to express my gratitude to you," said Kaywoodie. "It's the very least I can do. And furthermore," he continued, ushering us out to the elevator, "I want you to know that I envy any landlord you finally decide to rent from. He's going to get a topflight, Grade A noise expert and a wonderful human being. Well, this is where I leave you fellows, and God bless you both."

I thought Bienstock's haste in covering the three blocks to the bank in a dead run somewhat unseemly, but since I'd stuck with him thus far, I ran along. The effort proved worthwhile, because a truly gratifying surprise awaited us there. Instead of twenty dollars, as we'd at first supposed, the check was made out for twenty thousand. My friend was so overcome by the munificence of the gesture that he subsequently changed his name to Kaywoodie Ladd Bienstock and bought a coöperative, where, I regret to say, he and his wife are thoroughly miserable. The quiet is such, they complain, that you can hear a pin drop.

—S. J. Perelman

THE TOLLING OF THE BELLS AT WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

(June 20, 21, 22)

Before . . . our feet
the bur . . . ied lie—
alive . . . compared
with your . . . and my
*un*bur . . . ied days—
still echo . . . ing men
whose steel . . . on stones
struck, blaz . . . ing when
they strode . . . them, bees
to vault . . . ed hive.
Old stones . . . and new:
midsum . . . mer's tri-
ad night . . . spells with
a star . . . ry eye
JA-N . . . E-A
U-S . . . T-EN
before . . . our feet,
and Joan . . . of Arc's
forev . . . er dy-
ing fi . . . re, light-
ing France . . . 's sky,
floods Beau . . . fort (ring-
side seat . . . ed *then*)
before . . . our feet.
The bones . . . of kings
once scat . . . tered by
Cromwell . . . coffered
offer . . . ings sigh
sanctu . . . ary
from fall . . . of heav-
en's Val . . . halla
vengeance . . . upon
all sev . . . en seas
that no . . . Noah
will null . . . ify
before . . . *our* feet.

—Hawley Truax

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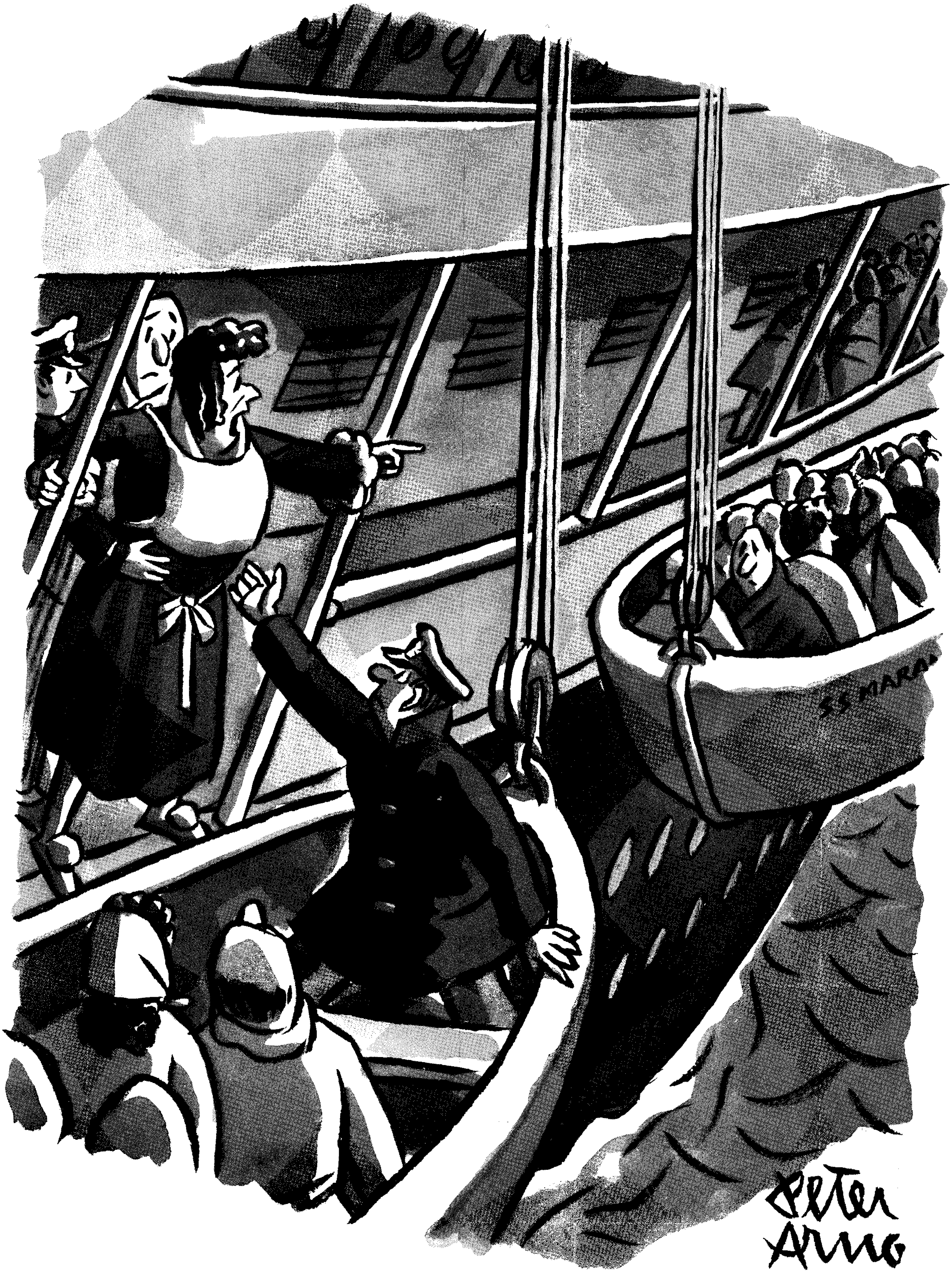
SS MARA
Peter Arno

"But our host of new-found friends is in that lifeboat!"

HAPWORTH 16, 1924

SOME *comment in advance, as plain and bare as I can make it: My name, first, is Buddy Glass, and for a good many years of my life—very possibly, all forty-six—I have felt myself installed, elaborately wired, and, occasionally, plugged in, for the purpose of shedding some light on the short, reticulate life and times of my late, eldest brother, Seymour Glass, who died, committed suicide, opted to discontinue living, back in 1948, when he was thirty-one.*

I intend, right now, probably on this same sheet of paper, to make a start at typing up an exact copy of a letter of Seymour's that, until four hours ago, I had never read before in my life. My mother, Bessie Glass, sent it up by registered mail.

This is Friday. Last Wednesday night, over the phone, I happened to tell Bessie that I had been working for several months on a long short story about a particular party, a very consequential party, that she and Seymour and my father and I all went to one night in 1926. This last fact has some small but, I think, rather marvellous relevance to the letter at hand. Not a nice word, I grant you, "marvellous," but it seems to suit.

No further comment, except to repeat that I mean to type up an exact copy of the letter, word for word, comma for comma. Beginning here.
May 28, 1965

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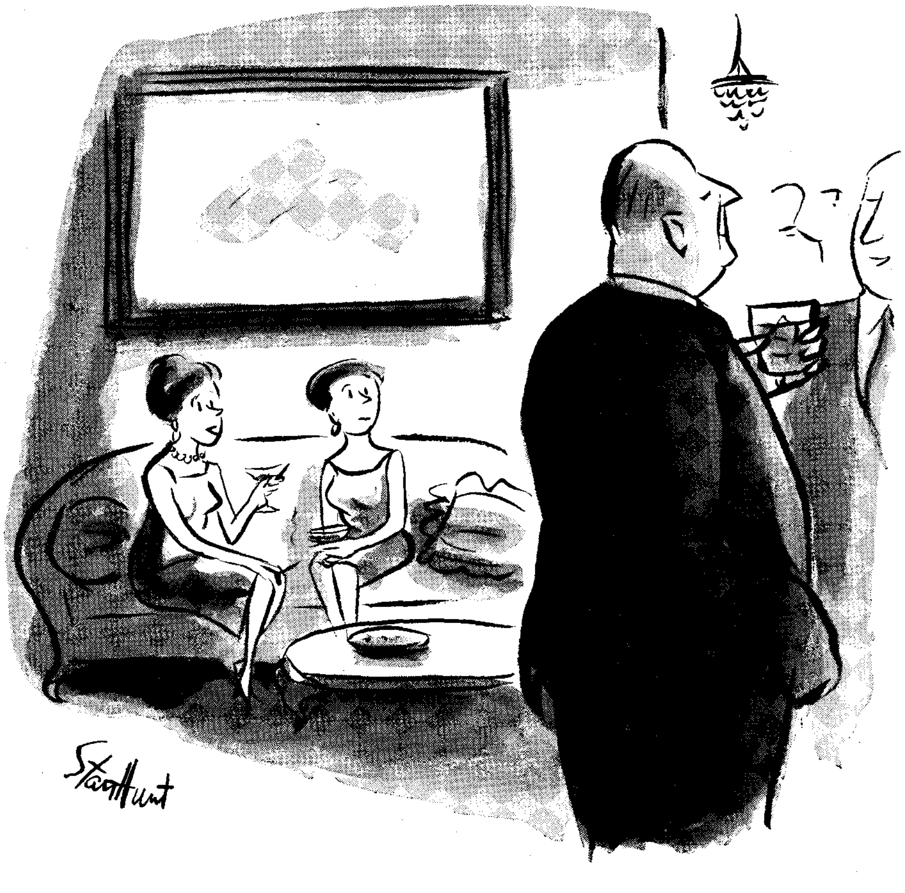
Camp Simon Hapworth
Hapworth Lake
Hapworth, Maine
Hapworth 16, 1924, or quite
in the lap of the gods!!

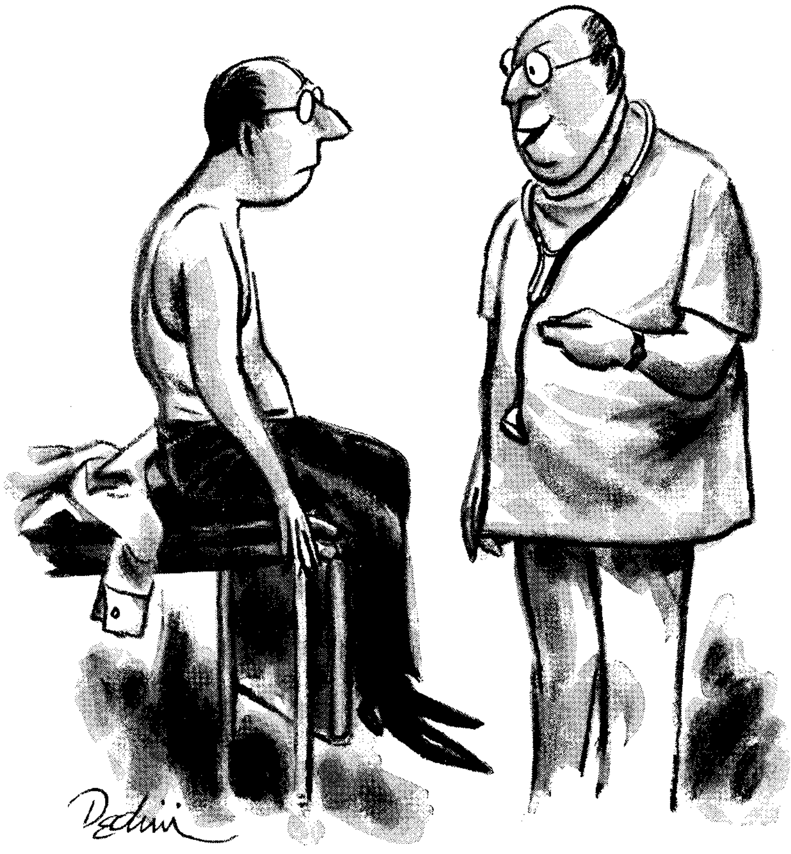
DEAR BESSIE, LES, BEATRICE, WALTER, AND WAKER:

I WILL write for us both, I believe, as Buddy is engaged elsewhere for an indefinite period of time. Surely sixty to eighty per cent of the time, to my eternal amusement and sorrow, that magnificent, elusive, comical lad is engaged elsewhere! As you must know in your hearts and bowels, we miss you all like sheer hell. Unfortunately, I am far from above hoping the case is vice versa. This is a matter of quite a little humorous despair to me, though not so humorous. It is entirely disgusting to be forever achieving little actions of the heart or body and then taking recourse to reaction. I am utterly convinced that if A's hat blows off while he is sauntering down the street, it is the charming duty of B to pick it up and hand it to A without examining A's face or combing it for gratitude! My God, let me achieve missing my beloved family without yearning that they quite miss me in return! It requires a less wishy-washy character than the one available to me. My God, however, on the other side of the ledger, it is a pure fact that you are utterly haunting persons in simple retrospect! How we miss every excitable, emotional face among you! I was born without any great support in the event of continued absence of loved ones. It is a simple, nagging, humorous fact that my independence is skin deep, unlike that of my elusive, younger brother and fellow camper.

While bearing in mind that my loss of you is very acute today, hardly bearable in the last analysis, I am also snatching this stunning opportunity to use my new and entirely trivial mastery of written construction and decent sentence formation as explained and slightly enriched upon in that small book, alternately priceless and sheer crap, which you saw me poring over to excess during the difficult days prior to our departure for this place. Though this is quite a terrible bore for you, dear Bessie and Les, superb or suitable construction of sentences holds some passing, amusing importance for a young fool like myself! It would be quite a relief to rid my system of fustian this year. It is in danger of destroying my possible future as a young poet, private scholar, and unaffected person. I beg you both, and perhaps Miss Overman, should you drop by at the library or run into her at your leisure, to please run a cold eye over all that follows and then notify me immediately if you uncover any glaring or merely sloppy errors in fundamental construction, grammar, punctuation, or excellent taste. Should you indeed run into Miss Overman quite by accident or design, please ask her to be merciless and deadly toward me in this little matter, assuring her amiably that I am sick to death of the wide gap of embarrassing differences, among other things, between my writing and speaking voices! It is rotten and worrisome to have two voices. Also please extend to that gracious, unsung woman my everlasting love and respect. Would to God that you, my acknowledged loved ones, would cease and cut out thinking of her in your minds as a fuddy duddy. She is very far from a fuddy duddy. In her disarming, modest way, that little bit of a woman has quite a lot



"I understand he looks out for various interests here in Washington and they look out for him."



"I suggest you take a few weeks away from your office. You have data poisoning."

of the simplicity and dear fortitude of an unrecorded heroine of the Civil or Crimean War, perhaps the most moving wars of the last few centuries. My God, please take the slight trouble to remember that this worthy woman and spinster has no comfortable home in the present century! The current century, unfortunately, is a vulgar embarrassment to her from the word go! In her heart of hearts, she would zestfully live out her remaining years as a charming, intimate neighbor of Elizabeth and Jane Bennet, continually being approached by those unequally delicious heroines of "Pride and Prejudice" for sensible and worldly advice. She is not even a librarian at heart, unfortunately. At all events, please offer her any generous specimen of this letter that does not look too personal or vulgar to you, prevailing upon her at the same time not to pass too heavy judgment on my penmanship again. Frankly, my penmanship is not worth the wear and tear on her patience, dwindling energies, and very shaky sense of reality. Also frankly, while my penmanship will improve a little as I grow older, looking less and less like the expression of a demented person, it is mostly beyond redemption. My personal instability and too much emotion will ever be plainly marked in every stroke of the pen, quite unfortunately.

Bessie! Les! Fellow children! God Almighty, how I miss you on this pleasant, idle morning! Pale sunshine is streaming through a very pleasing, filthy window as I lie forcibly abed here. Your humorous, excitable, beautiful faces, I can assure you, are suspended before me as perfectly as if they were on delightful strings from the ceiling! We are both in very satisfactory health, Bessie sweetheart. Buddy is eating quite beautifully when the meals are stomachable. While the food itself is not atrocious, it is cooked without a morsel of affection or inspiration, each string bean and simple carrot arriving on the camper's plate quite stripped of its tiny, vegetal soul. The food situation could change in a trice, to be sure, if Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, the cooks, man and wife, a very hellish marriage from casual appearances, would only dare to imagine that every boy who comes into their mess hall is their own beloved child, regardless of from whose loins he sprang in this particular appearance. However, if you had the racking opportunity of chatting for a few minutes with these two persons, you would quite know this is like asking for the moon. A nameless inertia hangs over those two, alternating with fits of unreasonable wrath, stripping them of any will or desire to prepare creditable, affectionate food or even to keep the bent silverware on the tables spotless and clean as a whistle. The sight of the forks alone often whips Buddy into a raw fury. He is working on this tendency, but a revolting fork is a revolting fork. Also, past a certain important, touching point, I am far from at liberty to tamper with that splendid lad's furies, considering his age and stunning function in life.

On second thought, please do not say anything to Miss Overman about my penmanship. It is best for her daily and hourly position to dwell or harp on my rotten penmanship to her heart's content. I am inutterably in that good woman's debt! She has been meticulously trained by the Board of Education. Quite unfortunately, my rotten penmanship, coupled with the subject of the late hours I enjoy keeping, are very often the only grounds for discussion she finds thoroughly comfortable and familiar. I do not yet know where I have failed her in this respect. I suspect I got us off on quite the wrong foot when I was younger by allowing her to think I am a very serious boy simply because I am an omnivorous reader. Unwittingly, I have left her no decent, human notions that ninety-eight per cent of my life, thank God, has nothing to do with the dubious pursuit of knowledge. We sometimes exchange little persiflages at her desk or while we are stepping over to the card catalogues, but they are very false persiflages, quite without decent bowels. It is very burdensome to us both to have regular communication without bowels, human silliness, and the common knowledge, quite delightful and enlivening in my opinion, that everybody seated in the library has a gall bladder and various other, touching organs under their skin. There is much more to the question than this, but I cannot pursue it profitably today. My emotions are too damnably raw today, I fear. Also the precious five of you are innumerable miles from this place and it is always too damned easy to fail to remember how little I can stand useless separations. While this is often a very stimulating and touching place, I personally suspect that certain children in this world, like your magnificent son Buddy as well as myself, are perhaps best suited to enjoying this privilege only in a dire emergency or when they know great discord in their family life. But let me quickly pass on to more general topics. Oh, my God, I am relishing this leisurely communication!

The majority of young campers here, you will be glad to know, could not possibly be nicer or more heartrending from day to day, particularly when they are not thriving with suspicious bliss in cliques that insure popularity or dubious prestige. Few boys, thank God with a bursting heart, that we have run into here are not the very salt of the earth when you can exchange a little conversation with them away from their damn intimates. Unfortunately, here as elsewhere on this touching planet, imitation is the watchword and prestige the highest ambition. It is not my business to worry about the general situation, but I am hardly made of steel. Few of these magnificent, healthy, sometimes remarkably handsome boys will mature. The majority, I give you my heartbreaking opinion, will merely senesce. Is that a picture to tolerate in one's heart? On the contrary, it is a picture to rip the heart to pieces. The counsellors themselves are counsellors in name only. Most of them appear slated to go through their entire lives, from birth to dusty death, with picayune, stunted attitudes toward everything in the universe and beyond. This is a cruel and harsh statement, to be sure. It fails to be harsh enough! You think I am a kind fellow at heart, is that not so? God reward me with hailstones and rocks, I am not! No single day passes that I do not listen to the heartless indifferences and stupidities passing from the counsellors' lips without secretly wishing I could improve matters quite substantially by bashing a few culprits over the head with an excellent shovel or stout club! I would be less heartless, I am hoping, if the young campers themselves were not so damned heartrending and thrilling in their basic nature. Perhaps the most heartrending boy within sound of my ridiculous voice is Griffith Hammersmith. Oh, what a heartrending boy he is! His very name brings the usual fluid to my eyes when I am not exercising decent control over my emotions; I am working daily on this emotional tendency while I am here, but am doing quite poorly. Would to God that loving parents would wait and see their children at a practical age before they name them Griffith or something else that will by no means ease the little personality's burdens in life. My own first name "Seymour" was quite a gigantic, innocent mistake, for some attractive diminutive like "Chuck" or even "Tip" or "Connie" might have been more comfortable for adults and teachers wont to address me in casual conversation; so I have some acquaintance with this petty problem. He, young Griffith Hammersmith, is also seven; however, I am his senior by a brisk and quite trivial matter of three weeks. In physical bulk, he is the smallest boy in the entire camp, being still smaller, to one's amazement and sadness, than your magnificent son Buddy, despite the gross age difference of two years. His load in this appearance in the world is staggering. Please consider the following crosses this excellent, droll, touching, intelligent lad has to bear. Resign yourselves to ripping your hearts out by the roots!

A) He has a severe speech impediment. It amounts to far more than a charming lisp, his entire body stumbling at the brink of conversation, so counsellors and other adults are not pleasantly diverted.

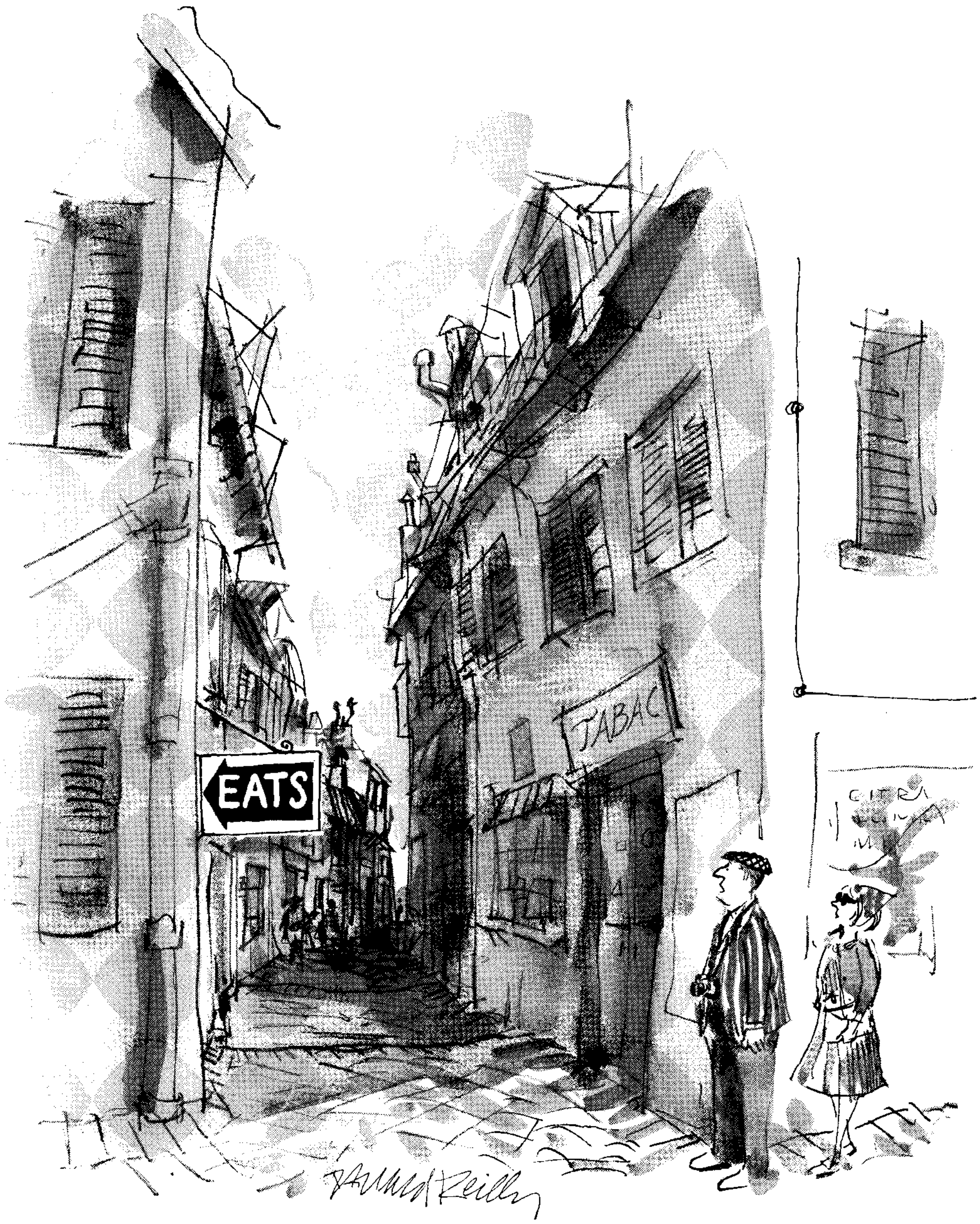
B) This little child has to sleep with a rubber sheet on his bed for obvious reasons, similar to our own dear Waker, but quite different in the last analysis. Young Hammersmith's bladder has given up all hope of soliciting any interest or favor.

C) He has had nine (9) different tooth brushes since camp quite opened. He buries or hides them in the woods, like a chap of three or four, or conceals them beneath the leaves and other crap under his bungalow. This he does without humor or revenge or private relish. There is quite an element of revenge in it, but he is not at liberty to enjoy his revenge to the hilt or get any keen satisfaction out of it, so totally has his spirit been dampened or quite smothered by his relatives. The situation is thoroughly subtle and rotten, I assure you.

He, young Griffith Hammersmith, follows your two eldest sons around quite a bit, often pursuing us into every nook and cranny. He is excellent, touching, intelligent company when he is not being hounded by his past and present. His future, I am fairly sick to death to say, looks abominable. I would bring him home with us after camp is over in a minute, with complete confidence, joy, and abandon, were he an orphan. He has a mother, however, a young divorcée with an exquisite, swanky face slightly ravaged by vanity and self-love and a few silly disappointments in life, though not silly to her, we may be sure. One's heart and pure sensuality go out to her, we have found, even though she does such a maddening, crappy job as a mother and woman. Last Sunday afternoon, a stunning day, utterly cloudless, she popped by and invited us to join her and Griffith for a spin in their imposing, ritzy Pierce-Arrow, to be followed by a snack at the Elms before returning. We regretfully declined the invitation. Jesus, it was a frigid invitation! I have heard some stunning, frigid invitations in my time, but this one quite took the cake! I am hoping you would have been slightly amused by her utterly false, friendly gesture, Bessie, but I doubt it; you are not old enough, sweetheart! Not too deep in Mrs. Hammersmith's transparent, slightly comical heart, she was keenly disappointed that we are Griffith's best friends in camp, her mind and admirably quick eye instantaneously preferring Richard Mace and Donald Wiegmuller, two members of Griffith's own bungalow and more to her taste. The reasons were quite obvious, but I will not go into them in an or-

dinary, sociable letter to one's family. With the passage of time, I am getting used to this stuff; and your son Buddy, as you have very ample reason to know, is no man's fool, despite his charming, tender age on the surface. However, for a young, attractive, bitter, lonely mother with all the municipal advantages of swanky, patrician, facial features, great monetary wealth, unlimited entrée, and bejewelled fingers to show this kind of social disappointment in full view of her young son, a callow child already cursed with a nervous and lonely bladder, is fairly inexcusable and hopeless. Hopeless is too broad, but I see no solution on the horizon to damnable and subtle matters of this kind. I am working on it, to be sure, but one must of necessity consider my youth and quite limited experience in this appearance.

At first, as you know, they put us in different bungalows in their folly, advancing on the premise that it is quite sound and broadening to separate brothers and various members of the same family. However, acting upon a casual, comical remark made by your incomparable son Buddy, with which I heartily concurred, we had a damned pleasant chat with Mrs. Happy on the third or fourth ridiculous day, pointing out to her how completely easy it is to forget Buddy's absurd, budding age and delightfully human need for conversation and lightning riposte, with the lively result that Buddy got permission to move his personal effects as well as his own fine, puny, humorous body in here the following Saturday after inspection. We both continue to find relief, pleasure, and simple justice in this turn of affairs. I am hoping to hell you get to know Mrs. Happy quite intimately when or if you get an opportunity to come up or resourcefully make one. Picture to yourselves a gorgeous brunette, perky, quite musical, with a very nice little sense of humor! It requires all one's powers of self-control to keep from taking her in one's arms when she is strolling about on the grass in one of her tasteful frocks. Her appreciation and fairly spontaneous love for your son Buddy is a handsome bonus to me, making tears spring to the eyes when least expected. One of the many thrills of my existence is to see a young, gorgeous girl or woman from sheer instinct recognize this young lad's worth within a quarter of an hour of casual conversation beside a charming brook that is drying up. Jesus, life has its share of honorable thrills if one but keeps one's eyes open! She, Mrs. Happy, is also a big fan of yours, Bessie and Les, having seen you many times before the footlights in Gotham, usually at the Riverside, near their residence. She unwittingly shares with you, Bessie, a touching heritage of quite perfect legs, ankles, saucy bosoms, very fresh, cute, hind quarters, and remarkable little feet with quite handsome, small toes. You know yourselves what an unexpected bonus it is to run into a fully grown adult with splendid or even quite presentable toes in the last analysis; usually, disastrous things happen to the toes after they leave a darling child's body, you would agree. God bless this gorgeous kid's heart! It is sometimes impossible to believe that this haunting, peppy beauty is fifteen (15) years my senior! I leave it to your own fine and dear judgment, Bessie and Les, whether to allow the younger children to get wind of this, but if perfect frankness is to pass between parent and child as freely by mail as in loving person, which is the relationship I have striven for during my entire life with increasing slight success, then I must admit, in all joviality, to moments when this cute, ravishing girl, Mrs. Happy, unwittingly rouses all my unlimited sensuality. Considering my absurd age, the situation has its humorous side, to be sure, but merely in simple retrospect, I regret to say. On two or three haunting occasions when I have accepted her kind invitation to stop by at the main bungalow for some cocoa or cold beverage after Aquatics Period, I have looked forward with mounting pleasure to the possibility, all too slight for words, of her opening the door, quite unwittingly, in the raw. This is not a comical tumult of emotions while it is going on, I repeat, but merely in simple



"Oh, oh! It's been discovered."

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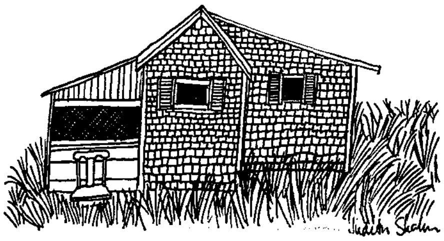
retrospect. I have not yet discussed this indelicate matter with Buddy, whose sensuality is beginning to flower at the same tender and quite premature age that mine did, but he has already quite guessed that this lovely creature has me in sensual thrall and he has made several humorous remarks. Oh, my God, it is an honor and privilege to be connected to this arresting young lad and secret genius who will not accept my conversational ruses for the truth! The problem of Mrs. Happy will pass into oblivion as the summer draws to a close, but it would be a great boon, dear Les, if you would recognize that we share your heritage of sensuality, including the telltale ridge of carnality just below your own heavy, sensual, bottom lip, as does our own marvellous, youthful brother, the splendid Walter F. Glass, young Beatrice and Waker Glass, those sterling personages, being comparatively free of the telltale ridge in question. Usually, I think you will agree, I freely trample on signs to go by in the human face, for they are absolutely unreliable or may be obliterated or altered by Father Time, but I never trample on the ridge below the bottom lip, usually a darker shade of red than the rest of the lips. I will not harp on the subject of karma, knowing and quite sympathizing with your disdain for my absorbing and accidental interest in this subject, but I give you my word of honor that the ridge in question is little more than a karmic responsibility; one meets it, one conquers it, or if one does not conquer it, one enters into honorable contest with it, seeking and giving no quarter. I for one do not look forward to being distracted by charming lusts of the body, quite day in and day out, for the few, blissful, remaining years allotted to me in this appearance. There is monumental work to be done in this appearance, of partially undisclosed nature, and I would cheerfully prefer to die an utter dog's death rather than be distracted at crucial moments by a gorgeous, appealing plane or rolling contour of goodly flesh. My time is too limited, quite to my sadness and amusement. While I intend, to be sure, to work on this sensual problem without ceasing, it would be quite a little windfall if you, dear Les, as my dear father and hearty friend, would be a complete, shameless, open book with regard to your own pressing sensuality when you were our ages. I have had the opportunity of reading one or two books dealing with sensuality, but they are either inflaming or inhumanly written, yielding little fruit for thought. I am not asking to know what sensual acts you performed when you were our ages; I am asking something worse; I am asking to know what imaginary sensual acts gave lively, unmentionable entertainment to your mind. Without the mind, sensuality quite has no organs to call her own! I fervently urge you to be shameless in this matter. We are human boys and would not love or respect you the less, quite the contrary, if you laid bare your earliest and worst sensual thoughts before us; I am certain we would find them very touching and moving. A decent, utterly frank criterion is always of splendid, temporary use to a young person. In addition, it is not in your son Buddy's nature or mine or your son Walter's to be in the least shocked or disgusted by any sweet, earthly side of humankind. Indeed, all forms of human folly and bestiality touch a very sympathetic chord within our breasts!



Ye gods and little fishes! How cheerful and rewarding it is to have a little leisure for communication with one's family during one's busy camp life! You can easily fail to suspect how damn much blessed time I have on my hands

BUCKDANCER'S CHOICE

So I would hear out those lungs—
The air split into nine levels,
Some gift of tongues of the whistler

In the invalid's bed: my mother,
Warbling all day to herself
The thousand variations of one song;

It is called Buckdancer's Choice.
For years, they have all been dying
Out, the classic buck-and-wing men

Of travelling minstrel shows;
With them also an old woman
Was dying of breathless angina,

Yet still found breath enough
To whistle up in my head
A sight like a one-man band—

Freed black, with cymbals at heel,
An ex-slave who thrivingly danced
To the ring of his own clashing light

Through the thousand variations of one song
All day to my mother's prone music,
The invalid's warbler's note,

While I crept close to the wall,
Sock-footed, to hear the sounds alter,
Her tongue like a mockingbird's break

Through stratum after stratum of a tone
Proclaiming what choices there are
For the last dancers of their kind,

For ill women and for all slaves
Of death, and children enchanted at walls
With a brass-beating glow underfoot,

Not dancing but nearly risen
Through barnlike, theatrelike houses
On the wings of the buck and wing.

—JAMES DICKEY

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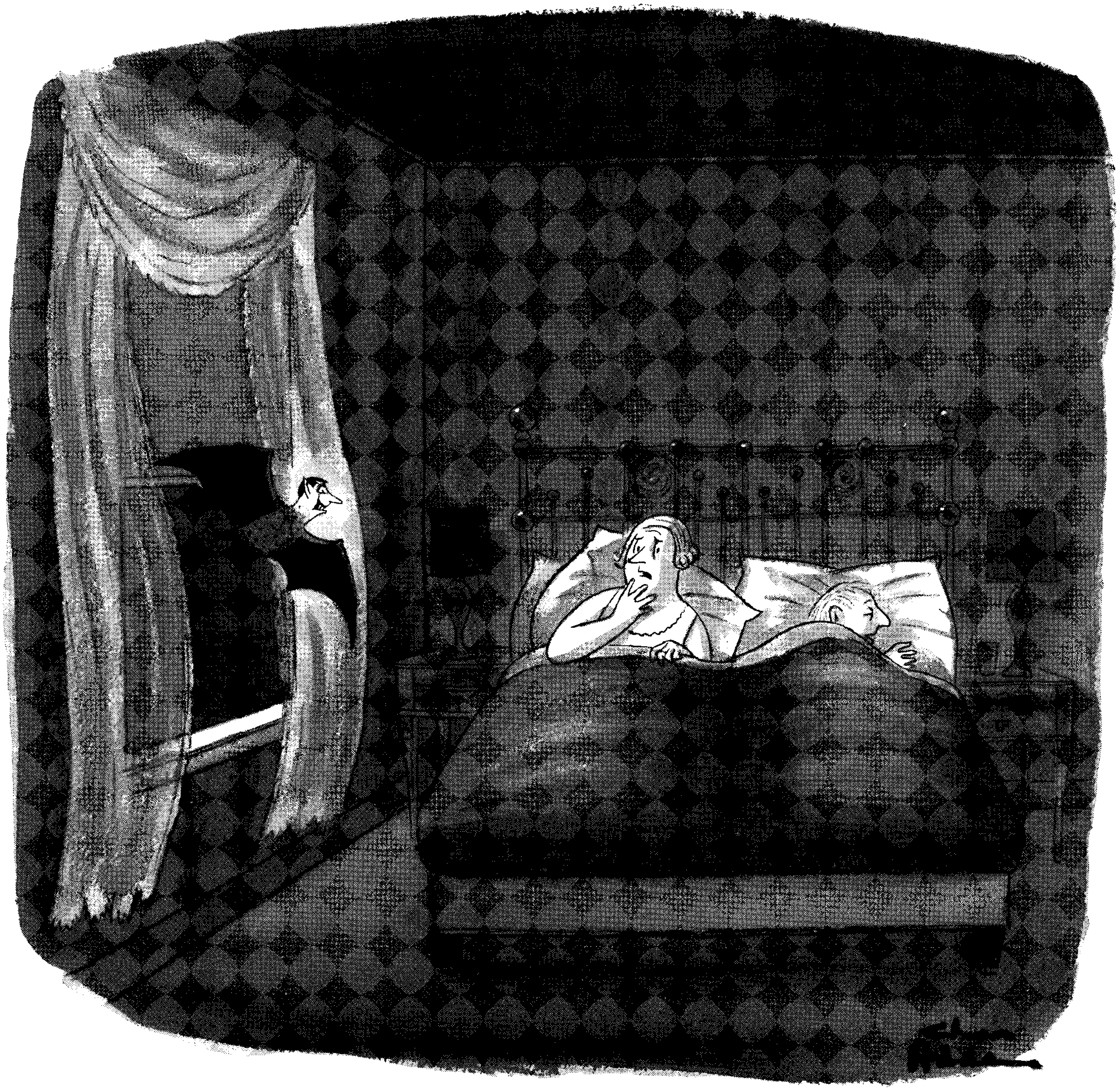

"Oh, go to sleep. I'll put up the screens in the morning."

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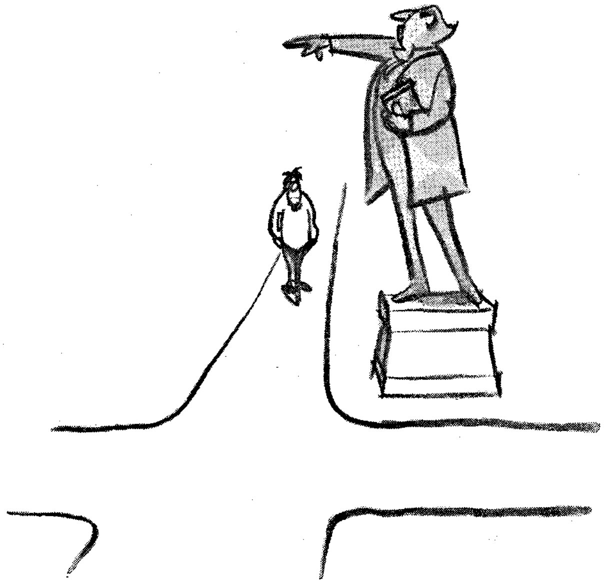
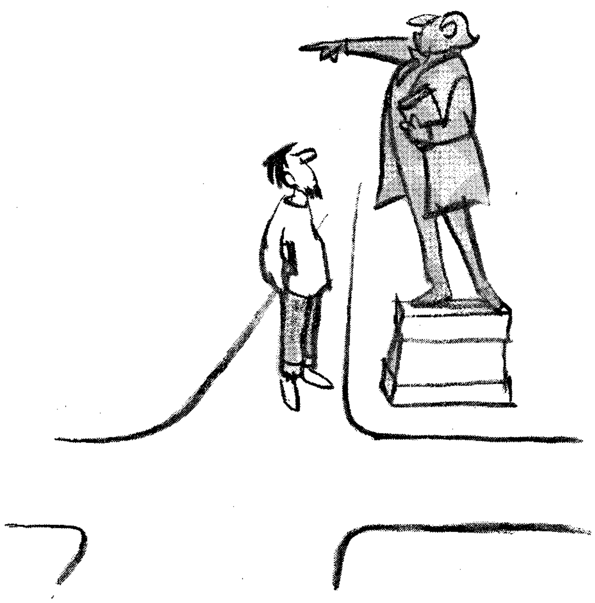
today to attend to the needs of the heart and mind; full explanation to follow shortly.

Continuing my description, confidential and quite presumptuous, of Mrs. Happy, whom I know you could learn to love or pity, she is at great pains in private not to let her rather rotten married life spoil the happiness and sweet burden of having a baby. She is currently pregnant, though having at least six or seven months to go before the event which she understands so badly takes place. It is an up hill struggle for her all the way. She is verily a poor kid with a tiny, distended stomach and a head full of very touching crap based on confusion, maddening books by doctors who share the same popular, narrow horizons, and the information supplied by a dear friend, with whom she roomed at college, a superb bridge player, I understand, named Virginia. Unfortunately, this whole camp is loaded with heartrending, rotten marriages, but she, Mrs. Happy, is the only pregnant person abroad, to my knowledge. Hence, in the absence of the above Virginia, Mrs. Happy has enrolled my services as a conversationalist, these being the services of a child of seven, mind you! It affords me unlimited worry, also trivial amusement on occasion, I am ashamed to say, that she is practically unconscious that she is freely employing a child my age as an audience; however, she is a shy, tremendous talker; if she were not spilling these sad beans to me, to be sure, she would be spilling them to some other emotional face that came along. One is obliged to take everything she says with innumerable grains of salt. She is really a foreigner, though a cute one, to absolute honesty of conversation. She believes that she is a very affectionate person and that Mr. Happy is an unaffectionate person. It is a very conversational theory, but sheer crap, unfortunately. As God is my judge, Mr. Happy is no prize package, but he is quite definitely an affectionate person. At the other end of the pole, unfortunately, Mrs. Happy is a very tender-

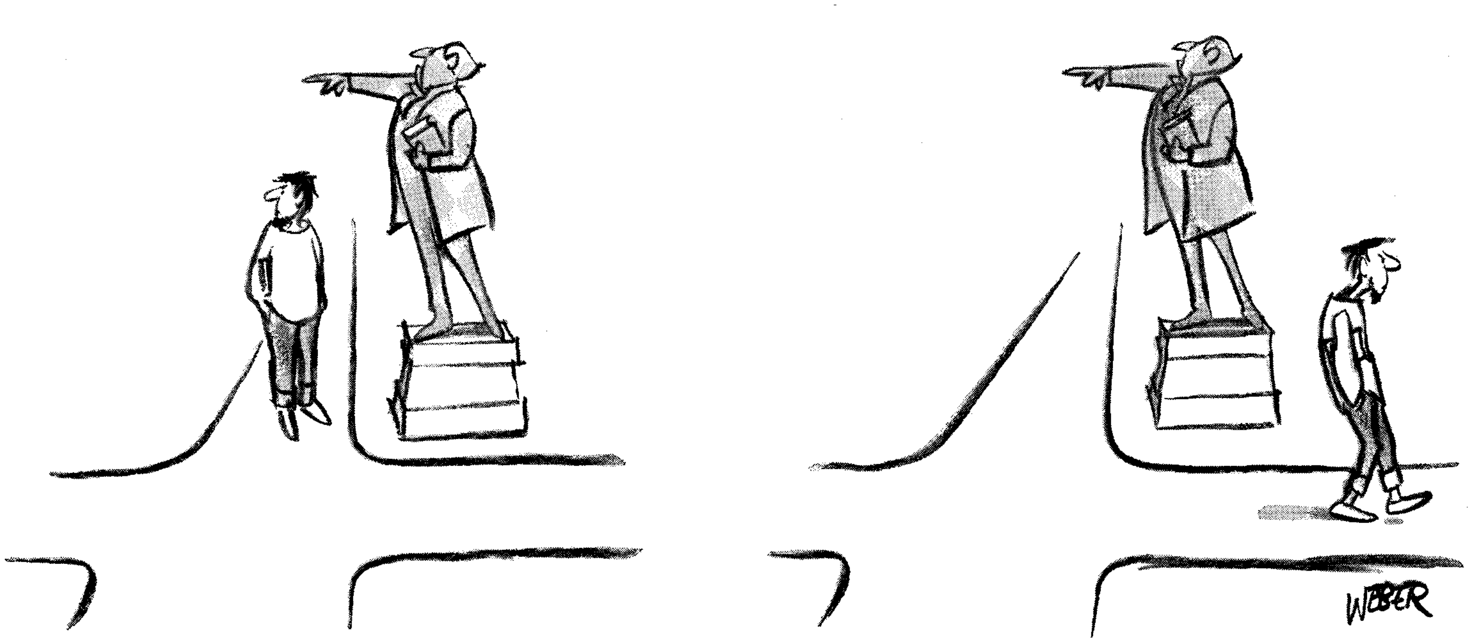




hearted, quite unaffectionate person. One burns with impatience toward her delusions when one is not secretly coveting her beauty! She does not even know enough on occasion to pick up a little child like your son Buddy, far from his mother and other loved ones, and give him a decent kiss that will resound through the surrounding forest! She so easily has no human idea of the terrible need for ordinary kissing in this wide, ungenerous world! A flashing, charming smile is quite insufficient. A delicious cup of cocoa, decorated with a thoughtful marshmallow, is no decent substitute for a kiss or hearty embrace where a child of five is concerned. She is in more hot water than she knows, I freely suspect. If I am powerless to be of slight use to her as conversationalist before the summer is over, this lovely beauty is in future danger of immorality; a quite subtle downfall and dégringolade from mere flirtation and girlish conversation is foreseeable. With her unaffection and great depths of ungenerosity, she is growing prepared to make delirious, sensual love to an attractive stranger, being too proud and hemmed in by self-love to share her countless charms with a real intimate. I am very alarmed. Unfortunately, my position is utterly false at moments of conversational crisis, being torn between good, sensible, merciless advice and corrupting desire to have her open the door in the raw. If you have a moment, dear Les and Bessie, and the younger children as well, pray for an honorable way for me out of this ridiculous and maddening wilderness. Pray quite at your leisure, using your own good, charming words, but stress the point that I cannot achieve an even keel while being torn between quite sound and perfect advice and simple lusts of the body and genitals, despite their youthful size. Please be confident that your prayers will not go down the drain, in my opinion; merely form them in words and they will be absorbed very nicely in the way I mentioned to you at dinner last winter. Should God choose to see me instrumental in this affair, I can be of quite unlimited help to this beautiful, touching kid. The whole root of Mrs. Happy's and Mr. Happy's private evil is that they have failed to become one flesh quite to perfection. With daring and a careful explanation of the proper, courageous method required, it can be achieved quite briskly and in a comparative jiffy. I could demonstrate very easily if Désirée Green were here, who is exceptionally daring and open at the mind for a young girl of eight, but I can manage quite nicely without a demonstration also. Do not hesitate to pray for me in this delicate matter! Waker, old man, I particularly appeal to your thrilling, innocent powers of prayer! Remember that I am not at liberty to excuse myself from keen responsibility because I am a mere boy of seven. If I excuse myself on such flimsy, rotten grounds, then I am a liar or a cowardly fraud and maker of cheap, normal excuses. Unfortunately, I cannot approach Mr. Happy, the husband, in this matter. He is not too approachable in this or any other matter under the sun. Should the proper time come for approachment, I will practically have to strap him to a convenient chair to get his entire attention. He made ropes in his previous appearance, but not very well, somewhere in Turkey or Greece, but I know not which. He was executed for making a defective rope, resulting in the deaths of some influential climbers; however, it was really incredible stubbornness and conceit, joined with neglect, at the root of the matter. As I told you before we left, I am trying like hell to cut down on getting any glimpses while we are up here for a pleasant, ordinary summer. Nine times out of ten, it is an utter waste of time anyhow to let them pass freely through the mind, whether or not the person involved would find an open discussion of the matter helpful, quite spooky, or openly distasteful.

This is going to be a very long letter! Stiff upper lip, Les! I humorously give you my permission to read only one quarter of the entire communication. Freely attribute the longness of the letter to an unexpected bonus of leisure time, which I shall relate shortly. Temporarily explained, I wounded my leg quite badly yesterday and am confined to bed for a change, windfall of windfalls! Guess who skillfully got permission to keep me company and attend to my personal needs! Your beloved son Buddy! He should be returning at any moment now!

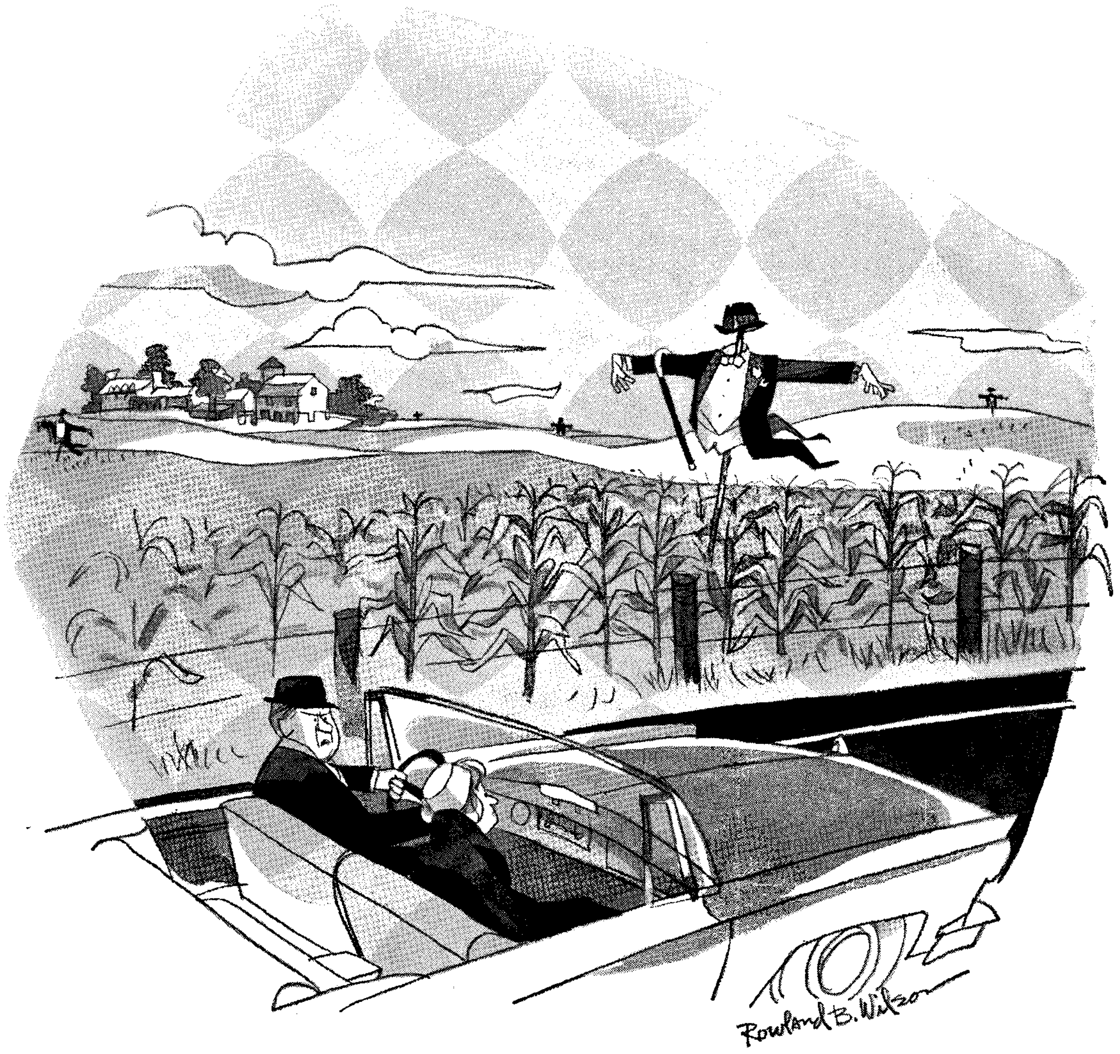
We have received quite a few more demerits since your thrilling call from the LaSalle Hotel, which was an unspeakable pleasure for us, despite the rotten connection. I have also mislaid my handsome, new wrist watch during a recent Aquatics Period; however, everybody is going to dive for it again tomorrow or this afternoon, so have no fear, unless it is too hopelessly saturated. Returning to the subject of the demerits, we got most of them for continuously sloppy bungalow, followed by quite a few more in a neat bunch for not singing at pow wow and leaving pow wow without permis-



sion. So it goes. Jesus, I hope you can freely sense at this distance how much we miss you, dear Bessie and Les and those other three peanuts after my own heart! Would to God a simple letter were less fraught with the burdens of superb written construction! One begins to despair of sounding quite like oneself, your son and brother, and yet quite uphold the excellent and touching demands of splendid construction. This has the ear marks of being one of the future despairs of my life, but I shall give all my consuming attention to it and hope for an honorable, humorous truce.

A thousand thanks for your amusing and delightful letter and several postcards! We were relieved and overjoyed to hear Detroit and Chicago were not too tough, Les. We were equally delighted to hear that young Mr. Fay was on the same bill in the Windy City; quite juicy news for you, Bessie, if you still have a harmless, social passion for that remarkable chap. I have been meaning to write to that chap out of the blue for a whole year, dating from our rewarding and comical chat together when we shared a taxi during that beautiful downpour; he is a clever and mercifully original fellow and will be widely imitated and stolen from before he is through, mark my words. Close on the heels of kindness, originality is one of the most thrilling things in the world, also the most rare! Kindly give us all the news in your future letters, the more trivial and sweetly unimportant, the more readable. The news about "Bambalina" is excellent and more than arresting! Give it all you have, I beg you! It is a charming tune. If you do it before camp is over, hastily send us one of the first records, as there is a Victrola in poor condition in Mrs. Happy's pleasant quarters and I would gladly impose upon our peculiar friendship in such a case. Keep up the good work! Jesus, you are a talented, cute, magnificent couple! My admiration for you would be measureless were we not even related, be assured. Bessie, we hope to hell you are enjoying magnificent spirits again, sweetheart, and are not too discontent with being on the road so quickly again. If you have not got around to doing what you faithfully swore up and down you would do to ease my ridiculous mind, please hurry and do it. It is definitely a cyst, in my unhumorous opinion, and some respectable physician should burn or cut it off post haste. I spoke to a personable physician when we were on the train coming up and he said it is quite fairly painless when they remove it, a gentle lop doing the trick very nicely. Oh, God, the human body is so touching, with its countless blemishes and cysts and despised, touching pimples arriving and departing, on adult bodies, when least expected. It is just one more pressing temptation to take off one's hat to God during the distracting day; I personally cannot and will not see Him dispense with human cysts, blemishes, and the odd facial pimple or touching boil! I have never seen Him do anything that is not magnificently in the cards! I pass over this delicate matter and merely send all five of you about 50,000 kisses. Buddy would readily join me in this if he were here. This leads to another delicate matter, I am afraid. Bessie and Les, I soberly address you. Take no offense, but you are both entirely, absolutely, and very painfully wrong about his never missing anybody but me; I refer, of course, to Buddy. You would make me a lot happier, quite frankly spoken, if you didn't press that kind of painful and erroneous crap on me over the phone again, dear Les. It is very hard to leave the phone on your own two feet when your own beloved and talented father says something that damaging, wrong, and quite stupid. The magnificent person in question does not wear his heart on his damnable sleeve like most people, including you and myself. The very first and last thing you must remember about this small, haunting chap is that he will be in a terrible rush all his life to get the door nicely slammed behind him in any room where there is a striking and handsome supply of good, sharp pencils and plenty of paper. I am quite powerless as well as dubiously inclined to alter his course; it is an old affair, hanging upon innumerable points of honor, be assured! As his beloved parents, you may not humanly be expected to lighten his load, but you must not, I beg you, deliberately throw weights of reproof on his little back. Beyond these subtle matters, he is privately the most resourceful creation of God I have ever run into, forever striving not to live a second-hand existence on the fervent recommendation of practically everybody one runs into. He will be swiftly and subtly guiding every child in the family long after I am quite burned out and useless or out of the picture. It is disrespectful and inexcusable for a young boy my age to address his lovable father this way, but Buddy is the one thing you don't know anything about. Let us quickly pass on to more unticklish topics.

A certain United States congress-



"I'll bet he's a militant supporter of government subsidies."

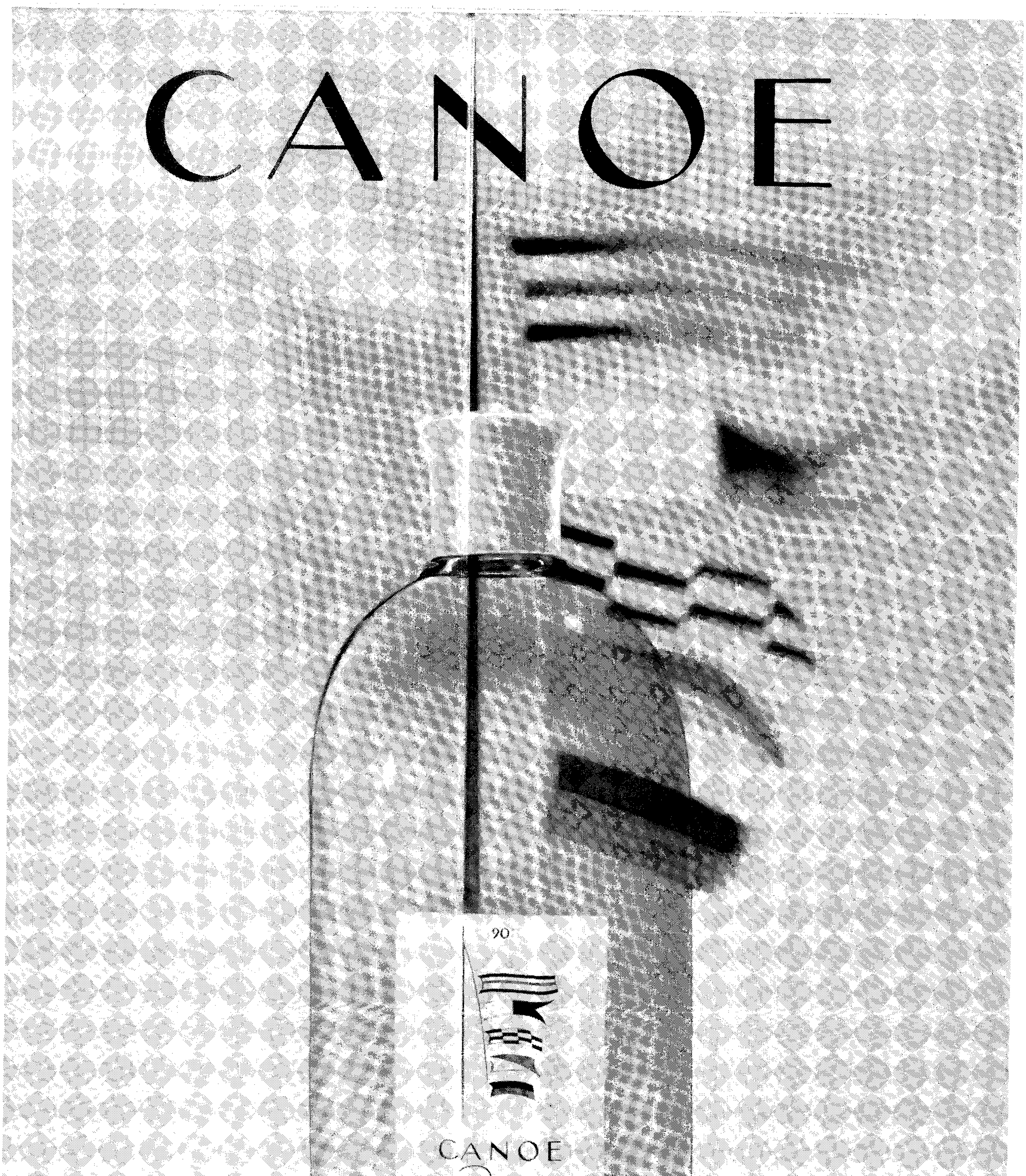
• •

man, a war buddy of Mr. Happy's, visited the camp last weekend. As he was one of the most unwatchable figures I have watched in many years, it would be wise to skip over his name in this personal letter. A breath of insincerity and personable corruption passed through the camp; the air still stinks to high heaven. The kowtowing and artificial laughing on Mr. Happy's part was beyond earthly description. In the privacy of an impromptu meeting on the porch of her bungalow, I asked Mrs. Happy to take careful pains not to allow the congressman and Mr. Happy's quite sickening responses to him to upset her and that marvellous little embryo while all this unamiable crap is going on. She quite concurred. Later in the day, for her sake, I painfully accepted Mr. Happy's request and command that Buddy and I come to their bungalow after third mess and sing and do a few routines for his guest, the congressman in question. I have no right whatever to accept a corrupt invitation for my beloved younger brother; I am quite hoping, secretly, that the Almighty will take me to task, quite harshly, for this criminal presumption; I have no business making snap decisions without consulting this brilliant youth. However, we went into consultation after the invitation was accepted, privately agreeing not to wear our taps when we went over, but this was a very false and self-deceptive relief for us. In the heat of the evening, we consented to do a soft shoe! In all irony, we were in superb form, as Mrs. Happy played her accordion for accompaniment; it is very hard for us not to be in superb form if a gorgeous, untalented creature accompanies us rottenly on the accordion; it touches us to the quick, amusing us quite a bit, too. For all our extreme youth, we remain quite vulnerable, amusing foils where gorgeous, untalented girls are concerned. I am working on it, but it is a fairly severe problem.

Please, please, PLEASE do not grow impatient and ice cold to this letter because of its gathering length! When you are ready to despair, swiftly recall how much leisure I have on my hands today and how needful I am to have some pleasant communication with the five absent family members of my heart! I am not constructed for continued absences; I have never claimed to be constructed for them. Also, much of my news and general communication promises to be very absorbing, delightful, and emollient.

As you damned well know, we never change much in our hearts. However, we are getting slightly tan and looking quite a lot like healthy children and campers. We may need all the damnable health we can get, to be sure. An unengaging incident recently occurred. In addition to the common information that we are the children of the esteemed Gallagher & Glass and that we are fairly experienced and skilled entertainers in our own right, thanks to your touching and thrilling example, news has travelled round about the camp that the both of us, your small son Buddy and I, have been notorious, heavy readers from a tender age and in addition have certain abilities, prowesses, knacks, and facilities of very uncertain value and the gravest responsibility, the latter being warmly attached to us like cement from previous appearances, particularly the last two, tough ones. Your son Buddy is currently taking most of it at the flood. It requires broad shoulders, I can assure you. Consider, if you have a minute, the sheer, juicy novelty and food for gossip and malice of a chap of five who is an experienced reader and writer, daily increasing in fluency by leaps and bounds, and who is also, despite his ridiculous age on the surface, an exciting authority on the human face with all its touching masks, vanities, spurts of pure courage, and frightening deceits! That is this small fellow's present position. Continue to imagine what would inevitably blossom out if some of this confidential information leaked out and became common fact or rumor among campers and counsellors alike. That is quite what has happened. Unfortunately, as he well knows, most of the recent commotion is his own reckless fault. Oh, my

CANOE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PARIS FRANCE

EAU DE COLOGNE

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with diamond plumes, sapphire-studded body
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COMING AND GOING...
BONWIT'S OWN
CHIFFON WRAP

The most marvelous thing
to happen to blouses...
our beautiful wrap
in Cohama's
drip dry
polyester
chiffon
to wear V'ed
front or back,
covered or bare,
big bowed or small.
Any way, it's divine!
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like a stocking. By Gregory in white, black,
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BONWIT TELLER

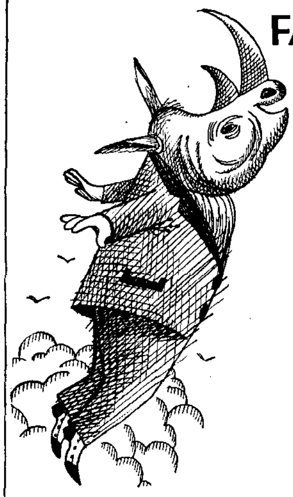
God, this is a droll and thrilling companion to have on life's bumpy road! Here is the entire crappy incident in a nut shell, as follows: Mr. Nelson, a born neophile and enthusiastic talebearer and gossip, is in utter charge of the mess hall, as already related, along with Mrs. Nelson, a termagant, unhappy woman, and inspired trouble maker. When nobody is in the mess hall, it is the only charming place in camp where one can get any blissful privacy whatsoever. Buddy has had his eye on this haven from the word go. On Tuesday afternoon, a sultry day, he bet Mr. Nelson that he could memorize the book Mr. Nelson chanced to be reading within the space of twenty minutes to a half hour. If he did it perfectly, then Mr. Nelson in his turn, to show his appreciation for the controversial accomplishment, would let us, the Glass brothers, use the empty, pleasant mess hall in our spare time for reading, writing, language study, and other aching, private needs, such as evacuating our heads of second-hand and third-hand opinions and views that are buzzing around this camp like flies. My God, how I deplore and uncountenance bargains of any kind, be they with responsible adults or adults without honor! Without my knowledge of this quite terrible fact, this astounding, independent chap went ahead and made this bargain with Mr. Nelson, despite our countless discussions, in the wee hours, on the desirability of keeping our mouths firmly shut on the subject of some of our endowments and peculiarities. Fortunately, the incident was not a total loss or debacle. The book itself chanced to be "Hardwoods of North America," by Foley and Chamberlin, two magnificently modest and quiet men, long admired by me from my reading experience, with very infectious love for trees, especially beech and white oak; they have a charming, unreasonable preference for beech trees! So the exchange of words between Buddy and me was not too unbearably harsh or unpleasant; no tears, thank God, were spent. However, Whitey Pittman, the head counsellor, hailing from Baltimore, Md., quite a laughing intimate of Mr. Nelson's, got wind of the accomplishment when it was completed and freely plucked the opportunity to cash in on it in conversation. In all fairness and fascination, he has a remarkable gift for increasing his own prestige at some child's expense; an intelligent scavenger and conversational parasite. He is the same person, a fellow twenty-six years of age, no spring

Great trip across the ocean, n'est ce pas?
Mmm... now let's get together with those beautiful American women...
Ah oui... a most refreshing idea!
CARON LOTION COLOGNE FLEURS DE ROCAILLE PARIS-FRANCE
CARON LOTION COLOGNE BELLODGIA PARIS-FRANCE
CARON LOTION COLOGNE NUIT DE NOËL PARIS-FRANCE

Parfums Caron of Paris has sent these lotions across the ocean for a cooling summer... at a special price. Choose the Caron fragrance you love best.

At all fine stores.

Also available in Muguet, Les Pois de Senteur, Narcisse Noir, Tabac Blond.



FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH

(and those who would like to be)

THE RHINO AND HIS REPERTOIRE

Asked what he could do, a stage-struck Rhino jumped from the window of a theatrical agent's skyscraper office. For 10 minutes he swooped, swirled, nose-dived before triumphantly landing on the sill again. "No good," shrugged the agent, "people are sick of bird imitations."

MORAL: styles change . . .

One of the more fashionable forms of investing today, you'll notice, is in mutual funds. Good reason, too. The cost is moderate. And, investing in widely diversified securities, you spread the risk. Not least, you get professional management of your money as well.

Be stylish, be smart. Stop in at our nearest office and be fitted for your copy of our booklet "MUTUAL FUNDS." Or write:

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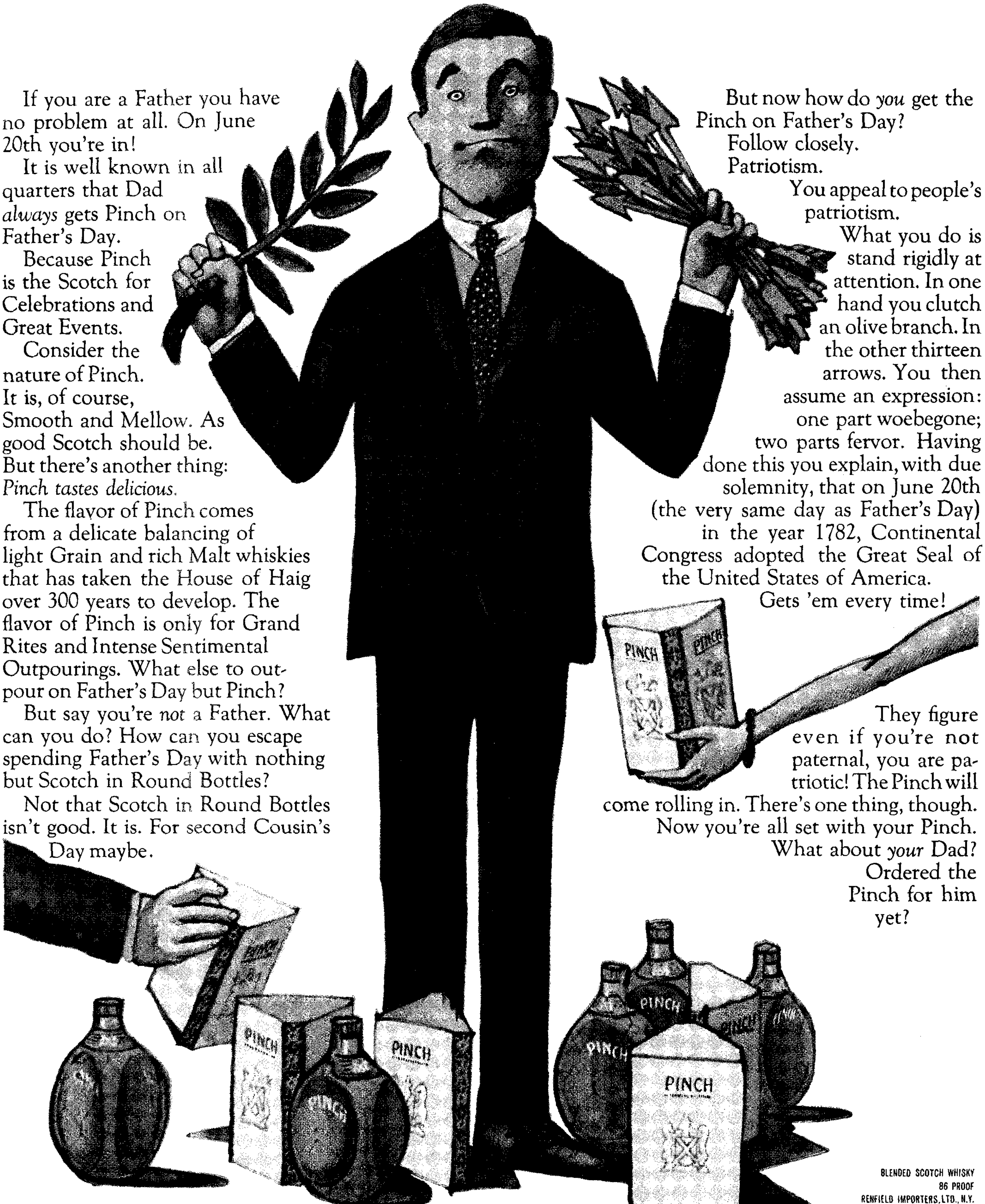
chicken to be sure, who said to Buddy in the midst of a throng of strangers: "I thought you were supposed to be such a witty kid." Is that a conscientious remark to make to a little fellow of five? Thank God for the avoidance of shame and embarrassment to the whole family, I had no decent weapon on my person when this revolting, crappy remark was made; however, quite afterwards, I embraced an opportunity to tell Roger Pittman, the full name his hapless parents gave him, that I would kill him or myself, possibly before nightfall, if he spoke to this chap again in that manner, or any other five-year-old chap, in my presence. I believe I could have curbed this criminal urge at the crucial moment, but one must painfully remember that a vein of instability runs through me quite like some turbulent river; this cannot be overlooked; I have left this troublesome instability uncorrected in my previous two appearances, to my folly and disgust; it will not be corrected by friendly, cheerful prayer. It can only be corrected by dogged effort on my part, thank God; I cannot honorably or intimately pray to some charming, divine weakling to step in and clean my mess up after me; the very prospect turns my stomach. However, the human tongue could all too easily be the cause of my utter dégringolade in this appearance, unless I get a move on. I have been trying like hell since our arrival to leave a wide margin for human ill-will, fear, jealousy, and gnawing dislike of the uncommonplace. Do not read this rash remark out loud to the twins or possibly let it fall on Boo Boo's ears prematurely, but I admit, with maddening tears coursing down my unstable face, that I do not in my heart hold out unlimited hope for the human tongue as we know it today.

If the above paragraph is too illegible and irksome, try to recall that I am writing at a swift, terrible rate of speed, with admirable penmanship quite out of the question. In another handful of minutes or quarter hours, it will be time for supper; I am writing against time. In the Midget bungalow, one is required to sleep like a dog for ten, exasperating hours every night, the bungalow being plunged into darkness at nine o'clock sharp. I have approached Mr. Happy in this matter several times, but to no avail. My God, he is a maddening man; if he does not move one to wrath, he moves one to hysterical laughter, an equal waste of time. If you could possibly write a short, amiable, crisp letter, dear Les, if I may address you personally, advising him that if one knows even the very



How to wheedle a bottle of Pinch for yourself on Father's Day when you're not a father:

If you are a Father you have no problem at all. On June 20th you're in!

It is well known in all quarters that Dad *always* gets Pinch on Father's Day.

Because Pinch is the Scotch for Celebrations and Great Events.

Consider the nature of Pinch. It is, of course, Smooth and Mellow. As good Scotch should be. But there's another thing: *Pinch tastes delicious.*

The flavor of Pinch comes from a delicate balancing of light Grain and rich Malt whiskies that has taken the House of Haig over 300 years to develop. The flavor of Pinch is only for Grand Rites and Intense Sentimental Outpourings. What else to outpour on Father's Day but Pinch?

But say you're *not* a Father. What can you do? How can you escape spending Father's Day with nothing but Scotch in Round Bottles?

Not that Scotch in Round Bottles isn't good. It is. For second Cousin's Day maybe.

But now how do *you* get the Pinch on Father's Day?

Follow closely.

Patriotism.

You appeal to people's patriotism.

What you do is stand rigidly at attention. In one hand you clutch an olive branch. In the other thirteen arrows. You then assume an expression: one part woebegone; two parts fervor. Having done this you explain, with due solemnity, that on June 20th (the very same day as Father's Day) in the year 1782, Continental Congress adopted the Great Seal of the United States of America.

Gets 'em every time!

They figure even if you're not paternal, you are patriotic! The Pinch will come rolling in. There's one thing, though. Now you're all set with your Pinch. What about *your* Dad? Ordered the Pinch for him yet?

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Pinch®...for Celebrations & Great Events (even when they're nobody's business but your own)

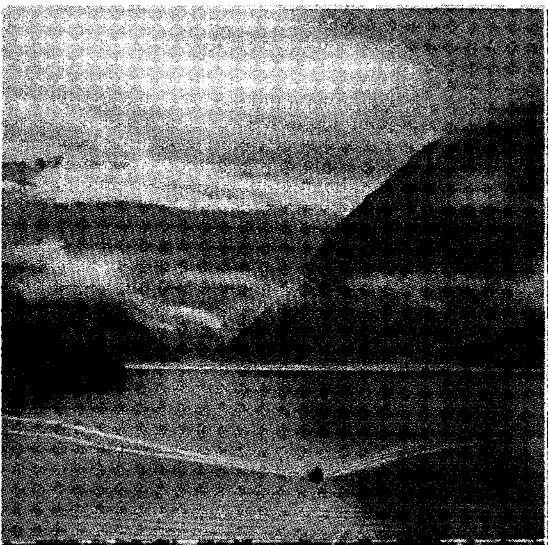
SCANDINAVIA? WHAT'S THERE TO DO IN SCANDINAVIA?

DO YOU LIKE EXCITEMENT?

This is Tivoli Gardens, twenty acres of fantasy in the heart of Copenhagen. Every entertainment in the world is in Tivoli—concerts, ballet, acrobats, jugglers, jazz bands, cabarets, restaurants of all kinds, a lake with boats, all the rides of an amusement park (without the honky tonk), fireworks, and a wonderful theater which presents Harlequin, Columbine, Pierrot *et al* in the traditional bawdy pantomime from the Middle Ages.

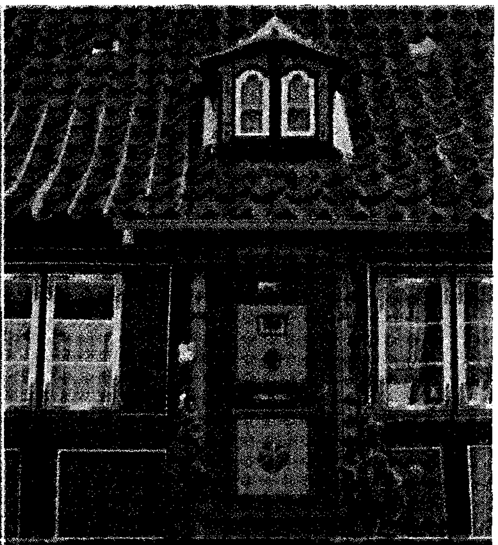
DO YOU LIKE QUIET?

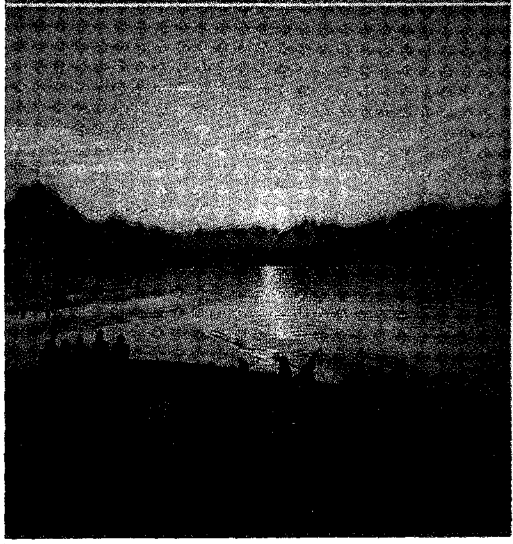
Come to the fjord country of Norway. This is the biggest, quietest landscape in the world. "Sightseeing" would be a cheap word for what you experience here.



DO YOU LIKE FAIRY TALES?

You can tell the Danish people are young at heart by the way they love the Little Mermaid in Copenhagen harbor. In Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen is a national hero, his birthplace in Odense is a national shrine. Both the history and the folklore are full of wonderful tales of princesses, brave heroes and wrathful kings. And the Danish countryside is like an enchanted land—thatched roofs, wooden shoes, storks nesting in chimneys, moated castles, gingerbread architecture and billions of flowers.



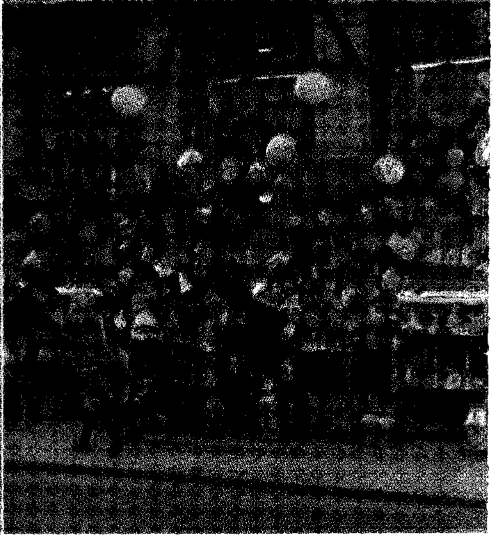


DO YOU LIKE SPECTACLES?

Then see the midnight sun, the most spectacular spectacle of all.

DO YOU LIKE TO MEET PEOPLE?

Scandinavia is not a place where Americans are resented. Scandinavia is a place where Americans are welcomed. Families in each country enjoy entertaining Americans in their homes, and if you would like to meet some Scandinavians, just call the National Tourist Office when you arrive. In Denmark it's called the "Meet the Danes" program, in Sweden "Sweden at Home," in Norway "Know the Norwegians," in Finland "Find the Finns." There are many many English-speaking families on these lists, and you can meet people who have interests and background similar to your own.

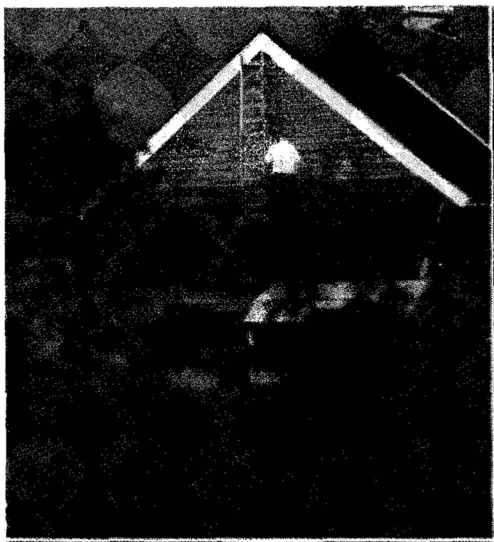


DO YOU LIKE TO SHOP FOR BARGAINS?

Let's say you have a new house or apartment that you're going to decorate in modern. You come to Scandinavia, buy the best designs in the world, and you've probably saved enough, even including shipping, to have the trip for nothing. And furniture isn't the only bargain. Crystal, silver, china, clothing, cameras, furs. They're bargains too. Not to mention automobiles. Or the wonderful antiques

DO YOU LIKE REALITY?

Scandinavians, like all romantics, pride themselves on being realists. But undeniably they've done quite a job of coping with reality. There is nearly 100% literacy . . . everyone has a job and enough to eat . . . the crime rate is very low (Scandinavians are almost unbelievably honest) . . . there are no slums or ghettos . . . and Sweden leads the others in not having had a war in 150 years. It has been said that Scandinavia is ten years ahead of the rest of the world. Whether you agree or not, these highly aware, individualistic people will interest and provoke you with their ideas.

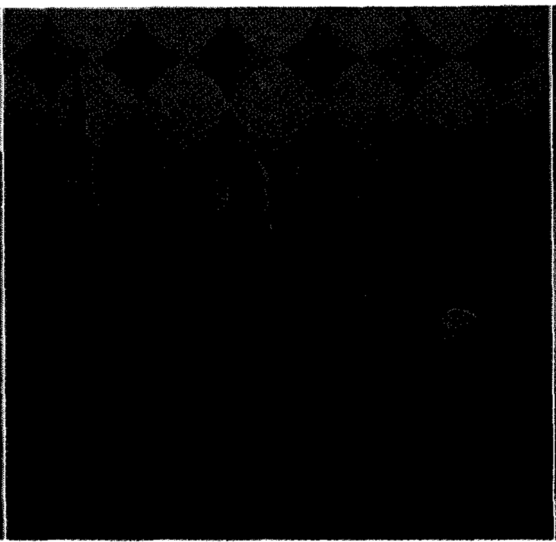


DO YOU LIKE CULTURE?

Go to beautiful Bergen, Norway in the late spring for the famous Edvard Grieg music and drama festival. See Carl Milles' exciting sculpture in Stockholm, Vigeland's controversial nude sculptures in Oslo, and the vast collection of French sculpture in the *Glyptotek* in Copenhagen. Whatever you do don't miss the Royal Danish Ballet. And there is good theatre just about *anywhere*. But especially see the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm. Ingmar Bergman often directs here. Good jazz abounds, too. You can tell because a number of American musicians have settled in Scandinavia permanently.

DO YOU LIKE THE PAST?

See Hamlet's castle in Elsinore, Denmark. Go to the isle of Gotland and see Visby, the "city of ruins and roses," which was a wealthy trade center before and during the Middle Ages, and then was forgotten for four hundred years. See the graves of Viking kings, a Viking warship, and a Christian church over a thousand years old in Norway. See Stockholm's Old Town, with 15th and 16th century houses, Baroque doorways, twisting cobbled lanes, and *Marten Trotzig's Alley*, the narrowest street in the world.

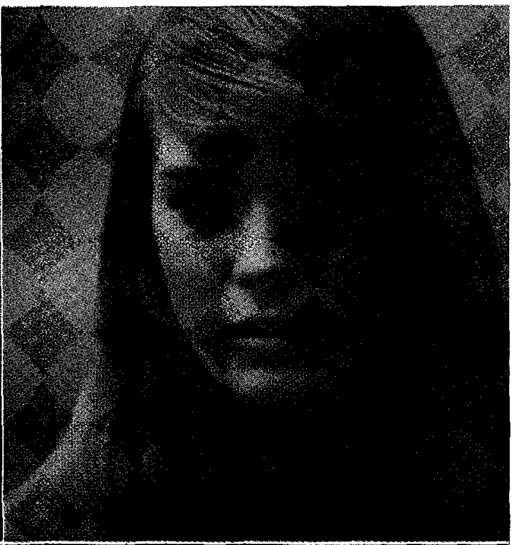


DO YOU LIKE NIGHT LIFE?

Helsinki swings until dawn. And Copenhagen . . . well, everybody knows about Copenhagen. It's not called the "Paris of the North" for nothing.

DO YOU LIKE THE PRESENT?

The first thing that people think about when you mention Scandinavia is the beautiful blonde women. So here's a picture of one.



DO YOU LIKE TO TRAVEL EASY?

Scandinavian Airlines System will give you your first taste of Scandinavian hospitality. You'll also get your first taste of Scandinavian food. SAS is pretty proud of its food —we've received the coveted Order of Merit from the *Société Gastronomique*.

SAS flies to Copenhagen, Oslo, Bergen, Stockholm and Helsinki. Leaving from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Anchorage. Within Europe, SAS serves more cities than any other transatlantic airline. For more information contact your travel agent or write: SAS, Dept. SXA, 138-02 Queens Blvd., Jamaica, N.Y. 11435.

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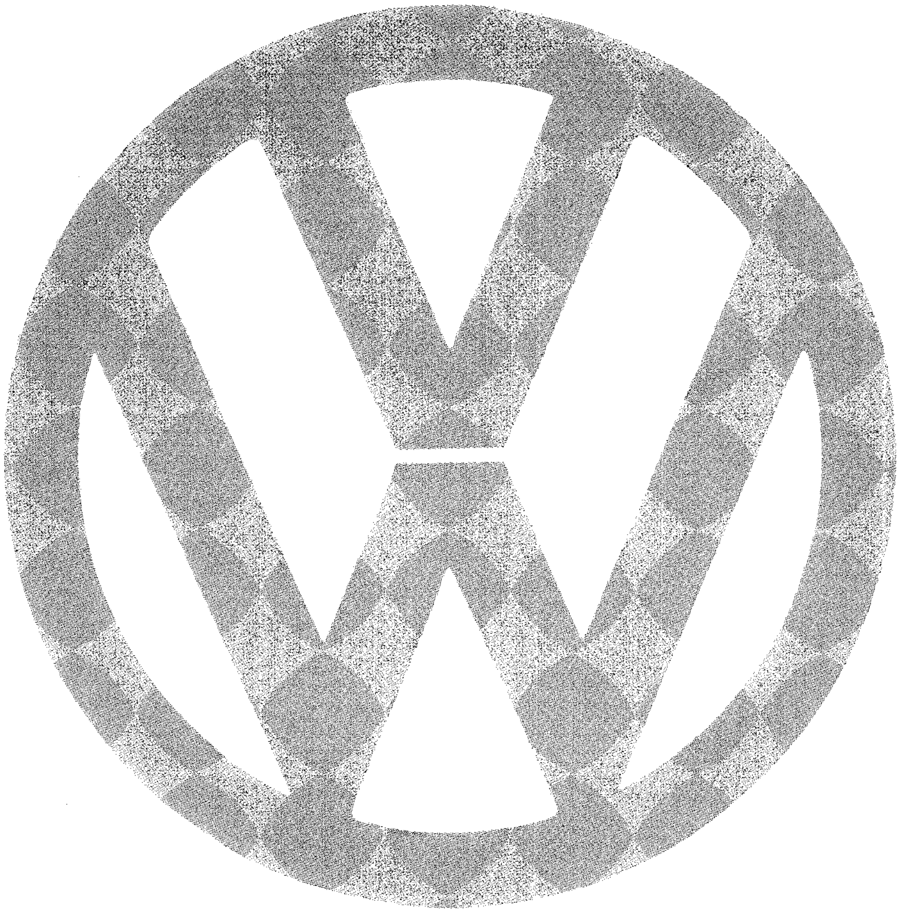
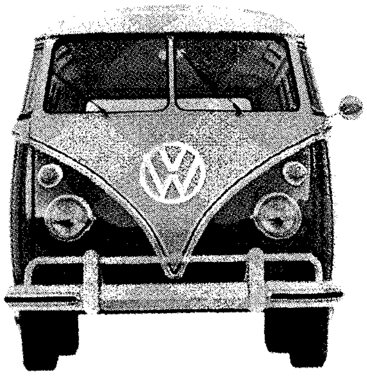


Be sure to look for this familiar brand on the front of every box.



You won't have to look very hard, because the Volkswagen Station Wagon carries the biggest chrome brand in the business.

But then, our box carries the heaviest load in the business: over a ton of things. (In 170 cubic feet of space.) Almost twice as much stuff as the biggest regular wagon holds.

If the stuff is bulky, 5 big doors take the pain out of loading and unloading it.

And if the stuff is people, the box takes 9.

What it doesn't take much of is oil. (5 pints is all.) And a box that averages over 20 miles per gallon doesn't take much gas either.

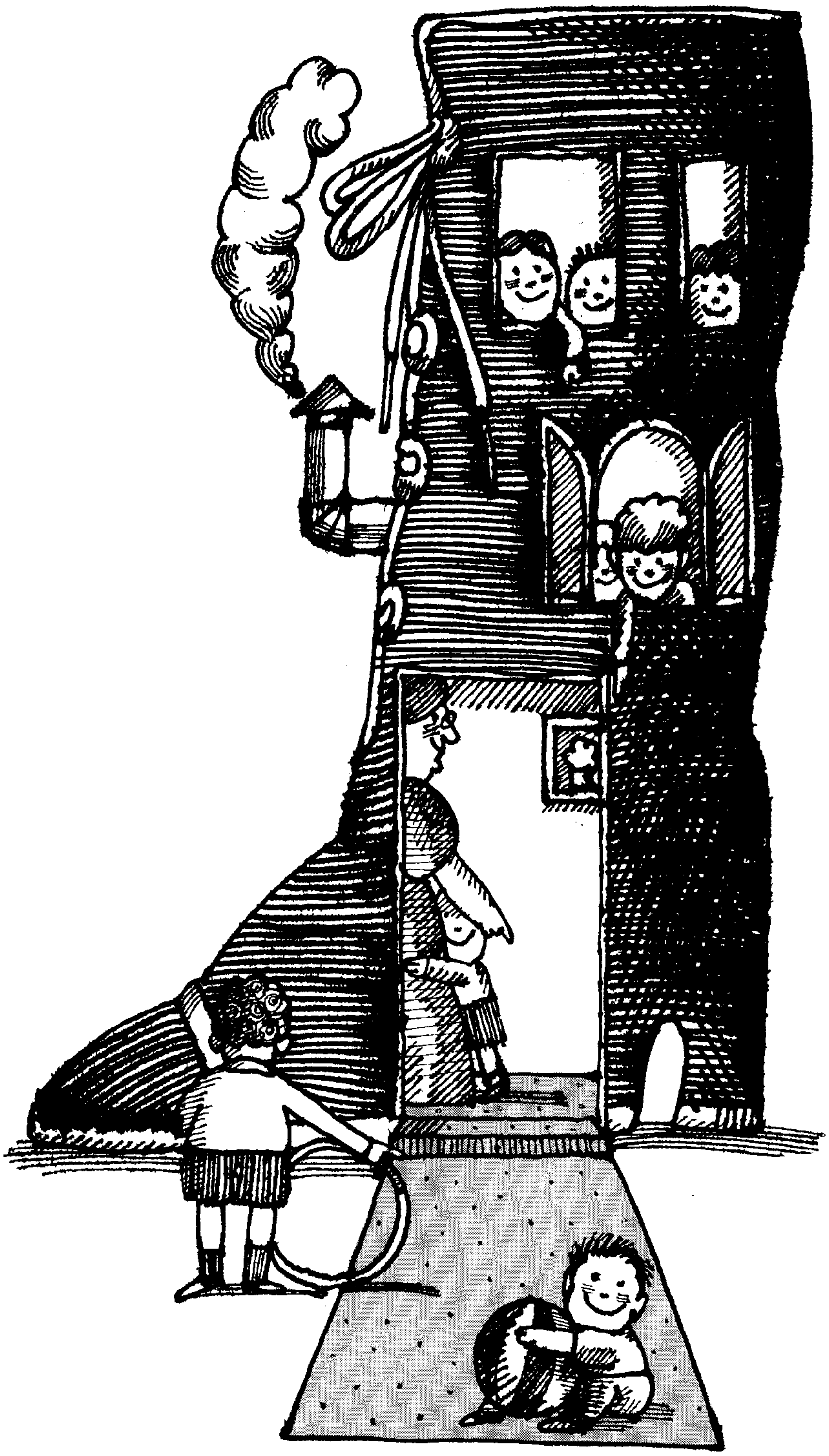
When it comes to windows, you can give 2 to each passenger (and keep 5, plus the adjustable sunroof, for yourself).

Our wagon is only 9 inches longer than our sedan, so you can park it in a space that's 4 feet too short for ordinary wagons.

But maybe you've decided you don't really want an ordinary wagon. That kind of thinking can get you into a box.

rudiments of sensible breathing, ten hours of sleep is sheer folly and imposition. We have our flashlights, to be sure, but the arrangement remains a striking inconvenience to us, entangling us in bad light and ill humor.

My contempt for myself for showing you merely the black and quite dank side of camp life is immeasurable. In this rotten attitude, I have failed to mention the countless things that are zipping along with smoothness and beauty; despite my gloomy remarks in the above paragraphs, each day has been generously studded with happiness, sensuous pleasure, rejoicing, and fairly explosive laughter. Many sweet animals loom into view when least expected, such as chipmunks, unpoisonous snakes, but no deer. I am taking the dubious liberty, Les, of sending you a few quills from a porcupine, dead but not diseased; they may be a perfect answer to your old problem with the softness and breakability of tooth picks. The general scenery is spellbinding, both underfoot as well as to the sides. To my joy and sheer wonder, your son Buddy has turned out to be utterly and thrillingly nemophilous! It is an unexpected revelation to me to see him shape up in this manner. While I take keen relish in country affairs, too, it is merely up to a point; in my heart of hearts, I am outside my true element when away from cold, heartrending cities of ludicrous size after the manner of New York or London. Buddy, on the other hand, will forever break loose from city connections, it is quite plain to see; we will not be able to restrain him in another mere handful of years. I wish you could see him striking through the dense forest here, when the powers that be are not minding everybody's business for them, moving with heartrending stealth, like a magnificent, amusing, berserk, Indian messenger. Each night, to our entertainment and equal chagrin, I put untold quantities of iodine on his stubborn, funny body, mutilated from the blackberry thorns and other damnable outgrowths. Our pleasant consumption of possibly a dozen books, excellent as well as mediocre, before departure, on the subject of plants, edible and otherwise, has been a superb boon to us, allowing us to cook many decent meals, under the rose, of steamed pigweed, young nettles, purslane, as well as the last of the tender fiddle heads, using the canteen cup as cooking receptacle and frequently being joined by that heartrending little peanut, Griffith Hammersmith, whose appetite in congenial surroundings is quite stupefying



The Old Lady
would've
if
she
could've
carpeted The shoe
with
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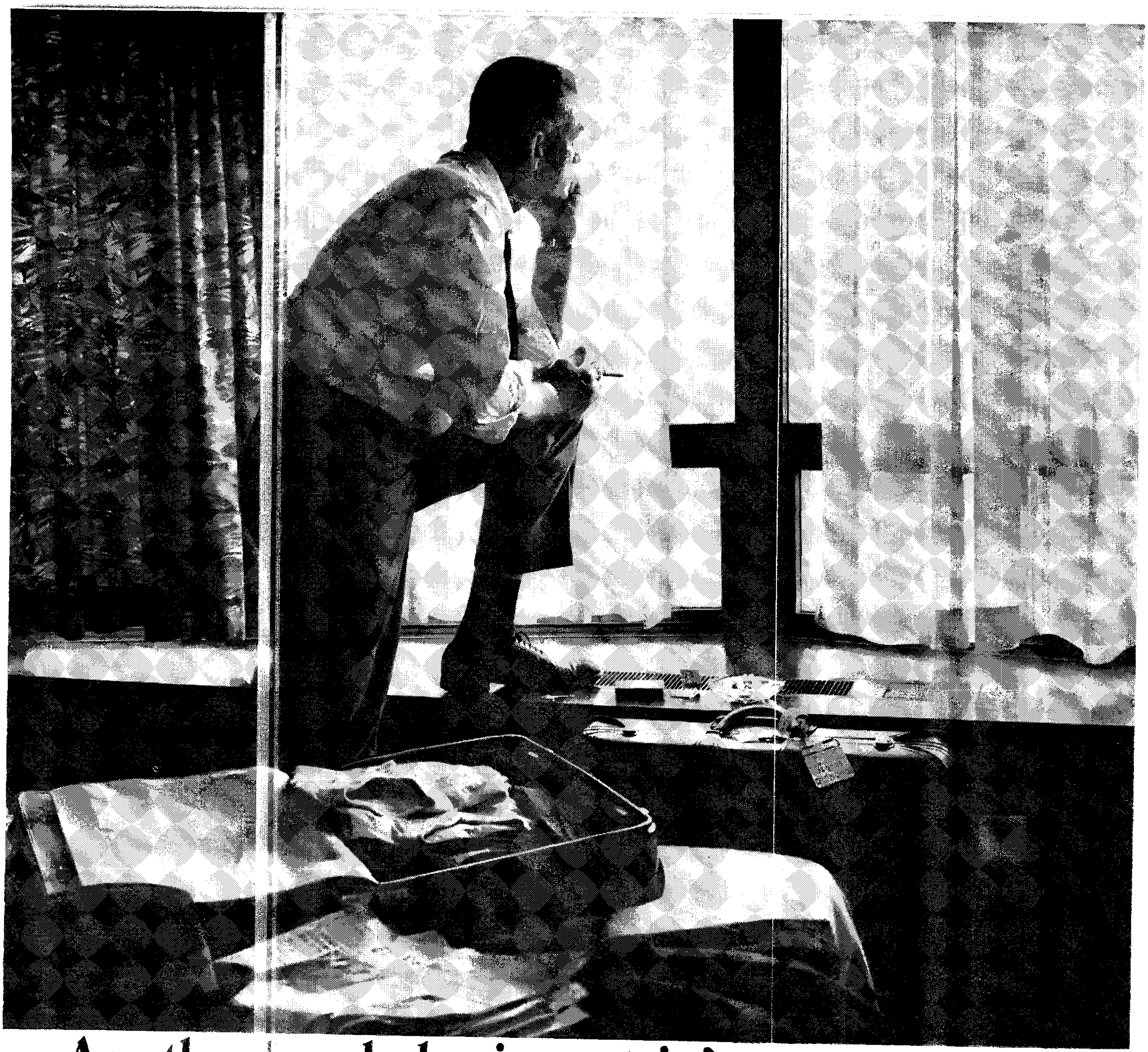
and thrilling. Lest it slip my vacant mind, Buddy asked me to tell you, Bessie sweetheart, to send him some more tablets without lines, also some apple butter and corn meal, as he is practically living on the latter, I daresay, when we are able to prepare a pleasant, leisurely meal in peace. Be assured that the corn meal is very nutritive for him; his little body is unusually suited to corn and barley, if the truth be known. He will write to you very soon, given the right opportunity and inclination. My God, is he a busy boy! I have never known him busier, to the best of my recollection. He has written 6 new stories, entirely humorous in places, about an English chap recently returned from some stimulating adventures abroad. It is an indescribable reward to see a person five years of age sit back on his dear, comical, fleshless haunches and dash off an engaging yarn with zest and no little acumen! I give you my word of honor you will hear from this chap one day; no nightfall passes that I do not mentally take off my hat to you for bringing him into the world; your loving, charming agency in this lad's general birth remains unspeakably moving to me; the picture is even more moving and rewarding when one considers the abominable glimpse I had at recess period after Christmas vacation, revealing that our intimacy with you, dear Les, if you are still there, in our last appearance, was fairly slight and fraught with discordancy. Continuing at leisure, as for my own writing, I have completed about twenty-five (25) reasonable poems for which I have a low regard, followed by 16 poems that have some merit but no enduring generosity, as well as about 10 others that have turned out to be in unconscious, disastrous imitation of William Blake, William Wordsworth, and one or two other dead geniuses whose sudden passing never ceases to cut me like a knife. With regard to my poetry, the general picture is poor and gnawing. It is my absolute opinion that the only poem of personal, haunting interest to me that I have written so far this summer is one I have not written at all. During your expensive phone call from the LaSalle, you will recall, I mentioned that we and the other campers had spent the entire day at the Wahl Fisheries. On the way there, a lunch of sandwiches, quite filling, was prepared for us at Kallborn Hotel, a well-bred, popular hotel frequented by loving, young couples on their honeymoons. Strolling by the lake with Buddy and Hammersmith, I saw a



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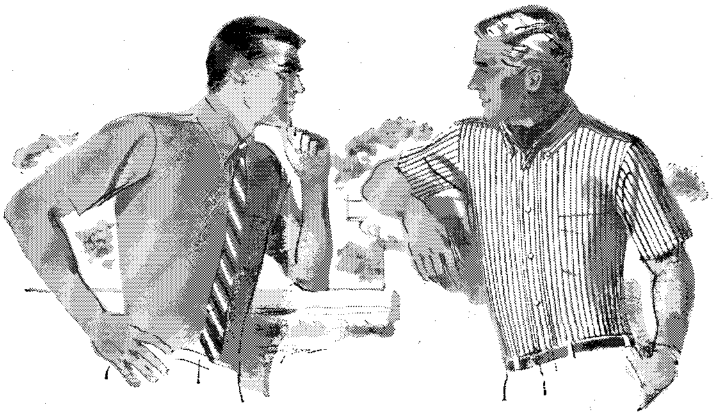
couple sporting and laughing. Putting two and two together, and suddenly feeling disposed, from head to toe, to feel harmony with those two unknown, young lovers, I wished to write a poem intimating that the one millionth groom at the Kallborn Hotel had just playfully splashed the one millionth bride; I have personally witnessed young lovers doing the same thing at Long Beach and other popular resorts. Bessie dear, it is a little sight you would enjoy, thrill to, and faintly smile at with a portion of your brain and heart; however, there is no demand for this in any immortal poetry I have run into. One is left holding the bag. Let us pass over this prickly topic. For your private information and possibly Miss Overman's, but draw the line a bit firmly there as she has no great gift for not repeating a confidence, I regret to say, we are continuing to master Italian and reviewing Spanish after taps. It is a broad, rotten hint, but some new batteries would be a windfall.

Les, it is such a relief and pleasure to dash off a few lines without listening for the damnable strains of the bugle that my ardor is running away with me. If you are tired or frankly bored reading, stop instantaneously, with my heartfelt permission. I am admittedly taking advantage of your good will, fatherhood, and notorious, humorous patience. Bessie, I know, will kindly give you the gist of any communication that follows; light a cigarette with abandon, drop my damn letter like a hot potato, and go down to the lobby of whatever hotel you are staying at and enjoy yourself with a free conscience and my undying love; a game of pool or pinochle might be refreshing!

Continuing at blissful random, we are not too popular with the other campers in the same bungalow as yet, principally Douglas Folsom, Barry Sharfman, Derek Smith, Jr., Tom Lantern, Midge Immington, and Red Silverman. Tom Lantern! Is that or is that not an appealing name to go through life with? Unfortunately, this youth seems determined not to turn on any of his lights, so his delightful name is in danger of going down the drain. This opinion is too harsh. My opinions are all too frequently too damn harsh for words. I am working on it, but I have given way to harshness too often this summer to stomach. God speed you, Tom Lantern, with or without your lights turned on! There is one boy on the top floor of this poorly constructed bungalow who is the very salt of the earth; no compliment heaped upon him would be too lavish, be as-



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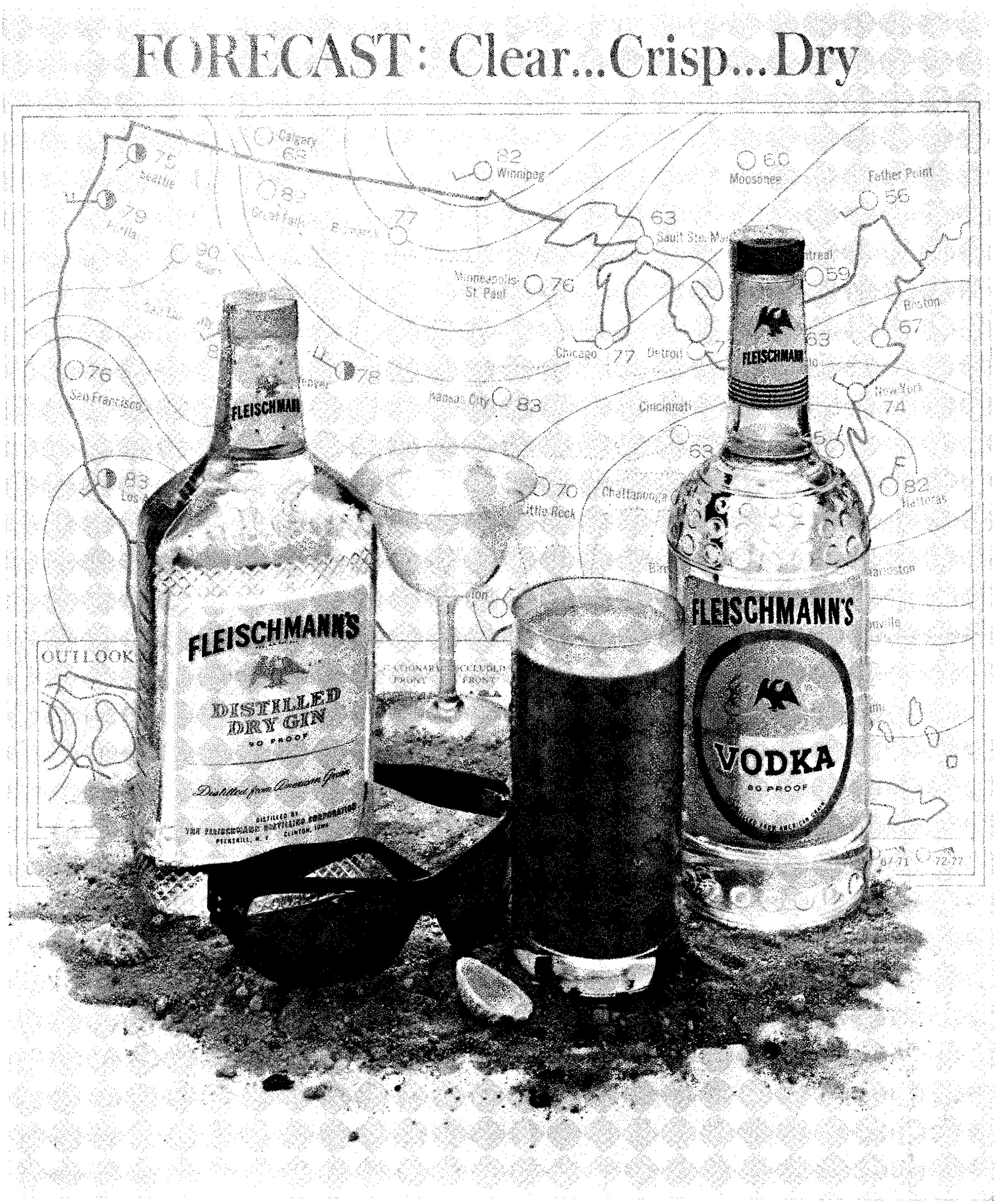
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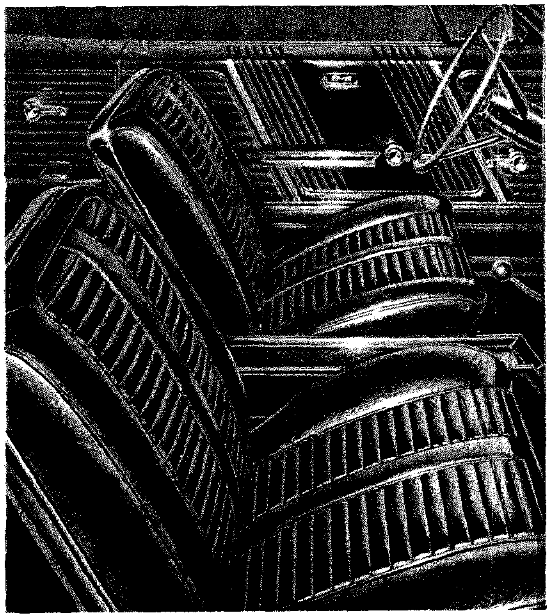

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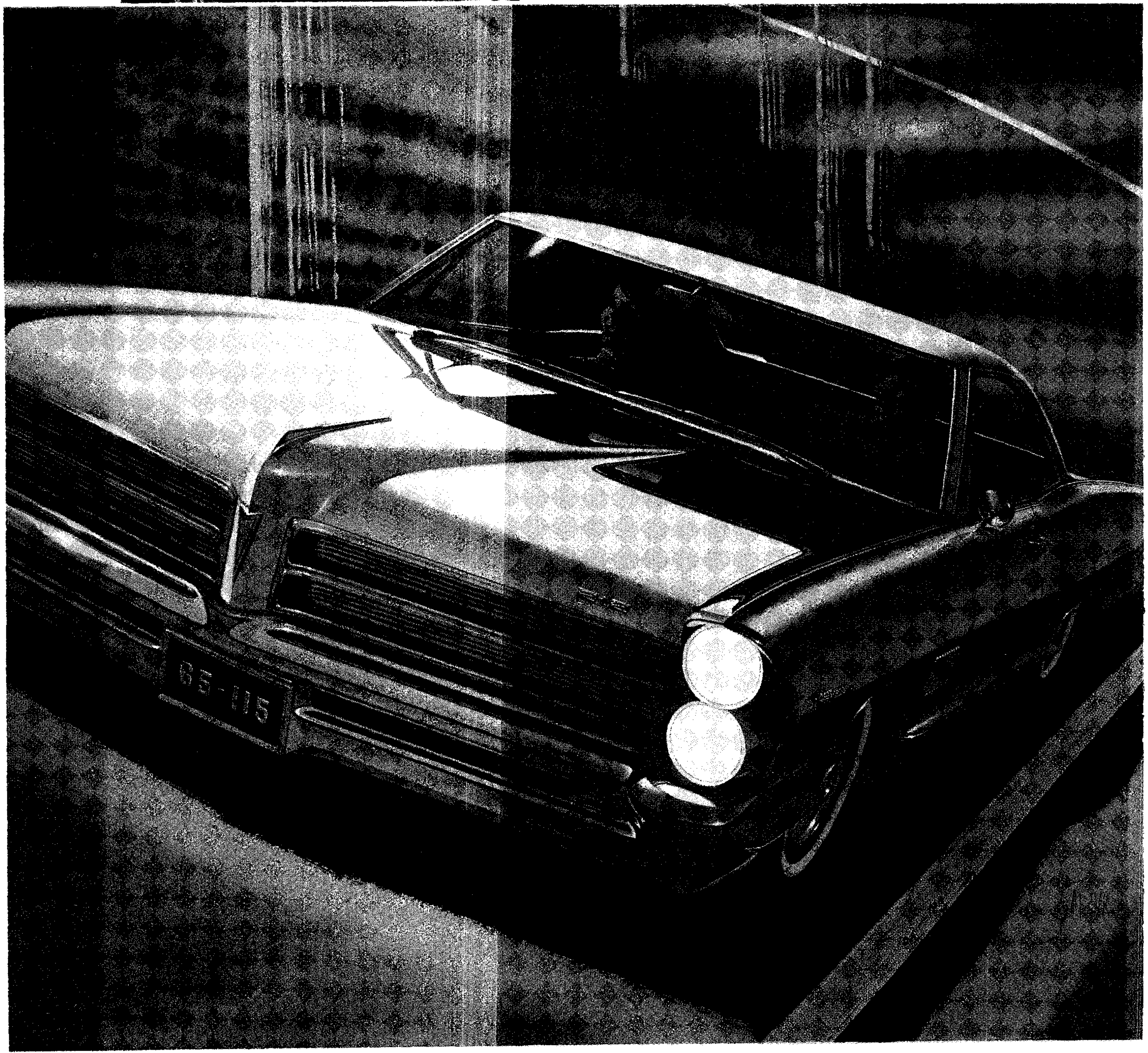

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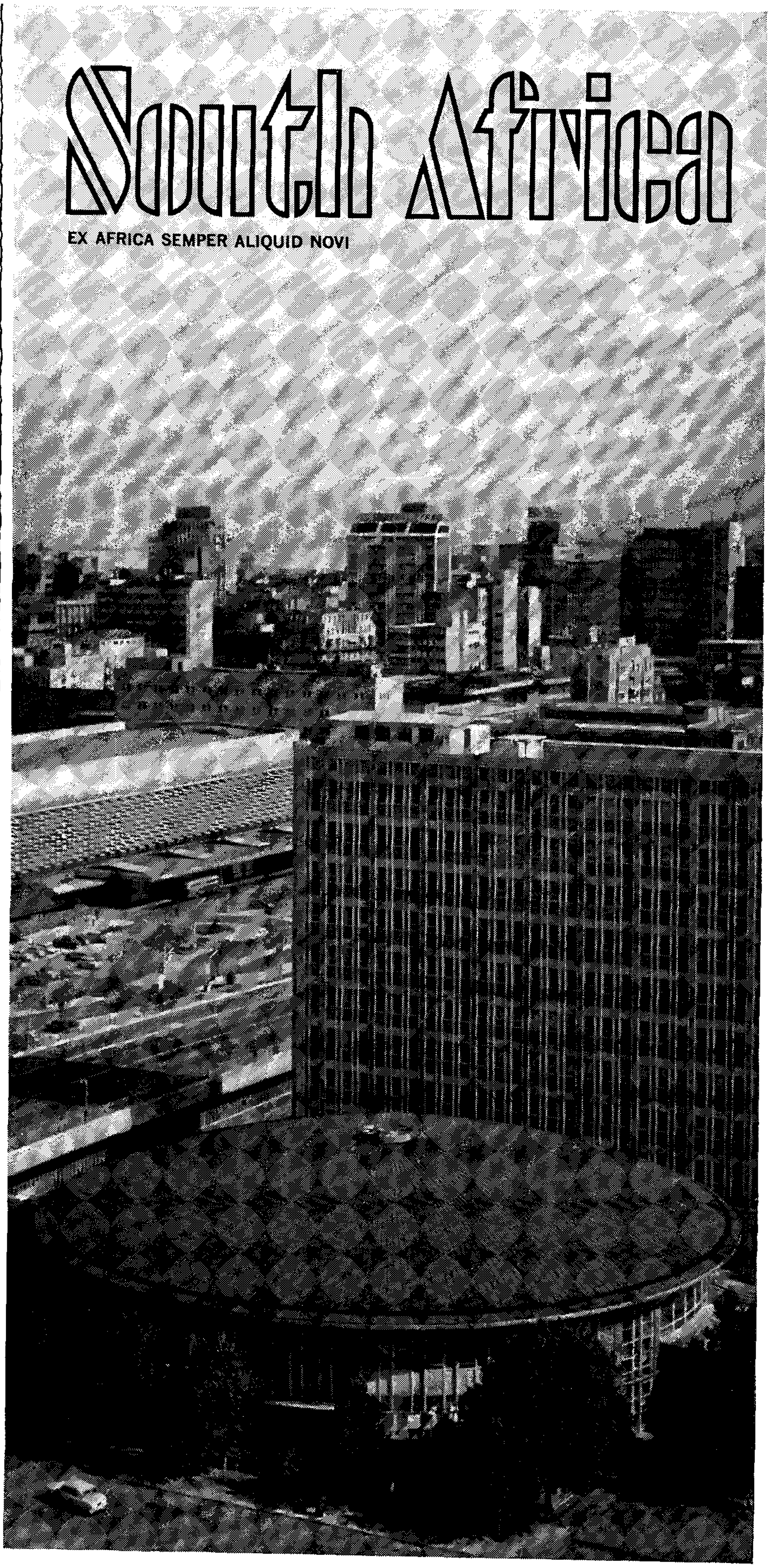
sured. He is often dashing freely down the flimsy stairs in his leisure moments and passing the time of day with your unworthy sons, discussing with a humorous and open heart his friends, acquaintances, and foes in Troy, New York, a large hamlet beyond Albany, and generally finding life and humanity magnificent under the deceptive surfaces. His valiance would break your heart, I trust, or painfully chip it; an immeasurable amount is required just to say a hearty hello to us; I have neglected to say that we are currently being ostracized. His name is John Kolb, 8½ years of age, by rights an Intermediate, but there was no room for him in the Intermediates, so we are privileged to have his chivalrous company in this crowded building. I beg you to write that valiant, good-humored name upon your memory for now and all future time! Unfortunately, anything over five minutes of conversation bores this dauntless, active boy to tears, and one looks up, to one's touching amusement, to find his winning, kind face gone from the premises! I would give countless years of my life to be of some future help to this lad. He kindly gave me his word of honor, quite blind to the reasons that made me ask him, that he would never swallow whiskey or any other liquors on reaching adulthood, but I have damnable, sad doubts that he will keep his word. He has a waiting tendency to drink himself into a soothing stupor; it can be defeated utterly if he uses his entire mind, with a few lights turned on, but I am afraid he is too kind and impatient a boy to use his entire mind for anything. We have his address in Troy, New York. If I am alive when the crucial years arrive, I shall rush to Troy, New York, without a second's delay and if necessary act in his splendid behalf; it would slightly require drinking the cup that stupefies myself, but you have to understand that we have quite lost our hearts to this boy without a shred of prejudice in his heart. My God, a valorous boy, 8½ years of age, is a moving thing! It is too ironical to bear, but I give you my word that valorous people require far more protection than meets the eye. I kiss your noble, unsung feet, John Kolb, native of Troy, brother of an uncruel Hector!

As for other matters, we are mixing admirably when opportunity allows, joining in all the incessant sports and other activities, enjoying many of them to the hilt. It is a break for us that we are fairly magnificent, limited athletes; at baseball, perhaps the most heartrend-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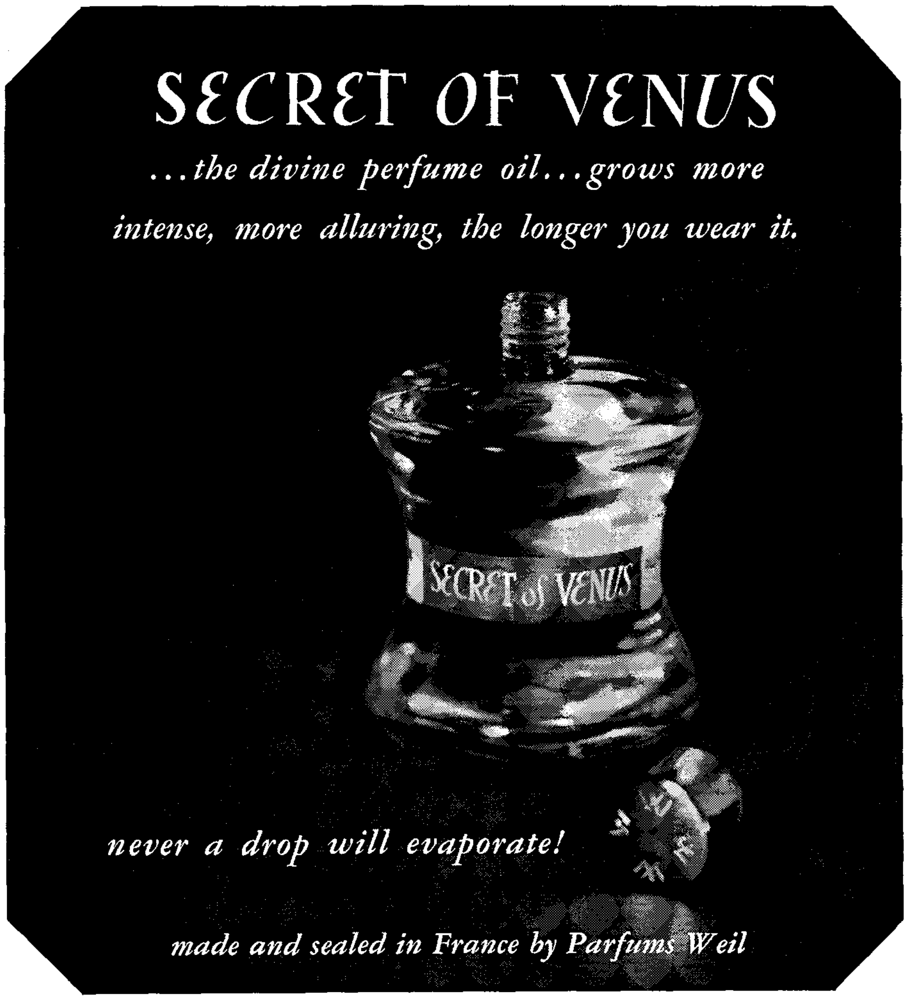

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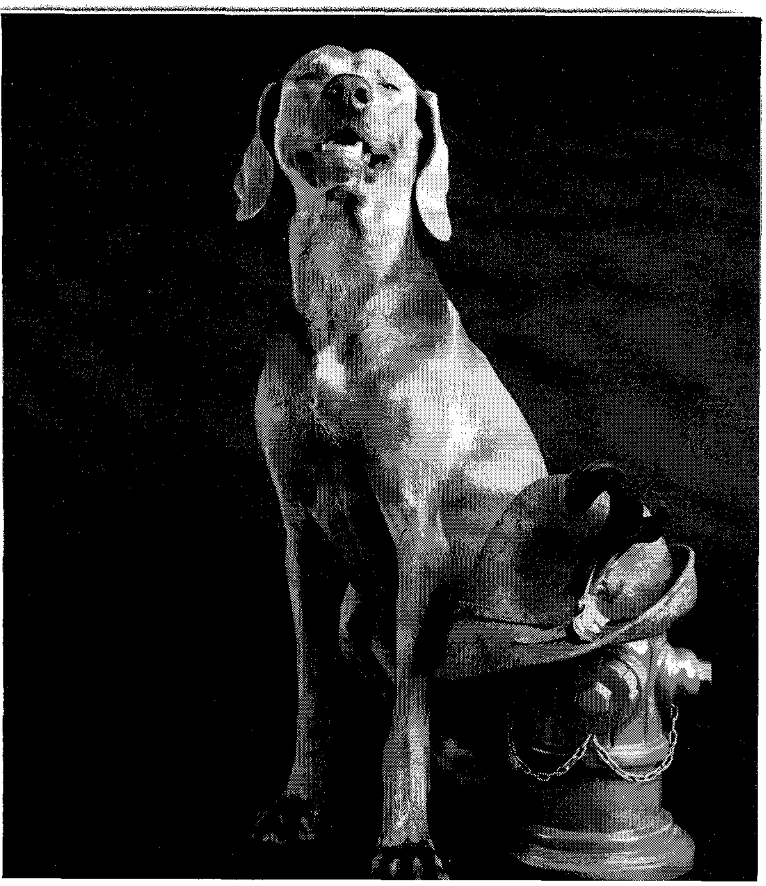

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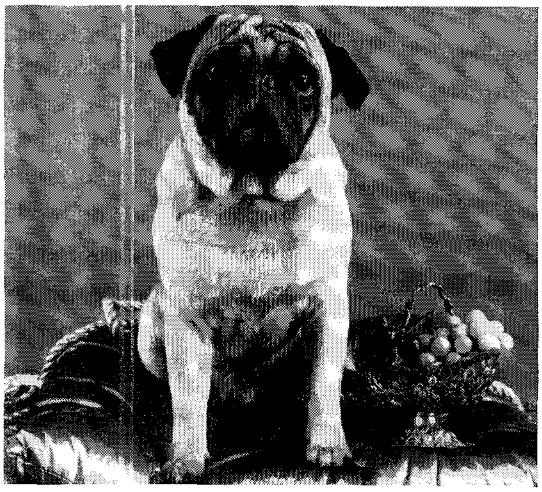

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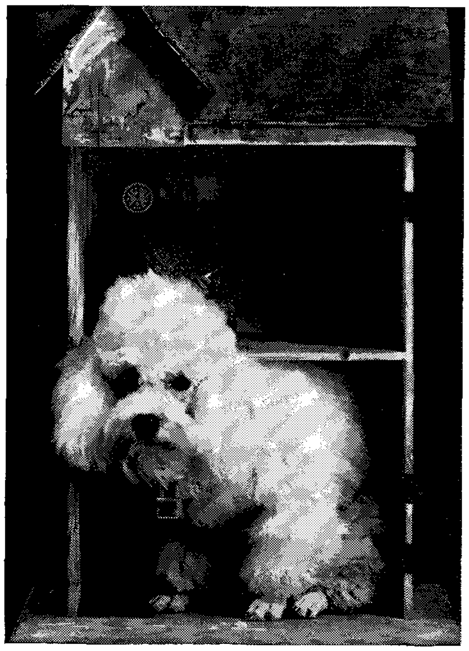

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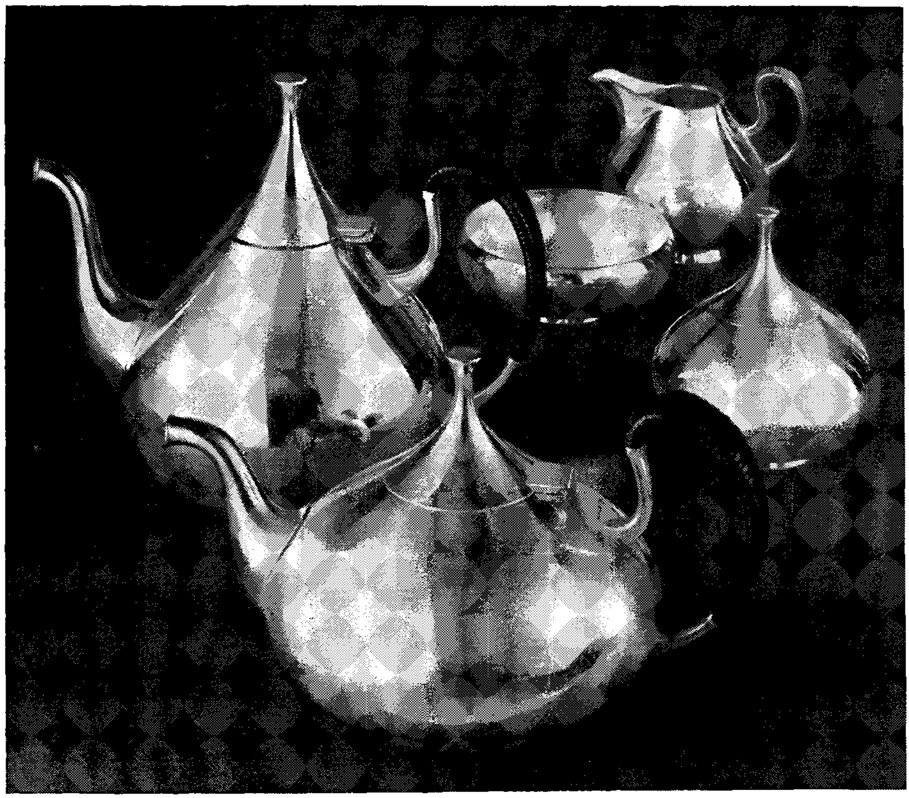

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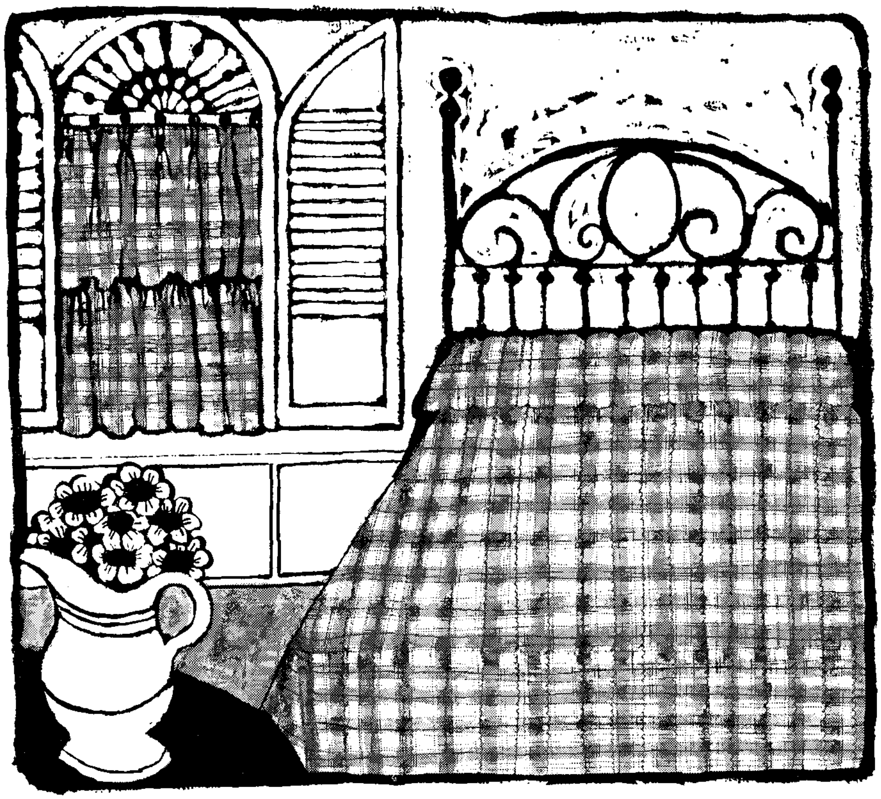

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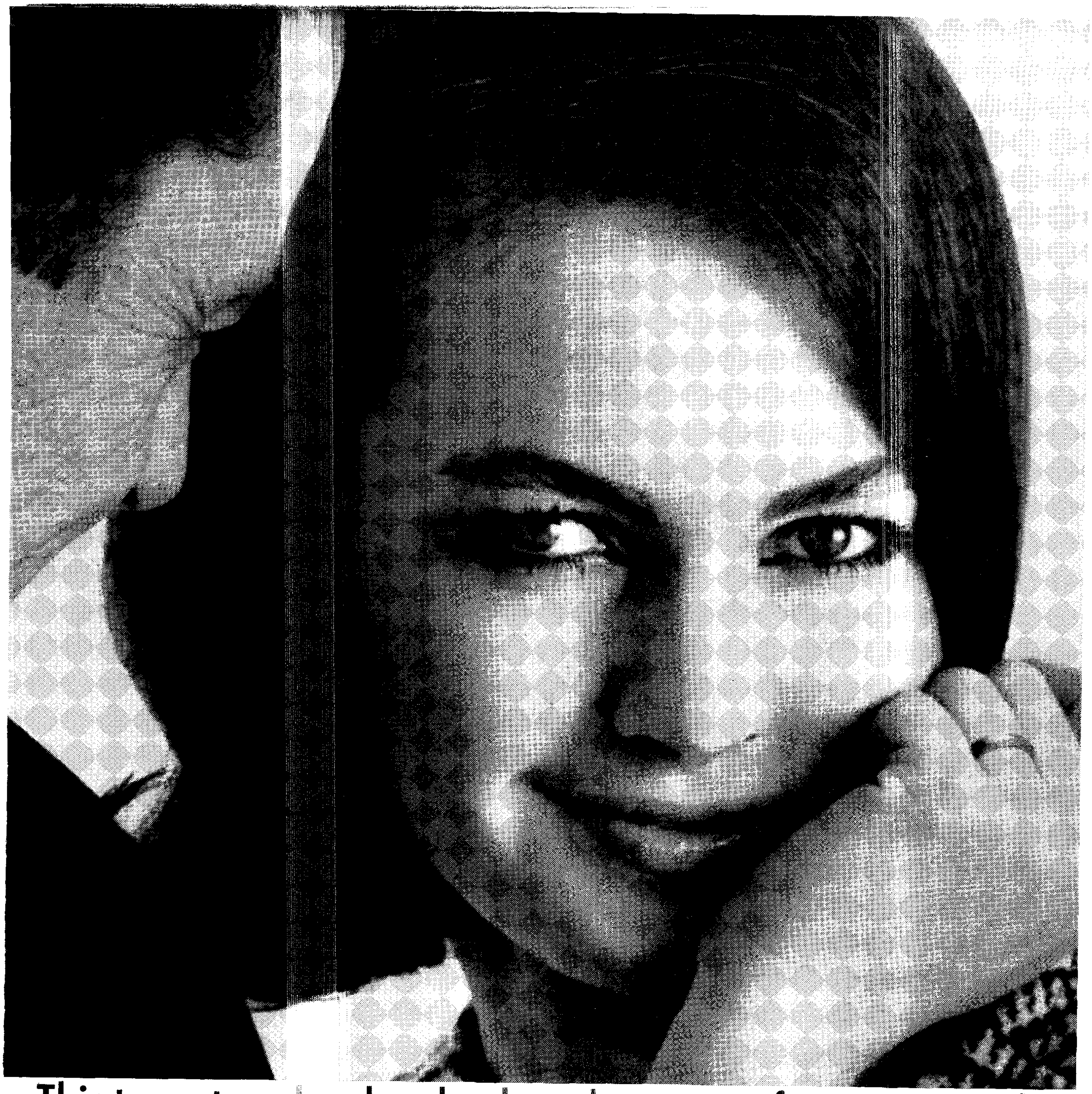
hard; absorbing interests and diversions kindly prevail; not once have I seen us unprotected, thank God, against half-heartedness. One has no business spitting at these hopeful blessings. Piled on top of all this good fortune, what else does one find? A capacity to make many wonderful friends in small numbers whom we will love passionately and guard from uninstructive harm until our lives are finished and who, in turn, will love us, too, and never let us down without very great regret, which is a lot better, more guerdoning, more humorous than being let down without any regret at all, be assured. I merely mention some of this painful crap to you, need I say, so that it will be available to your sweet memories either before or after our untimely departures; do not let it get you down in the meantime. Also on the hearty, revitalizing side of the ledger, bear in mind, with good cheer and amusement, that we were quite firmly obliged, as well as often dubiously privileged, to bring our creative genius with us from our previous appearances. One hesitates to suggest what we will do with it, but it is incessantly at our side, though slow as hell in development. It is insuperably strong after taps up here, I find, when one's ridiculous brains finally lie down and behave themselves and the entire, decent mind is at long last quiet and not racing around in the slightest; in that interlude, one watches it play in the magnificent light I mentioned to you privately last May, Bessie, when we were chatting back and forth affably in the kitchen. I am also watching the same heartening action take place in the mind of that magnificent person and companion you gave me for a brother. When the light mentioned above is insuperably strong, I go to sleep in absolute assurance that we, your son Buddy and I, are every bit as decent, foolish, and human as every single boy or counsellor in this camp, quite tenderly and humorously equipped with the same likable, popular, heartbreaking blindnesses. My God, think of the opportunities and thrusts that lie ahead when one knows without a shred of doubt how commonplace and normal one is at heart! With just a little steadfast devotion to uncommon beauty and passing rectitudes of the heart, combined with our dead certainty that we are as normal and human as anybody else, and knowing it is not just a question of sticking out our tongues, like other boys, during the first, beautiful snowfall of the year, who can prevent us from doing a little good in this appearance? Who, indeed, I say, pro-



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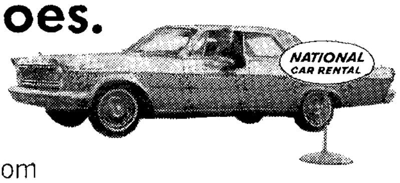

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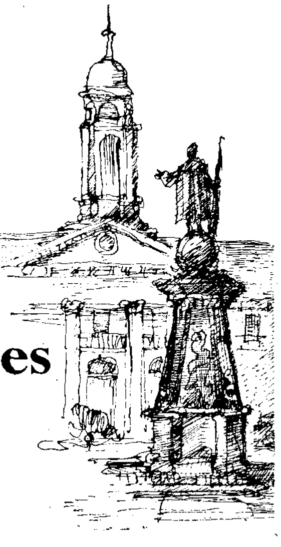

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vided we draw on all our resources and move as silently as possible? "Silence! Go forth, but tell no man!" said the splendid Tsiang Samdup. Quite right, though very difficult and widely abhorred.

While I am quite frankly skimming over on the debit side, I ought to point out, regretfully, that the great percentage of your children, Bessie and Les, if you have not already repaired to the diversions of the lobby, have a fairly terrible capacity for experiencing pain that does not always properly belong to them. Sometimes this very pain has been shirked by a total stranger, perhaps a lazy chap in California or Louisiana, whom we have not even had the pleasure of meeting and exchanging words with. Speaking for your absent son Buddy as well as myself, I see no way to quit experiencing a little pain, here and there, till we have fulfilled our opportunities and obligations in the present, interesting, humorous bodies. Half the pain around, unfortunately, quite belongs to somebody else who either shirked it or did not know how to grasp it firmly by the handle! However, when we have fulfilled our opportunities and obligations, dear Bessie and Les, I give you my word that we will depart in good conscience and humor for a change, which we have never entirely done in the past. Again speaking for your beloved son Buddy, who should be back any moment, I also give you my word of honor that one of us will be present at the other chap's departure for various reasons; it is quite in the cards, to the best of my knowledge. I am not painting a gloomy picture! This will not be tomorrow by a long shot! I personally will live at least as long as a well-preserved telephone pole, a generous matter of thirty (30) years or more, which is surely nothing to snicker at. Your son Buddy has even longer to go, you will freely rejoice to know. In the happy interim, Bessie, please ask Les to read these next remarks when or if he returns from the lobby or any other enjoyable place of his choice. Les, I beg you to be patient with us in your leisure time. Try your utmost not to mind too much and get very blue when we don't remind you very freely and movingly of other regular boys, perhaps boys from your own childhood. At frequent black moments, swiftly recall in your heart that we are exceedingly regular boys from the word go, merely ceasing to be very regular when something slightly important or crucial comes up. My God, I utterly refuse to wound you with further discussion of this kind, but I cannot honestly erase any of the previous, sweeping, tasteless remarks. I am afraid they must stand. Also, it would not be doing you a true favor if I did erase them. Largely through my own cheap softness and cowardice, you have twice before in previous appearances gently neglected to face up to similar issues; I have no idea if I could stand to see you repeat this pain. Postponed pain is among the most abominable kind to experience.

For a pleasant change, here is a cheerful and quite uplifting bit of news to put under your belts. It quite takes my own personal breath away. Either this coming winter or the winter which briskly follows, you, Bessie, Les, Buddy, and the undersigned will all be going to one of the most pregnant and important parties that Buddy and I will ever attend, either in each other's harmonious company or quite alone. At this party, entirely in the night time, we will meet a man, very overweight, who will make us a slightly straightforward business and career offer at his leisure; it will involve our easy, charming prowess as singers and dancers, but this is very far from all it will involve. He, this corpulent man, will not too seriously change the regular, normal course of our childhood and early, amusing youth by this business offer, but I can assure you that the surface upheaval will be quite enormous. However, that is only half my glimpse. Personally speaking, quite from a full heart, the other half is more after my own heart and comfort. The other half presents a stunning glimpse of Buddy, at a later date by innumerable years, quite bereft of my dubious, loving company, writing about this very party on a very large, jet-black, very moving, gorgeous typewriter. He is smoking a cigarette, occasionally clasping his hands and placing them on the top of his head in a thoughtful, exhausted manner. His hair is gray; he is older than you are now, Les! The veins in his hands are slightly prominent in the glimpse, so I have not mentioned the matter to him at all, partially considering his youthful prejudice against veins showing in poor adults' hands. So it goes. You would think this particular glimpse would pierce the casual witness's heart to the quick, disabling him utterly, so that he could not bring himself to discuss the glimpse in the least with his beloved, broadminded family. This is not exactly the case; it mostly makes me take an exceedingly deep breath as a simple, brisk measure against getting dizzy. It is his room that pierces me more than anything else. It is all his youthful

"Each mind hath its own method."
Emerson

Some achievements in chemistry stem from the isolated work of individuals.

Others result from many minds working together, as each individual sharpens his concepts upon the whetstone of another's ideas.

As practiced today, chemical research avails itself of both approaches. In our own research effort, each has led to developments that range from fertilizers to rocket fuels.

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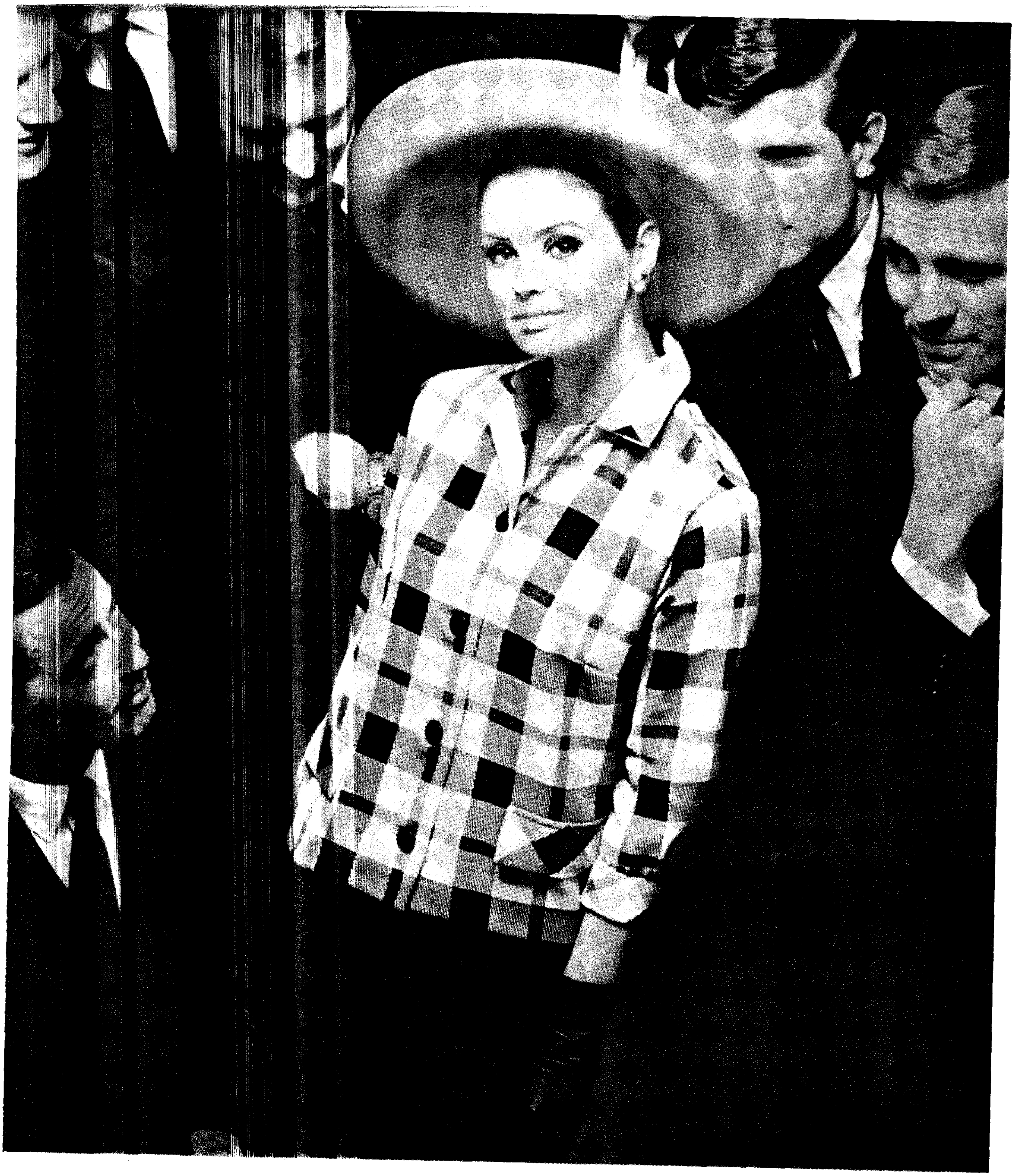
dreams realized to the full! It has one of those beautiful windows in the ceiling that he has always, to my absolute knowledge, fervently admired from a splendid reader's distance! All round about him, in addition, are exquisite shelves to hold his books, equipment, tablets, sharp pencils, ebony, costly typewriter, and other stirring, personal effects. Oh, my God, he will be overjoyed when he sees that room, mark my words! It is one of the most smiling, comforting glimpses of my entire life and quite possibly with the least strings attached. In a reckless manner of speaking, I would far from object if that were practically the last glimpse of my life. However, those two, tantalizing, tiny portals in my mind I mentioned last year are still far from closed; another brisk year or so will probably turn the tide. If it were up to me, I would gladly shut the portals myself; in only three or four cases, such as the present one, is the nature of the glimpse worth the wear and tear on one's normalness and blessed peace of mind, as well as the unembarrassment of one's parents. I quite ask you, though, to imagine how marvellous it is to see this chap, your son Buddy, spring in a trice from a lad of five, who has already lost his heart to every pencil in the universe, into a mature, swarthy author! How I wish I could lie on a pleasant cloud in the distant future, perhaps with a good, firm, Northern Spy apple, and read every single word he writes about this eventful, pregnant party in the offing! The first thing I hope this gifted chap describes, as a quite mature, swarthy author, is the beautiful positions of the bodies in the living room before we leave the house on the night in question. The most beautiful thing in the world, in a fairly large family going out to a party or even a casual restaurant, is the easygoing, impatient positions of all the bodies in the living room while everybody is waiting for some slowpoke to get ready! I mentally implore the touching, gray-haired author of the distant future to begin with the beautiful positions of the bodies in the living room; in my opinion, it is the most beautiful place to begin! I give you my word of honor that I find the entire glimpse of the evening quite a sober joy to behold, from start to finish. I find it magnificent how beautiful, loose ends find each other in the world if one only waits with decent patience, resilience, and quite blind strength. Les, if you have returned from the lobby, I know you toy honorably with disbelief in God or Providence, or which ever word you find less maddening or embarrassing, but I give you my word of honor, on this sultry, memorable day of my life, that one cannot even light a casual cigarette unless the artistic permission of the universe is freely given! Permission is too broad, but somebody's head must freely nod before the cigarette can be touched to the flame of the match. This is also too broad, I regret with my entire body to say. I am convinced God will kindly wear a human head, quite capable of nodding, for the benefit of some admirer who enjoys picturing Him that way, but I personally am not partial to His wearing a human head and would perhaps turn on my heel and walk away if He put one on for my dubious benefit. This is an exaggeration, to be sure; I would be powerless to walk away from Him, of all people, even if my life depended on it.

To my amusement, I am sitting here, quite suddenly, alone in the abandoned bungalow, crying or weeping, which ever you prefer to say. It will pass in a trice, I don't doubt, but it is saddening and exhausting to realize in unguarded interludes what a young bore I am, seventy-five to eighty per cent of my life so far. I am freely saddling you, one and all, parent and child, with a very long, boring letter, quite filled to the brim with my stilted flow of words and thoughts. Speaking in my own behalf, it is less my fault than quickly meets the eye; among many, onerous things, it is all too easy for a boy of my dubious age and experience to fall easy prey to fustian, poor taste, and unwanted spurts of showing off. As God is my judge, I am working on it, but it is a taxing struggle without a magnificent teacher I can turn to with absolute abandon and trust. If one has no magnificent teacher, one is obliged to install one in one's mind; it is a perilous thing to do if you were born cravenhearted, as I was. In my own, transparent defense, however, I have been lying here all day picturing your faces, Bessie and Les, combined with the haunting, fresh faces of the children, so the need to be in excessive touch with you is circumstantial. "Damn braces, bless relaxes!" cried the splendid William Blake. This is quite right, but it is not very easy on splendid families and nice people who get a little nervous or worn to a frazzle when their loving, eldest son and brother is damning braces all over the place.

The reason I am in bed is fairly amusing, and I have delayed all too



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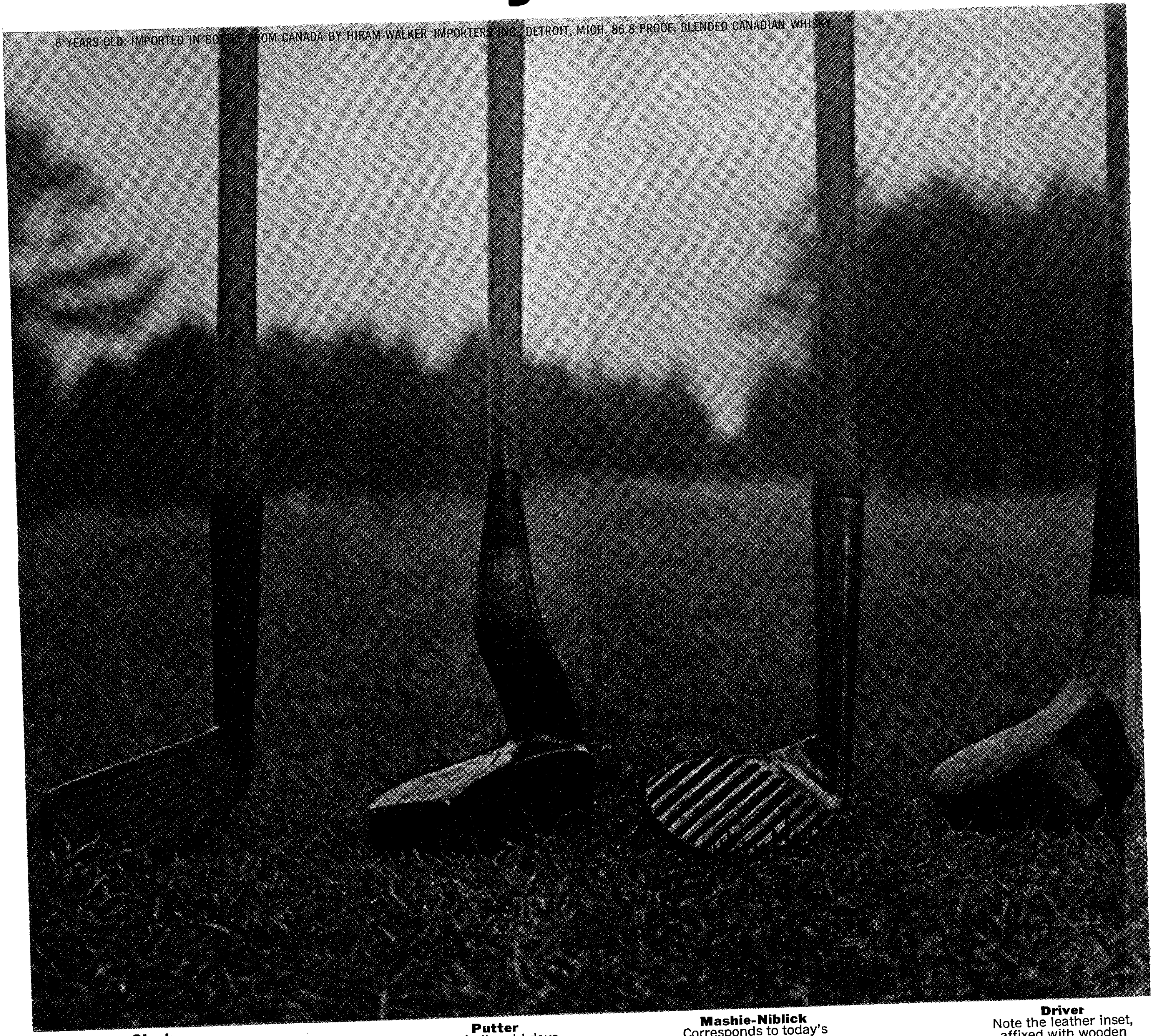
Lady Manhattan

Clubs you might have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Cleek
An all-purpose iron for distance off the fairways. Used in much the same way as today's #2 iron.

Putter
Even in the old days, putters took queer shapes. This one has a wooden head, faced with iron.

Mashie-Niblick
Corresponds to today's #6 or #7 iron. The deep ridges on its face gave balls the required backspin.

Driver
Note the leather inset, affixed with wooden pegs. Club bottom is ram's horn and brass, for added strength.

The year was 1895.
The first U. S. Open was played at Newport.
Eleven men entered.
Horace Rawlins won with a 173 for 36 holes.
Golf has changed a lot since then.
Most woods and irons are no longer made by hand.
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Canadian Club is still distilled with the same formula that
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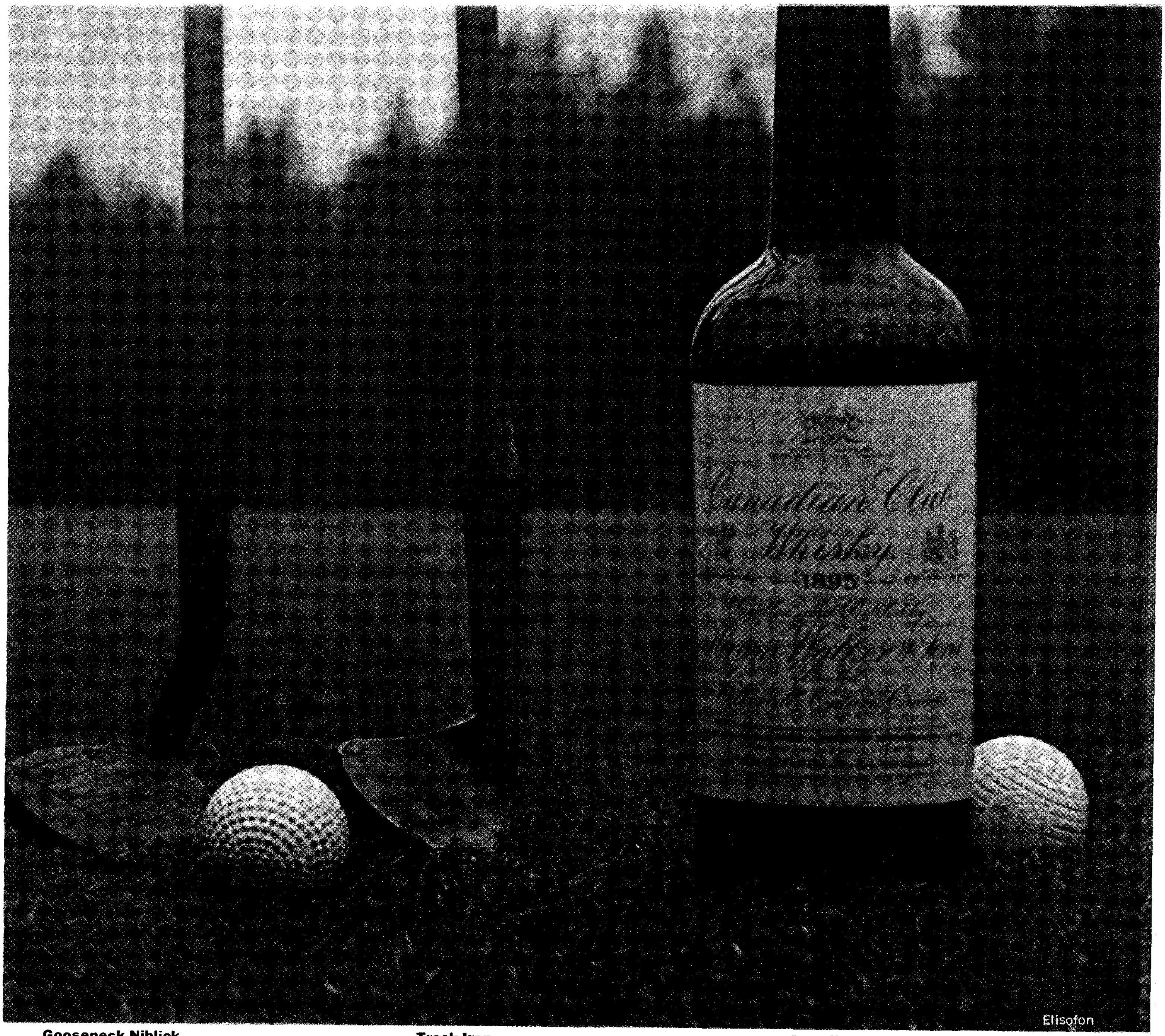

Elisofon

Gooseneck Niblick
This is an early gooseneck club. Some modern clubs are designed this way in an attempt to prevent shanking.

Track Iron
So-named because it was used for lofting the ball out of ruts made by horse-drawn maintenance wagons.

Canadian Club
First made in 1858, by Hiram Walker. Originally called "Club Whisky"—to show that it was served in exclusive gentlemen's clubs.

Gutta-Percha Ball
Replaced the feather ball in the mid-1800s. Its heavier weight led to the use of shorter, squattier club heads, with hickory shafts.

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Canadian Club has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long. In short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.
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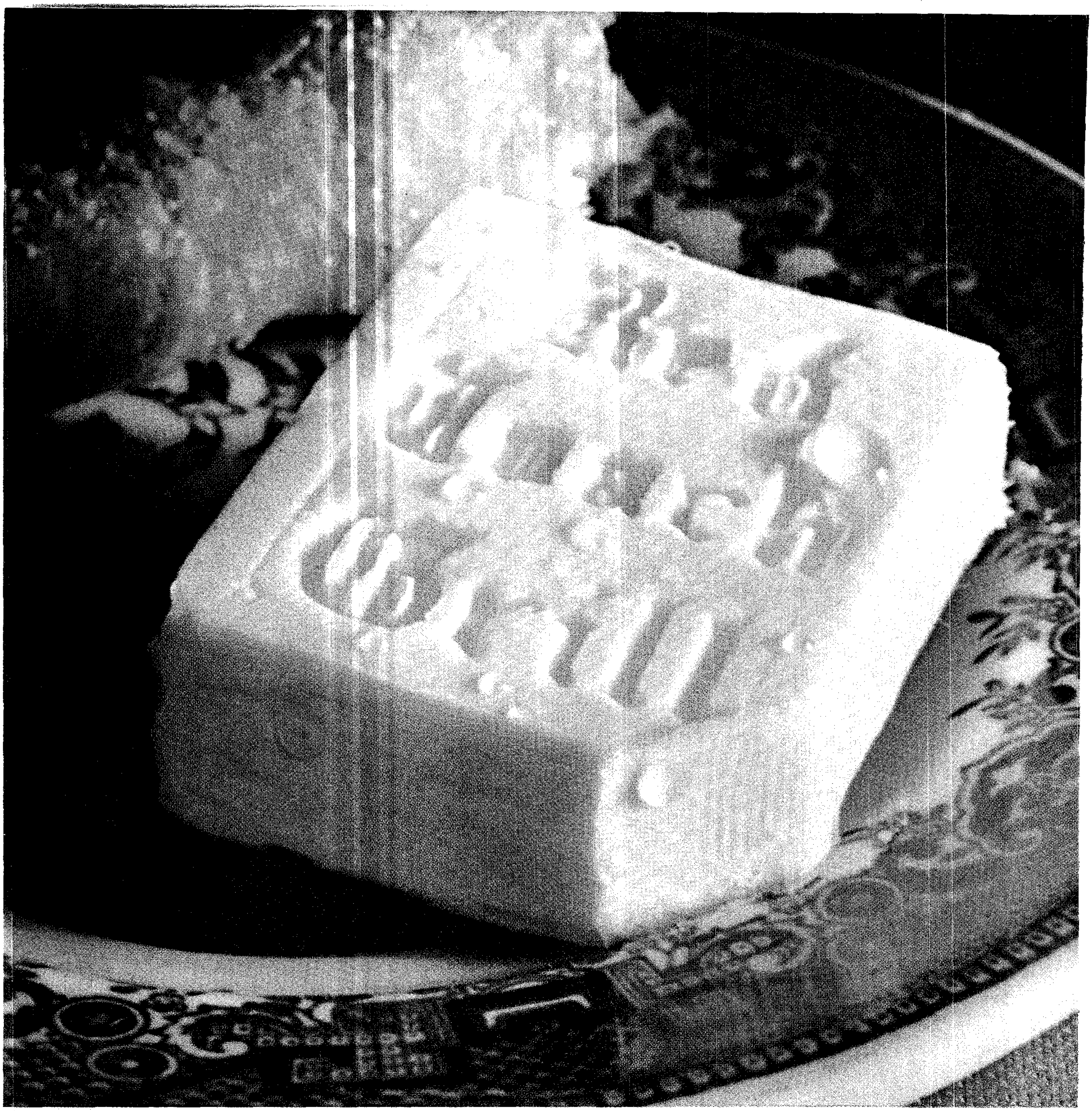

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long in mentioning it, but it does not consume my personal interest as much as it might. Yesterday was rife with one trivial misfortune after another. After breakfast, every Midget and Intermediate in the entire camp was obliged to go strawberrying, possibly the last dubious opportunity of the season. In the course of the morning, I wounded my damned leg. We drove miles and miles to where the strawberry patches were in a little, ramshackle, old-fashioned, maddening cart, quite fake, drawn by two horses where at least four were required. The cart had a ridiculous piece of iron sticking out of the hub of one of the wooden wheels, penetrating my thigh or femur a good inch and three-quarters or two inches as we were pushing the God forsaken cart out of the mud; it had rained cats and dogs previously, on the day before, making the road entirely crappy for a strawberry expedition. With a dash of maddening melodrama, I was rushed to the infirmary, possibly three miles to the rear, on the back of Mr. Happy's also God forsaken motorcycle. It had several fleeting, humorous moments. Quite in the first place, it is very hard for me, I regret to say, to be less than contemptuous and scathing around Mr. Happy personally. I am working on it, but that man brings to the fore supplies of hidden malice I thought I had worked out of my system years ago. In my own, flimsy defense, let me suggest that a man thirty years of age has no earthly business forcing small, useless boys to push a damnable, fake cart out of the mud where a veritable team of four or six, young, stalwart horses was really required. My malice shot forward like a snake. I told him on the motorcycle before we started back that Buddy and I, as he well knew, were experienced, fairly talented singers and dancers, like our parents, though still amateurs. I suggested that you would probably sue him, Les, for every dime he had in the event that I lost my ridiculous leg from infection, loss of blood, or gangrene. He pretended not to mind or heed this utter nonsense, which it was; nevertheless, it didn't do his driving any good, twice nearly killing us before we reached our destination. Although, from my point of view entirely, it was a risible situation from the word go. Fortunately, I find that if a situation is funny or risible enough, I tend to bleed less profusely. On the other hand, while I personally enjoy attributing the stopping of the bleeding to the humor of the situation, it is possible that the damnable motorcycle seat was resting against a pressure

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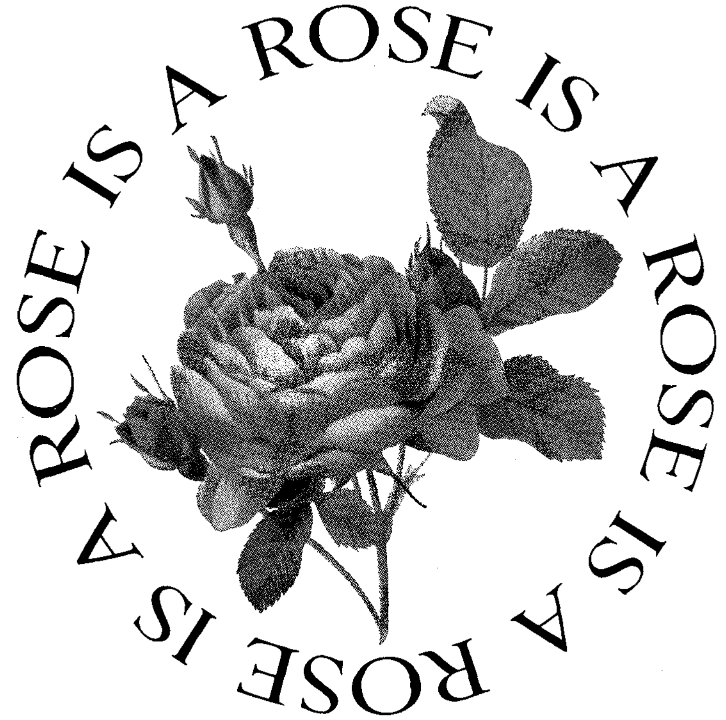
A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS

A rose is also the symbol of an empire, a poem, a painting, a fragrance. The Rose is an exhibition at the Hallmark Gallery now through July 30.

Hallmark Gallery Fifth Ave. at 56th St.

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point; my pressure points are usually quite springy, with a pleasant pulse. What is beyond debate is that Mr. Happy was far from delighted to see the blood of a young camper, connected with him merely by enrollment and money, distributed on the back of his new motorcycle, seat, wheel, fender, and tire sides. There was no question of regarding it as his own; he would not even regard Mrs. Happy's blood as his own, so how would he feel a human connection with the blood of a strange child with prominent, quite ugly, ludicrous features?

At the infirmary, a comical shambles, though possibly clean as a whistle in the last analysis, Miss Culgerry cleaned the wound and bandaged me. She is a young girl and registered nurse, age unknown to me, far from gorgeous or lovely, but with a trim, superb body, which most of the counsellors and one or two of the Seniors are trying very hard to make physical love to before they have to go back to college. It is the old story, I am afraid. She is a quiet person without any private resources or ability to make sound, first-hand decisions. Under the countless surfaces, she is confused and disastrously excited to be the only available, female beauty in the camp, Mrs. Happy being out of the picture. A sober, passive girl with a voice that sounds very competent in the infirmary, she gives the impression of always keeping her head in a ticklish situation, but it is merely a heartrending pose. In a cruel manner of speaking, this young woman may well have lost her head before she was born; it is certainly not on her shoulders at this stage of the game. Only her deceptive voice, which sounds quite cool and competent, in the mess hall as well as the infirmary, is keeping her out of the complete clutches of the counsellors and Seniors mentioned above, who are all young, very healthy, very gross in safe numbers, and quite cruelly attentive to susceptible girls, particularly if they are not of classic beauty. The situation is alarming and worrisome, but my hands are tied. One knows at first glance that she has never discussed anything quite frankly with either child or adult acquaintances, so there is no approaching her in this matter; however, with another full month of camp life to go, I personally would not answer for her safety if she were my child. The question of virginity, to be sure, is a ticklish one; what criteria I have carefully read on the subject are quite open to question and heated debate, but that is not the point in question here. The

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2 The Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, rum or vodka to one part Rose's. Pour over ice, fill with soda, stir.

3 Rose's Bloody Mary. ½ jigger Rose's, one jigger vodka, tomato juice, salt, pepper, a soupcon of Worcestershire. Shake with ice, serve in a good-sized glass.

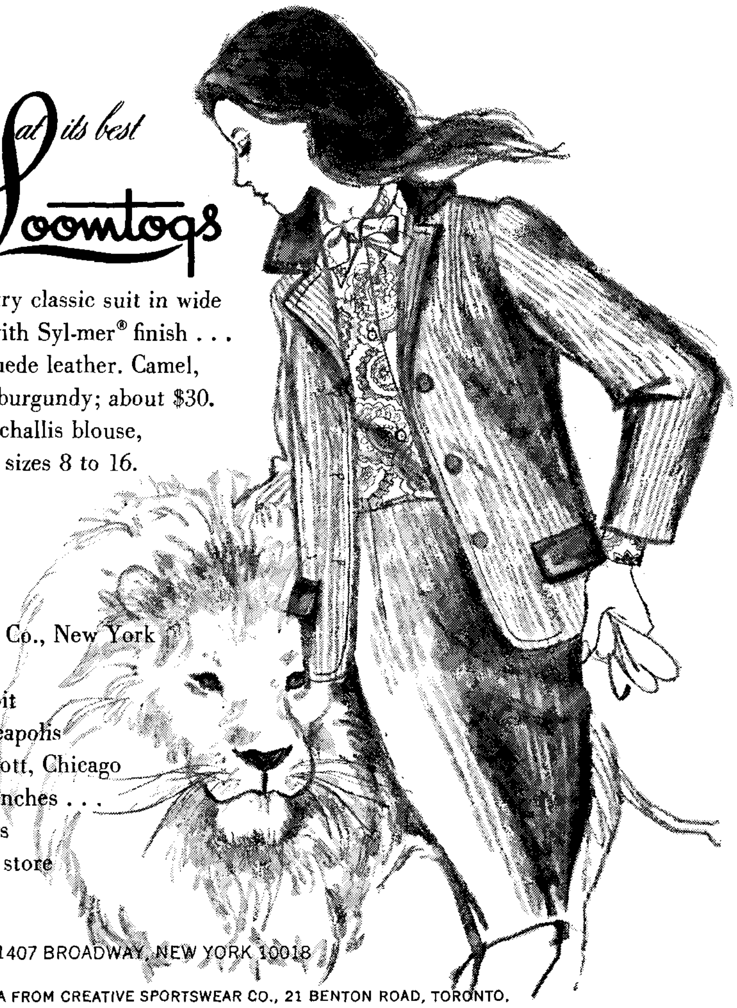
4 The Rose's Sour: 4 parts of whiskey (or Scotch), 1 part Rose's. Shake with ice, strain into a sour glass.

5 Rose's Tonic: add a dash of Rose's to a jigger of gin, top with Schweppes Tonic.

6 The Margarita: 1½ jiggers tequila, ½ jigger Triple Sec, ½ jigger Rose's. Shake well with cracked ice and pour into a cocktail glass whose rim has been spun in salt.

Try them all.
You'll enjoy having a reputation.

point in question here is that this lass, Miss Culgerry, perhaps twenty-five years old, with no true, private head on her shoulders, coupled with a voice that deceptively sounds competent and full of excellent horse sense, is in no position to decide with intensive, personal honor and forethought about such an important matter as her own pretty maidenhead; this is my forward opinion. It is, of course, no better or more final, to my regret, than the forward opinion of any other person on the face of the earth. Without keeping up a merciless guard, day and night, *the variety of forward opinions in this* world could easily destroy one's sanity; I am not exaggerating; in the last analysis, how long can one carry on with rotten, unreliable criteria, very touching and human to examine, respect, and uphold, but entirely liable to go to pieces with a sharp change of company or passing scenery? You ask me many times in the course of my life, Bessie dear, why I drive myself like a humorous dog; in a fragmentary sense, that is exactly why I drive myself. Quite in the first place, I am the eldest boy in our personal family. Think how practical, pleasant, and thrilling it would be if one could open one's mouth, from time to time, and something other than sheer, forward, unreliable opinion came out! Unfortunately, a young jackass of the first water, I am weeping slightly as I make this remark. There is quite a bit of cause to weep, fortunately. If you jump to the conclusion that I regard one thing as personal opinion, such as the loss or preservation of a damsel's virginity, and some other thing as quite unassailable, respectable fact, you will be jumping to a very pleasant, easygoing conclusion, but you will be bitterly wrong. Bitterly is too broad, but you will miss the terrible mark by a mile. I have never seen a quite unassailable, respectable fact that was not the first cousin, at least, if not closer, to personal opinion. Let us say, if you can stomach a small, passing explanation, that you leisurely come home from a matinée performance, dear Bessie, and soberly ask the person who opened the door for you, myself, your crazy son, Seymour Glass, if the twins have had their bath yet. I will heartily reply yes. My firm, personal opinion is that I have personally deposited their wiry, elusive bodies in the tub and have personally insisted that they use the soap and not just get water all over the floor and generally squirt around. My young hands are even still wet from my offices! One is tempted to say that this



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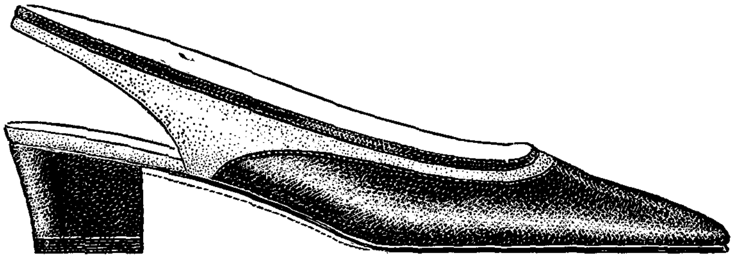

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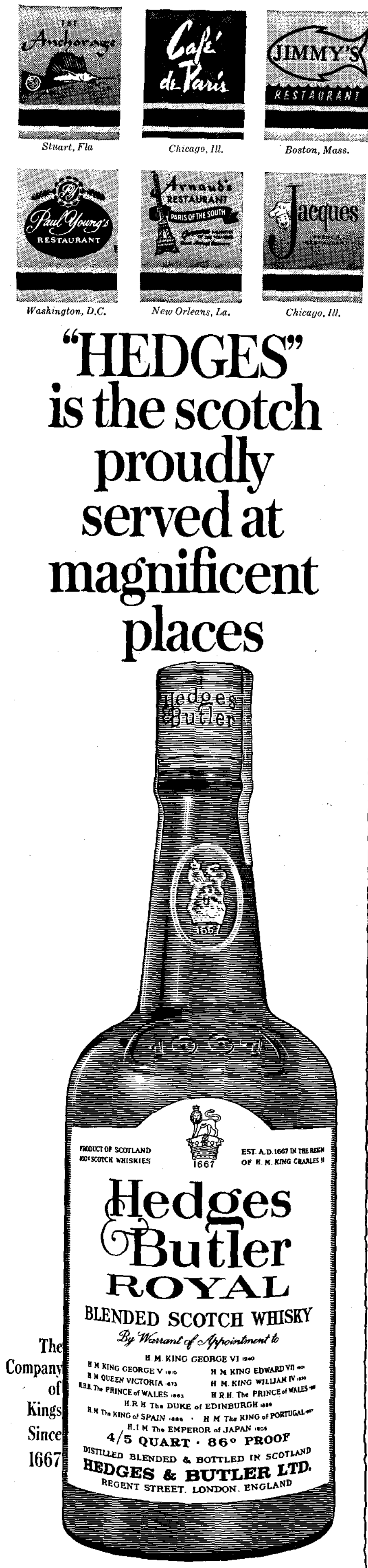
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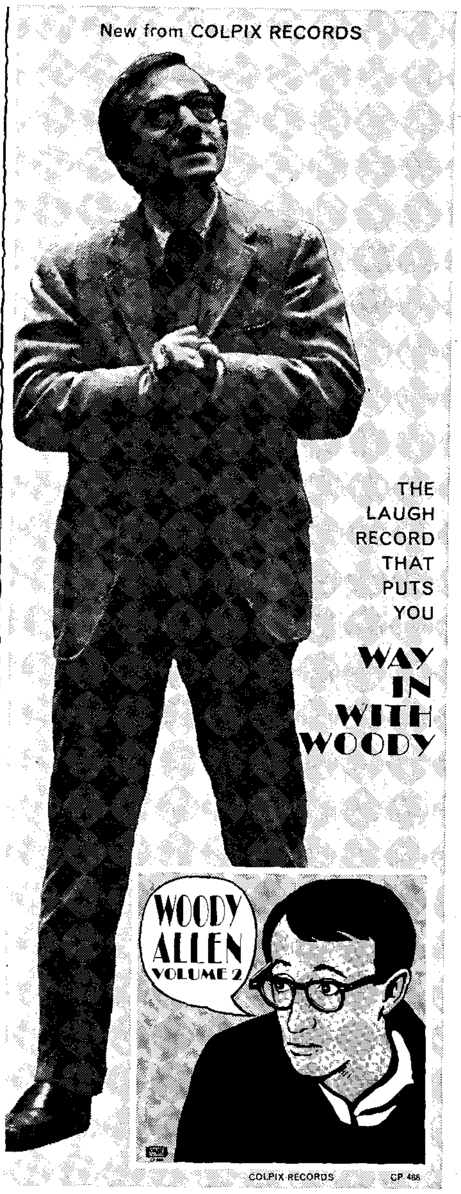
is unassailable, respectable fact that the twins have been bathed, as desired! It is *not!* It is *not* even unassailable, respectable fact that the twins are home! There is even quite a question of pressing doubt, *in* the last analysis, I daresay, that any marvellous twins, with snappy tongues and amusing ears, have ever joined our family at any time in the past! For the dubious satisfaction of calling anything in this beautiful, maddening world *an* unassailable, respectable fact, we are quite firmly obliged, like good-humored prisoners, to fall back on the flimsy information offered in excellent faith by our eyes, hands, ears, and simple, heartrending brains. Do you call that a superb criterion? I do not! It is very touching, without a shadow of a doubt, but it is far, far from superb. It is utter, blind reliance on heartrending, personal agencies. You are familiar with the expression "go-between;" even the human brain is a charming go-between! I was born without any looming confidence in any go-between on the face of the earth, I am afraid, an unfortunate situation, to be sure, but I have no business failing to take a moment to tell you the cheerful truth of the matter. Here, however, we move quite closer to the crux of the constant turmoil in my ridiculous breast. While I have no confidence whatsoever in go-betweens, personal opinion, and unassailable, respectable facts, I am also, in my heart, exceedingly fond of them all; I am hopelessly touched to the quick at the bravery of every magnificent human being accepting this charming, flimsy information every heartrending moment of his life! My God, human beings are brave creatures! Every last, touching coward on the face of the earth is unspeakably brave! Imagine accepting all these flimsy, personal agencies at charming, face value! Quite at the same time, to be sure, it is a vicious circle. I am sadly convinced that it would be a gentle, durable favor to everybody if someone broke through this vicious circle. One often wishes, however, there were not such a damn rush about it. One is never more separated from one's charming, loved ones than when one even ponders this delicate matter. Unfortunately, there is a great rush about it in my own case; I am quite referring to the shortness of this appearance. What I am seeking, with the very ample but in some ways quite scrawny amount of time left in this appearance, is a solution to the problem that is both honorable and unheartless. Here, however, I drop the subject like a hot potato; I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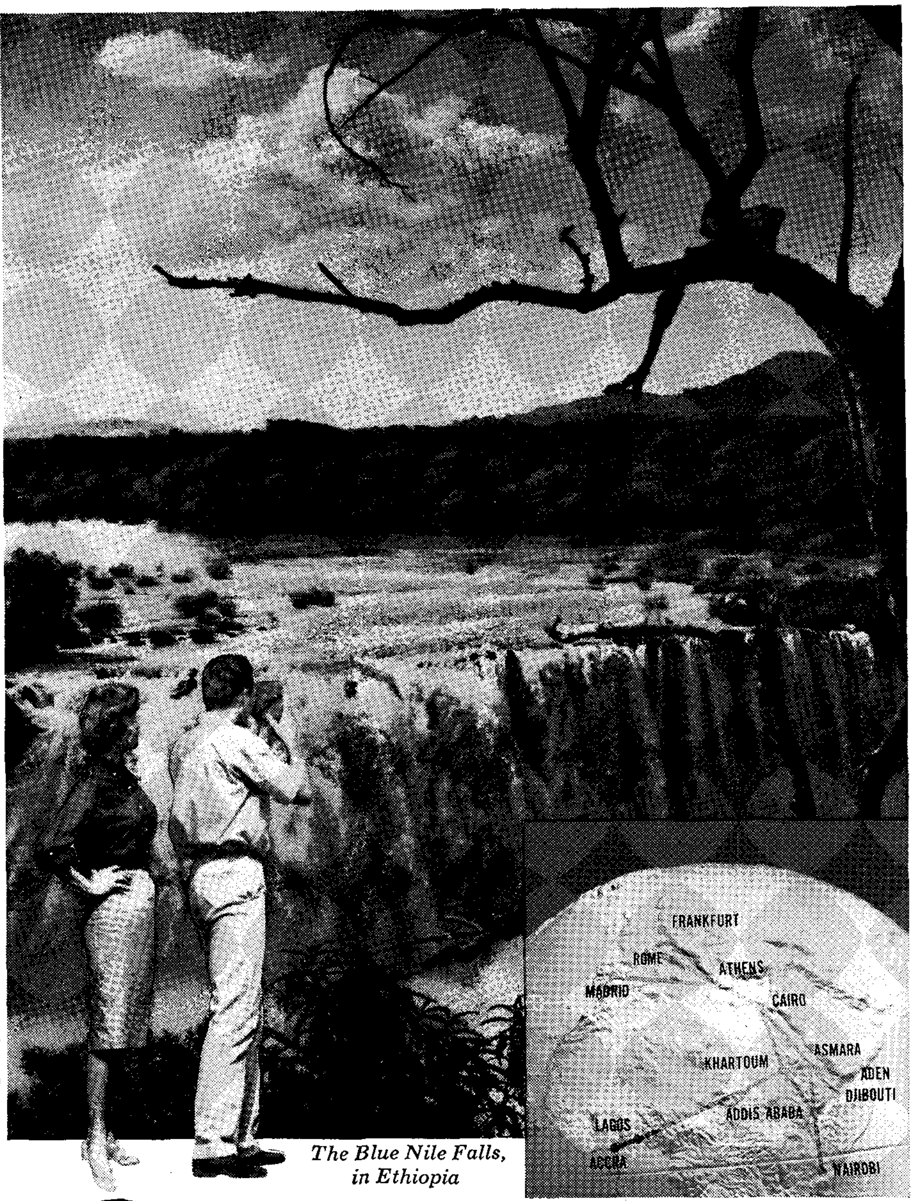
have merely scratched one of its myriad surfaces.

Upon bandaging my leg very badly and amusingly, as well as keeping up a cool, falsely competent conversation that could drive one to drink if unsupported by a little self-control, Miss Culgerry sent me back to my bungalow, with an amusing crutch, to wait for the doctor to come from the town of Hapworth, where he lives and has his dubious practice. He, the doctor, arrived shortly after third mess, transporting me back to the infirmary to take eleven (11) stitches in my leg. A disagreeable problem arose in this connection, quite damnable. I was offered a touch of anesthesia, which I politely declined. Quite in the first place, way back on Mr. Happy's damnable motorcycle, I had snapped the communication of pain between the leg and the brain, sheerly for my own convenience. I had not used the method since the little accident involving my jaw bone and lips last summer. One sometimes despairs that anything peculiar one learns will ever come in handy more than once or even just once, but it surely does, with a little patience; I have even used the clove knot on two occasions since we got here, which I thought would surely go down the drain! When I politely declined the anesthesia, the doctor assumed I was showing off, Mr. Happy, at his side, sharing this maddening opinion. Like a born fool, which I can assure you I am, I foolishly demonstrated that I had snapped the communication of pain utterly. It would have been more foolish and quite offensive to tell them straight to their falsely patient faces that I prefer not to allow myself or any child in the family to give up his or her state of consciousness for flimsy reasons; until I get further word on the subject, the human state of consciousness is dubiously precious to me. After several minutes of heated, rotten debate with Mr. Happy, I exacted the doctor's consent to sew up the wound while I was pleasantly conscious. This is a ridiculously painful subject to you, dear Bessie, I know from previous experience, but I can assure you that it is a splendid convenience for me, from time to time, to have a face, humorously speaking, that only a mother could love, with a foul nose and a chin as weak as water. If I had been a fairly handsome boy, with fairly charming features, I am quite convinced they would have made me take the anesthesia. This is nobody's fault, swiftly be assured; being human beings with personal opinions and brains, we are



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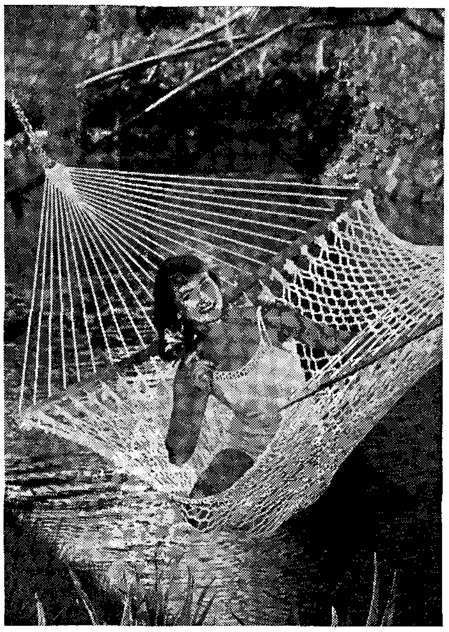
respondent to any shreds of beauty we can get; I myself am hopelessly respondent to it!

After my leg was sewed up, which Buddy was not permitted to watch, because of his age, or to remain at my side, I was briskly carried back to the bungalow and placed in my bunk. By a stroke of good fortune, all the beds in the infirmary were taken; several boys with high temperatures and myself are being allowed to stay in their own bungalows till they get some empty beds again. I consider the bed situation quite a windfall. This is the first utterly restful, leisurely, fulfilling day I have had, in several ways, since getting off the train, the case being exactly the same for Buddy, his having got permission from Mr. Happy to be absent from all formations throughout the day to attend to my wants. He nearly did not get permission, but Mr. Happy would rather give him permission, in the last analysis, than have to chat with him face to face, being far from completely at his ease in his presence. There is a wealth of humorous, bad blood between those two, partially stemming from Monday inspection. At Monday inspection, which I myself regard as an inexcusable and insulting imposition on every boy in this place, Mr. Happy came in the bungalow when we were standing at attention and started giving Buddy holy hell for not making his bed the way he, Mr. Happy, did when he was a doughboy and quite miraculously managed not to lose the whole, damnable war for us. He unleashed several, unnecessary insults at Buddy in my presence. Watching your son Buddy's face, quite able, I assure you, to fend for itself, I did not step in or interfere with these bullying insults. I have complete confidence in this young lad's ability to fend for himself at all times, and this moment was no exception. Quite coolly, right while Mr. Happy was bawling him out and embarrassing him in front of his bungalow mates and fellow campers, Buddy did that humorous business with his marvellous, expressive eyes, letting them slip away toward his pretty, black eyebrows, quite lifeless, white, and fairly spooky from the point of view of anyone who has never seen him do it. I doubt if Mr. Happy ever saw anybody do that before in his life. Alarmed and disconcerted, to say the least, he instantaneously went over and inspected Midge Immington's bunk instead, leaving the immediate vicinity entirely, even forgetting to give your self-reliant son any fresh demerits! Oh, my God, he is a resourceful, entertaining chap for five



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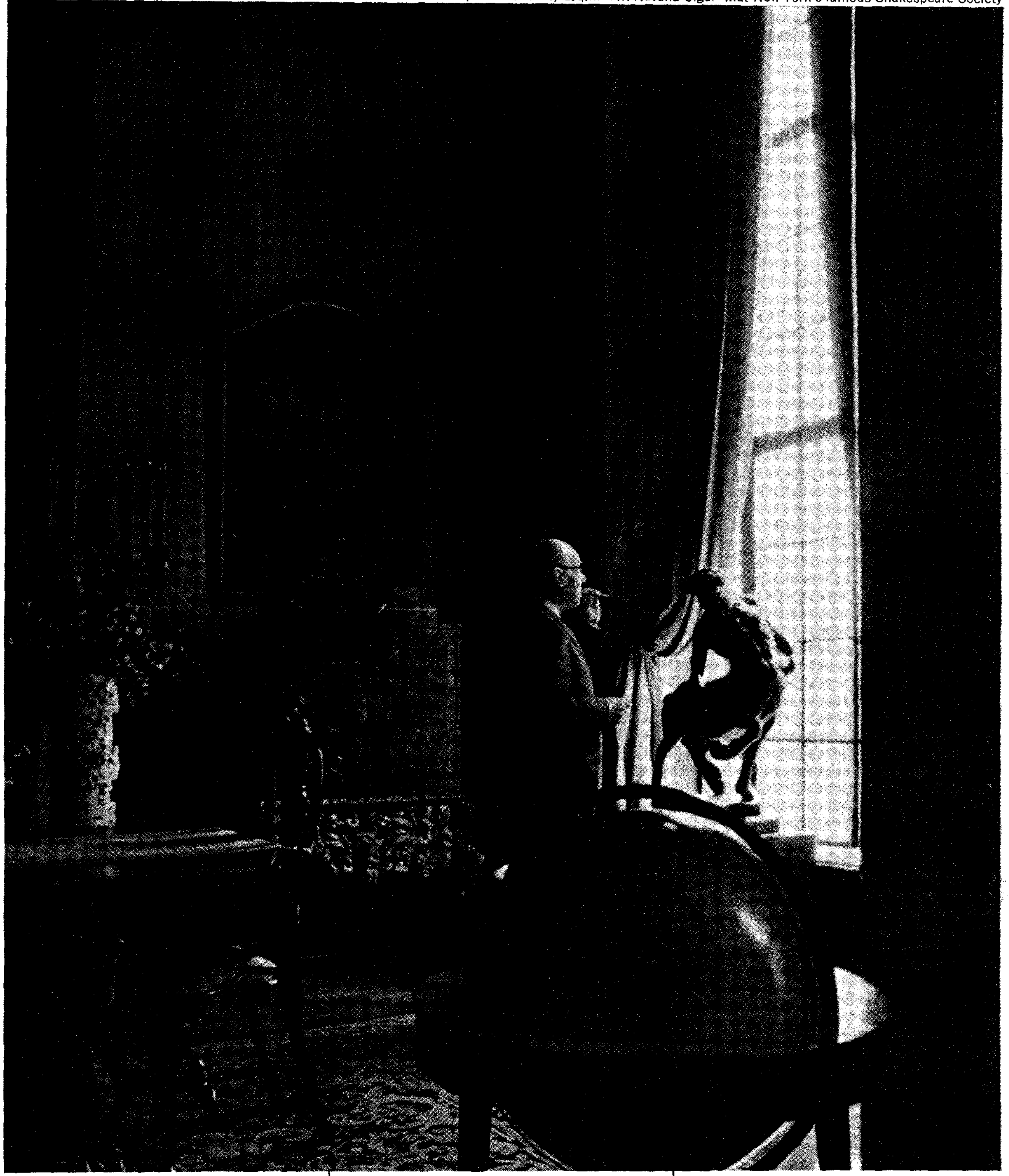

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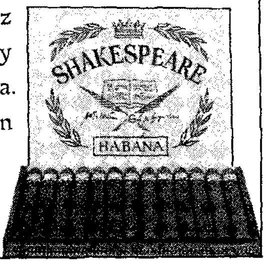

years of age! Gather up your pride, I beg you, and freely lavish it on this little boy! He should be in any minute now and will possibly be very eager to add a few lines of his own. In the interim, please do not ask me to prevail upon him to be nicer to Mr. Happy or to treat Mr. Happy with kid gloves; it is not a question of kid gloves; it is a question of knowing when to use his ingenuity to protect himself and his entire life's work from passing foes, short of doing them any serious harm.

Goodbye for a short interlude of days or hours! I will have the simple mercy and courtesy to finish writing to you; I can assure you, parent and child alike, that you are all too good and worthy to have such a consuming son, but I can't help it. We miss you far more than words can tell. There you have one of the few, worthwhile opportunities for the human tongue. Bessie, please attend to that little matter already discussed. Also, please, utterly collapse more between performances when you are on the road; among other reasons, which I have no right to discuss quite freely right now, when you are unrested and very tired is when you long most bitterly to quit being on the stage. I beseech you not to rush it. I beseech you to strike only when the iron we discussed at an earlier date is perfectly hot. Otherwise, if you forsake a remarkable career at the chipper age of 28, no matter how many illustrious years you already have under your belt, you will be tampering with fate out of season. In season, to be sure, fate can be dealt stunning blows, but out of season, regrettably, mistakes are quite usual and costly. Remember our sober and intimate discussion the day the new, beautiful stove arrived, as follows: Except when performing on the stage or engaged in fairly rough stuff during the span of hours I mentioned, please try very hard to breathe through the left nostril exclusively, at other times going back swiftly to the right nostril. To get the breath started in the proper nostril, to review slightly, warmly lock your fist in the opposing armpit, bearing down with friendly pressure, or simply lie down for several minutes on the side of the body opposing the desired nostril. I assure you again that there is no rule against doing all this with quite utter distaste, but try, while the distaste is mounting high, to take your hat off to God, quite mentally, for the magnificent complications of the human body. Should it be so difficult to offer a brief, affectionate salute to this unfathomable artist? Is it not highly

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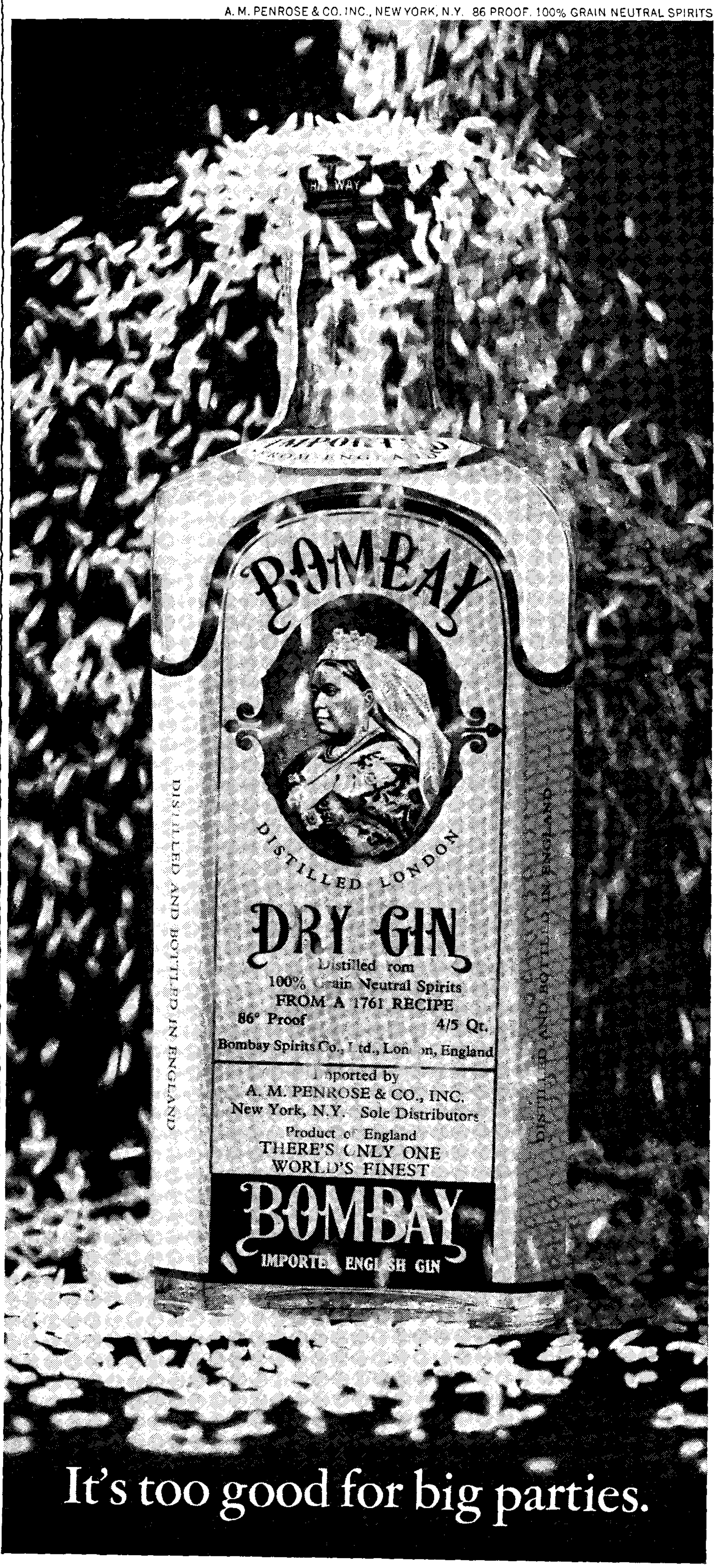
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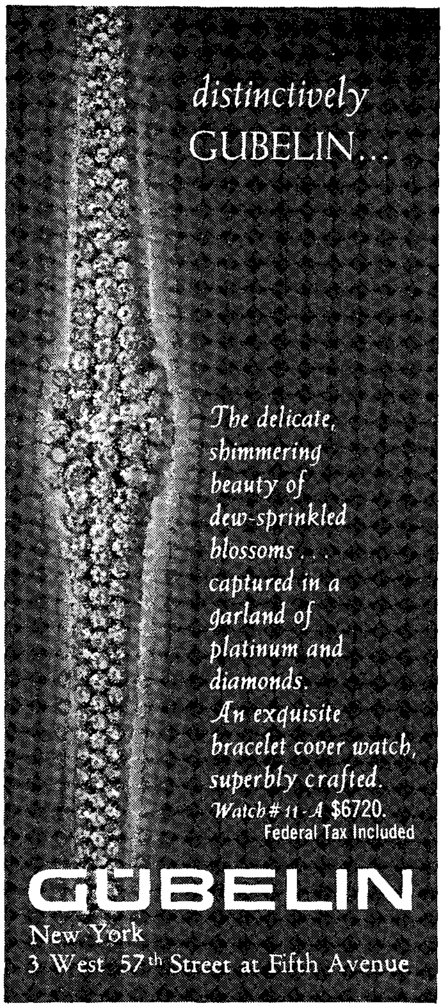
tempting to take off one's hat to someone who is both free to move in mysterious ways as well as in perfectly unmysterious ways? Oh, my God, this is some God we have! As I mentioned while we were taking our first pleasure in the new kitchen equipment, this nostril business can be abandoned in a trice at the very instant that one takes utter and complete reliance upon God with regard to breathing, seeing, hearing, and the other maddening functions; however, we are all merely human beings, damnably remiss about this kind of reliance at all undesperate hours and situations of the day. To make up for this neglect, quite touching as well as shoddy, to rely on God utterly, we must fall back on embarrassing, sensible devices of our own; however, they are not our own, which is another humorous, wondrous side of the matter; the embarrassing, sensible devices are His, too! This is merely my forward opinion in the matter, but it is far from merely impulsive.

If the rest of my letter seems a little too brisk and impersonal, please excuse it; I am going to devote the remainder of the letter to economy of words and phraseology, quite my weakest point in written construction. If I sound quite cold and brisk, remember it is for my own practice and that I am not feeling cold and brisk where you, parent and child alike, are concerned; far from it!

Lest it slip my mind during the curt remainder of the letter, I practically beg you on bended knee, Bessie, to sing in your own abandoned voice when making "Bambalina" with Les! I beg you not to take the safe, customary way and sound like you are sitting in a damn swing, in the center of the stage, bearing a charming parasol aloft; this comes very gently and naturally to somebody like Julia Sanderson, a pleasant performer, to be sure, but you are at heart a tempestuous, disturbing person, with deep springs of highly likable and touching coarseness and attractive passion! Les, if you are on the premises again, I beg you about something, too. Please strive very hard to do what I asked you to do the next time you make a record. Any words or hold notes that freely rhyme with "try" or "my" or "by" are very tricky and dangerous in the circumstance! Rough shoals ahead there! Except when you are singing in public or engaged in heated or angry discussion around the family hearth, your accent, I assure you, is no longer detectable, quite possibly, to anybody but myself or



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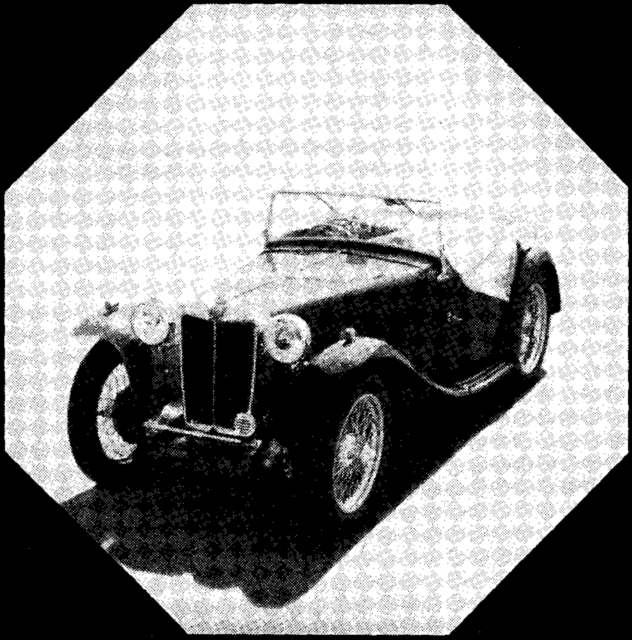

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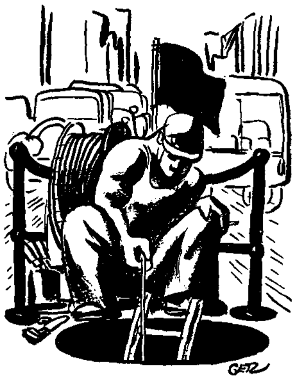
Buddy or Boo Boo or some person with the curse of unsparing ears. Please do not misunderstand these remarks. Personally, I am hopelessly attached to your accent; it is utterly moving. However, this is a question of how your accent sounds to myriad people with ears that have no time or inclination to listen with unprejudice; audiences in general find French, Irish, Scotch, Southern Dixie, Swedish, Yiddish, and several other accents comfortably diverting and likable in themselves, but a fine, undisguised Australian accent does not seem to lend itself quite freely to arousing affectionate regard; it is practically fool-proof against pleasing or diverting for its own sake. This is a sad state of affairs, with general stupidity and snobbery at its backbone, but should be faced at record time! If you can possibly do it without unhappiness, excessive strain, or the feeling that you are slighting or offending the decent, charming Australian people of your childhood, please keep your accent off the record, even though we, your relatives, enjoy it to the very hilt! Are you furious at me? Please don't get furious at me. My only selfish interest at heart, in this grave matter, is your own, deep, torturous desire for a smash hit finally. With due apologies, I gratefully steer away from this presumptuous subject; I love you, old man.

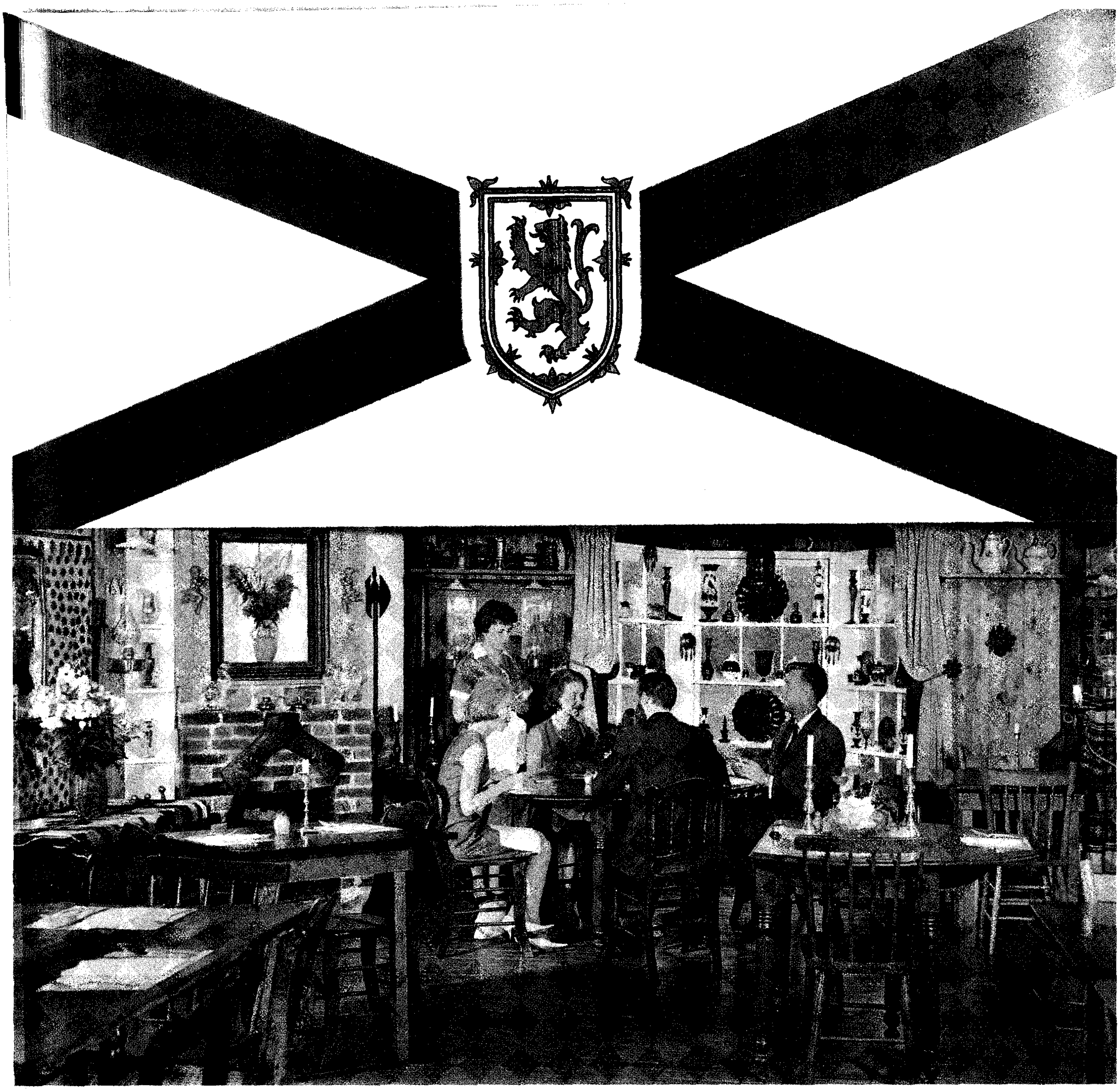
The following brisk messages are for the twins and Boo Boo. However, kindly ask Boo Boo to read them by herself, absolutely without help from her parents, which she is perfectly capable of doing! That marvellous, black-eyed girl can do it if she tries!



Boo Boo, practice your writing of complete words! I am not interested in the alphabet in itself! Do not fall back on conventional excuses! Do not take any more crafty refuge in your tender age, I beg you! Do not throw it in our face again that Martine Brady or Lotta Davilla or any other child of four of your acquaintance is not required to read and write quite fluently. I am not their mean brother; I am your mean brother. On several occasions, I have given you my word of honor that you are by nature an exhaustive reader, quite like Buddy and myself; if you were not, I would gladly throw my meanness to the wind, with good riddance! For an exhaustive reader, an early start with pen as well as eye is very desirable. On the immediate, credit side, think what untold pleasure you will give your astonishing brother and myself, temporarily in exile, with an occasional postcard! If you but knew how much we admire and relish your handwriting and unimaginable choice of words! Just print two or three words in your customary fashion on the card and then race it to the mail box in the lobby or give it to a chambermaid of your choice. Also, my dear, darling, unforgettable Miss Beatrice Glass, please work harder on your manners and etiquette in private as well as in public. I am far less concerned about how you behave in public than how you behave when you are absolutely alone in a solitary room; when you accidentally look deep into a lonely mirror, let a girl with stunning tact, as well as flashing, black eyes, reflect!

Walt, we received your message from Bessie. We were delighted to get it, though it was frankly crap from the word go. We are all too damnably prone to take refuge in our tender ages. The age of three is no earthly, damn excuse for not doing the simple things we discussed in the taxi on the way to the train; I laugh hollowly down the years at the trite reports and customs firmly connected with the tender age of three! At the roots, you yourself are perhaps more capable of a healthy, hollow laugh at these prejudiced reports than anybody I have ever met! If it is too "damn hot" to practice as reported, then at least wear your tap shoes fairly constantly, such as at meals, on your feet under the table, or while strolling about the room or the lobby of which ever hotel you are staying; however, keep them on your haunting, magical feet for at least 2 hours per day!

Waker, the same request, utterly mean and tyrannical, goes for juggling in this heat! If it is too damn hot for juggling, at least carry some of your favorite juggling objects, those of reasonable size, about with you in your pockets during the stifling day. I know Buddy would heartily join me in being content if you incomparable boys should decide, quite overnight, to quit your chosen careers utterly. However, you have not yet come to that decision; until you do, it is terribly necessary that you do not estrange yourselves utterly from your chosen career for



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This is the new 50 foot fiberglass Hatteras

(If custom built for you it

If you are considering having a large custom boat built for you, it might be worth your while to examine this new Hatteras 50 foot motor yacht.

It was designed by Jack Hargrave, custom-boat architect, who incorporated many features found only in custom built 80-85 ft. boats.

You'll find few boats today (and then only *custom* built boats at that) that combine so many *luxurious* details with so many *practical* features.

Purchasers say this is a most complete yacht

Complete is the word most often used by purchasers in describing this Hatteras. (Just about the only things missing are electronic gear and a dinghy. And they're not included because we felt you'd rather select your own.) Among the accommodations: stand-up shower with a seat; large hanging lockers (one is a walk-in with louvered doors) with a light that goes on when you open the doors.

There's a stereo sound system, too, with record and tape player that is piped throughout the boat (and each speaker has an off-switch); bar with ice-maker; wall-to-wall deep pile Acrilan carpeting.

There are 1011 square feet of Philippine mahogany in this boat. Each square foot was hand-rubbed five times by the furniture craftsmen of High Point, North Carolina.

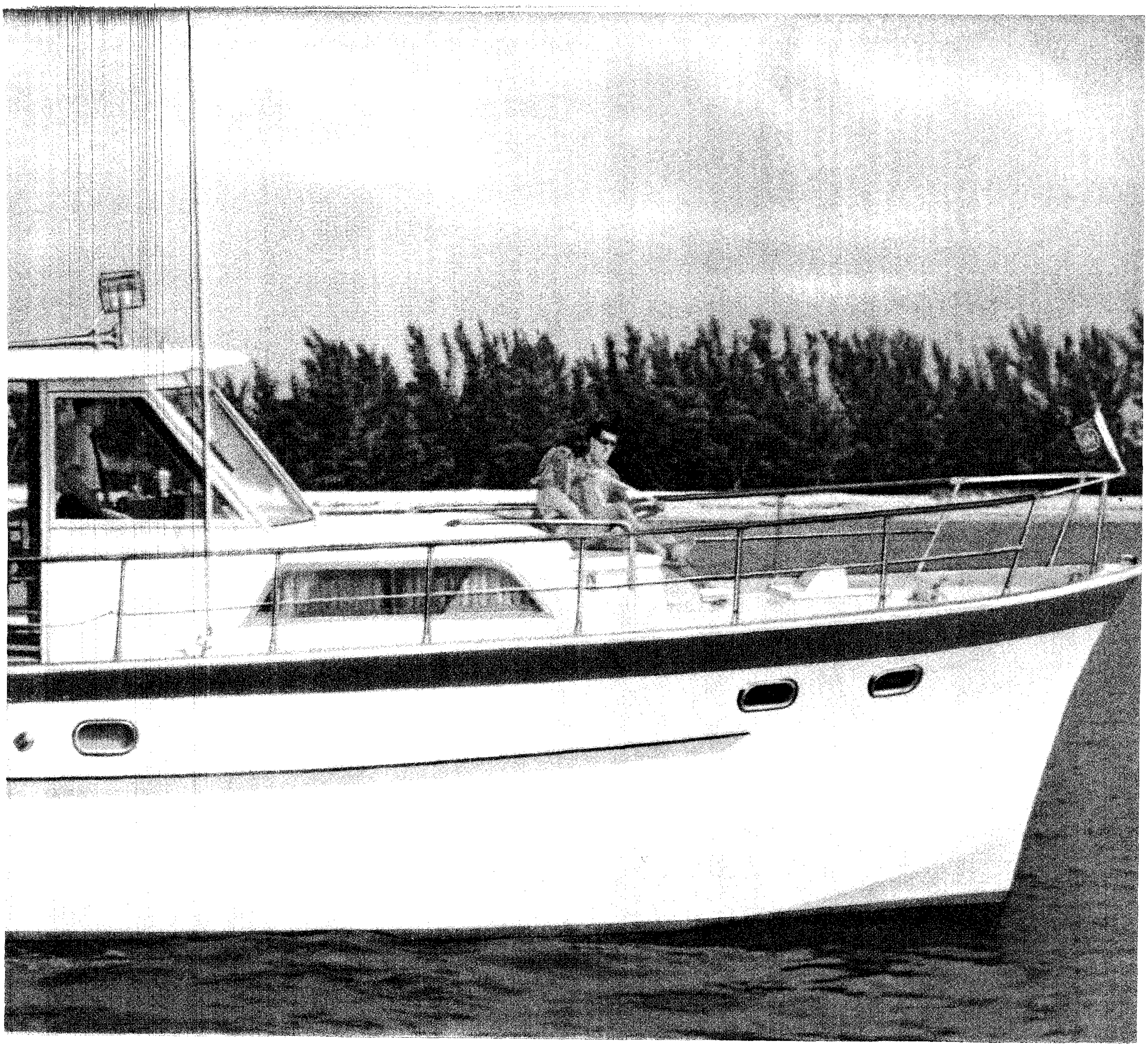
And notice the joining, similar to that found in expensive furniture.

To make life easier aboard the Hatteras 50 there are such practical considerations as a 14 cu. ft. refrigerator with freezer; dishwasher; garbage disposal; 6′6″ fore-and-aft bunks with polyurethane mattresses; easy to maintain surfaces.

There are a total of 22 110-volt outlets throughout the boat. (The deckhouse alone has eight.)

Sleeps 10 nice and comfortably

This Hatteras sleeps ten with ease; two aft, in the master stateroom; two in the guest stateroom; two in the bow; two in the dinette; and two in the saloon (on the sofa bed).



motor yacht. It is priced at $100,000.

would cost about $150,000)

The master suite is 9' x 13' with 6'4" headroom. Headroom in the galley is 7'2".

This spaciousness is due to fiberglass construction. Beams, ribs and frames are eliminated. The result is you get more usable space in this 50 foot Hatteras yacht than in many 55 foot crafts.

Much of this extra space is used for storage. There is 317½ cu. ft. of space in lockers and drawers. In the master stateroom the built-in dresser has 18½ cu. ft. storage space in nine drawers and across the stern there is a 21" x 10½' shelf.

So easy to operate, crew not necessary

Interestingly, most of the owners of this Hatteras 50 do not employ a crew. They explain that they have simply not found it necessary. Certainly this is testimony to the Hargrave design that had ease of operation as an objective.

Walk-in engine rooms

Two of the three engine rooms are walk-ins, fully soundproofed, with engine room blowers.

Power is supplied by twin GM8V-71 diesel engines; Onan 12 KW diesel generator with soundproof enclosure.

Safe and seaworthy, pleasant to handle

Many consider the Hatteras to be the safest boat being built today. It is constructed to specifications set by Gibbs & Cox, designers-engineers of the liner, United States.

The one-piece reinforced fiberglass hull has a shape that virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching.

It is an exceptionally comfortable boat, rides smooth and dry. Handling it is a pleasant experience.

Only a limited number of Hatteras 50 motor yachts are available.

The price is $100,000 (F.O.B. Morehead City, N.C.). This is about $50,000 less than the cost of a similar boat if it was custom built for you. So you save $50,000. Not to be sneezed at, what with the cost of living today.

Write for the name of your nearest Hatteras dealer. Hatteras Yacht Company, Dept.NY665, High Point, N.C.

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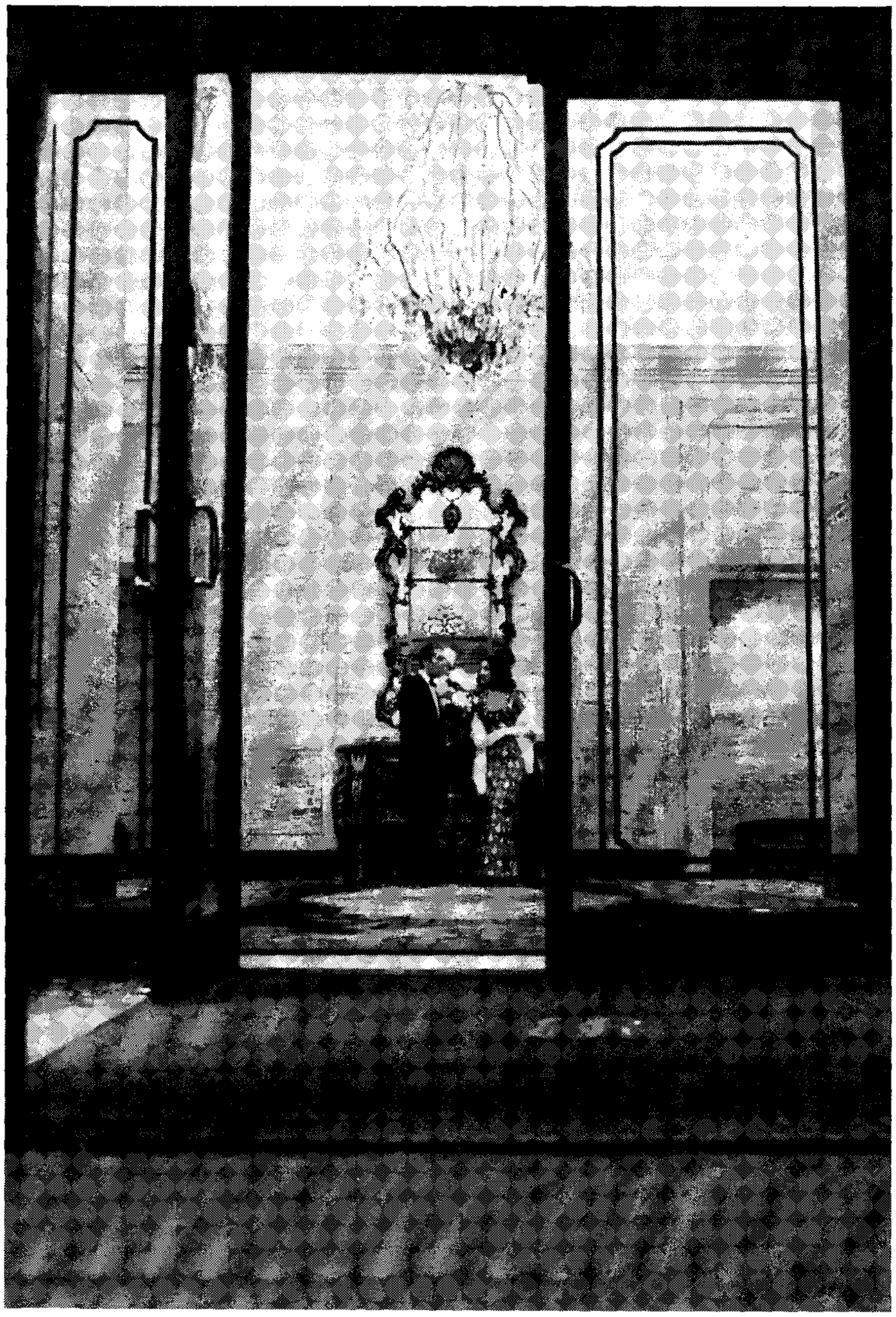
more than 2 or 2½ hours in a row! Your tap shoes and juggling objects must be treated like unreasonable, jealous sweethearts that cannot bear any form of estrangement from your person for even 24 hours in a row. Your splendid, elder brother and I, God knows, are keeping our own hand in at this place, despite countless impediments and embarrassments. If this is bragging, let God have the simple, rudimentary courtesy to chastise me in the severest manner, but it is not dirty bragging; I am merely saying that both you boys can do anything your elder brothers can do; our own instability, I assure you, will match anybody's on earth!

Boo Boo, I am more than disgusted with myself for saying just one thing to you and having that one thing sound unfavorable and quite ugly. The partial truth is, as follows: Your manners and etiquette are getting more and more marvellous every day. If I slightly harp on one or two discrepancies, it is only because you love pleasant, ritzy things so much and have always preferred myself or Bessie to read you books with well-bred, aristocratic, uncrude children and adults in them, usually English persons with excellent manners on the surface, tasteful clothes and interiors, as well as unassailably high class in every visible respect. Oh, my God, you are a risible, amusing kid! You quite take your elder brothers' hearts by storm! You are one of a precious handful of persons I have met in my time, here and there, who probably have God's entire permission not to think anything out! It is a charming, magnificent blessing, and I have no intention of spitting in its beautiful face, but you are also stuck with me as your brother; I have no natural course but to assure you that if you grew up and knew in your heart that your excellent, ritzy manners in public were merely skin deep, leaving you free to be quite a dirty pig when alone in a room, with no one watching but yourself, you would be far from pleased; it would quite corrode you, in a subtle manner.

I will tyrannize no one any further! Goodbye to all for the interlude! We send you our naked hearts!

To my relief and utter amusement, I have another pad of paper that I didn't know I had, together with the pleasure of realizing that Griffith Hammersmith's clock, which Buddy kindly borrowed for my convenience, has not been wound up and is recording the time of yesterday or the sultry day before! I will be quite brisk about it,



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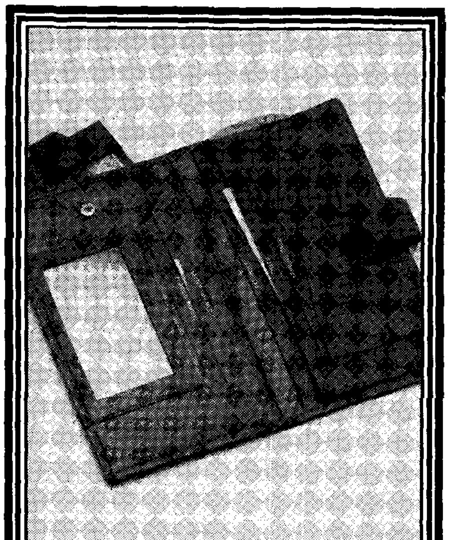
however. As well as yourselves, I assure you, my hand and finger are beginning to rebel against the length of this letter, begun shortly after dawn with only a tray or two of food for interruption, to my delight. My God, I love a decent stretch of leisure! Quite rare, as things go.

Les, while this opportunity is at hand, as well as quite before the damnable bugle quite blows for third mess and confusion reigns, allow me to make one last request on behalf of both your eldest sons. I will be entirely brisk about it. Should my written construction, as follows, prove to be quite curt, pauciloquent, and too cold or chilly in general impression, merely realize I have already consumed too much of your time; I am now bending over backwards to save you further wear and tear on the nerves.

Your road schedule, old man, has not been separated from my ridiculous body since you entrusted it to me. At this very moment in time, I am placing it on the counterpane before me for careful examination. On the 19th of the current month, you and the intoxicating Mrs. Glass, demon of the cinder path and toast of a thousand continents, to give that cute devil her due, will leave the Cort Theatre, long may it flourish, and leave for New York to fill an engagement at the Albee, one reads, in Brooklyn. Would to God we, your son Buddy and I, could be with you and two other, quite unknown boys had this opportunity to stay off the streets and out of the stifling heat of trains, hotel rooms, and other cramped accommodations all summer. Here, free from bantersome remarks, is my bare request. When you are comfortably settled back in Manhattan, please stop by at the library, customary annex branch, and offer our compliments, as well as our love, to the incomparable Miss Overman. At your leisure, please ask her to get in touch with Mr. Wilfred G. L. Fraser at the library council for us so that we may take him up on his friendly, spontaneous, possibly rash offer to send us any required reading material while we are away. I utterly dislike to ask Miss Overman, quite a busy person, to go to this trouble, but she has his personal address for the summer; he neglected to give it to us before we left, perhaps from humorous design! If I could avoid asking Miss Overman to step into this breach, I would gladly do so; I am not happy about taking advantage of her leisure time; always friendship in this world is being corrupted by countless strings attached and personal interests, quite



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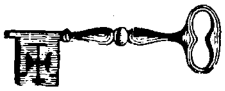

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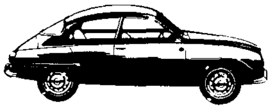

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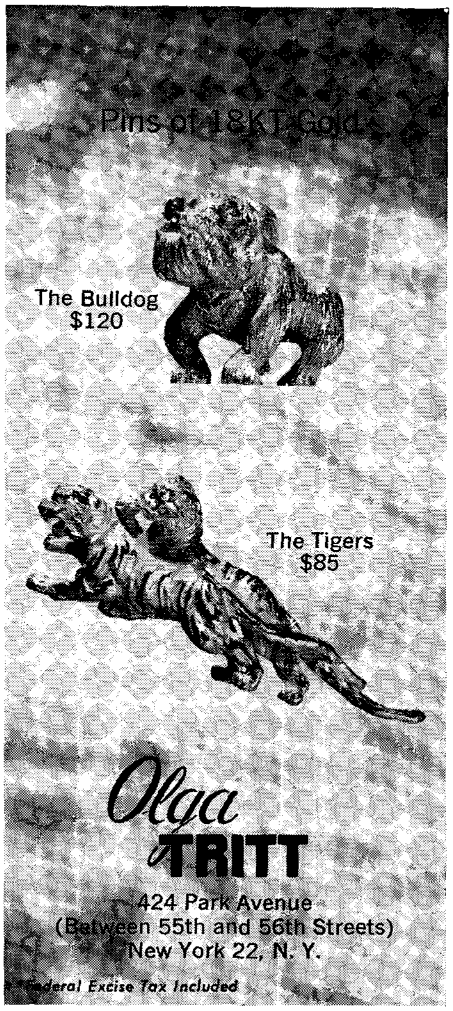
a vicious dilemma, despite the pronounced, humorous side. However, perhaps you will briefly remind her that Mr. Fraser, quite in person, offered this uncommon service to us, quite out of the blue, flabbergasting us, I can assure you. He said he would send any requested books personally or on his authority, should he be out of town, no doubt assuming that a friend or trusty relative would defray mailing costs. Without further sparring around, here is a rough list of books for your convenience and Miss Overman's that we would relish having passed in this dubious direction. Mr. Fraser did not mention how many books he would consent to send to us, so if I have taken too many liberties with the quantity, please ask Miss Overman to step in and cut down the number, using her touching discretion. Tersely put, as follows:

Conversational Italian, by R. J. Abraham. He is a likable, exacting person, our good friend from the old days in Spanish.

Any unbigoted or bigoted books on God or merely religion, as written by persons whose last names begin with any letter after H; to stay on the safe side, please include H itself, though I think I have mostly exhausted it.

Any marvellous, very good, merely interesting, or regrettably mediocre poems that are not already too familiar and haunting to us, regardless of the poet's nationality. There is a decent list of exhausted poems in my drawer in N.Y. incorrectly marked athletic equipment, unless you did finally let the apartment go and put everything in cold storage at the last minute; you quite forgot to tell us in your correspondence and I neglected to ask you in the heat of the delicious phone call from the LaSalle.

The complete works again of Count Leo Tolstoy. This will be no inconvenience for Mr. Fraser; this will be an inconvenience for Miss Overman's cordial sister, also a damned beautifully self-reliant spinster, whom Miss Overman refers to, very touchingly, as her "baby sister," though past the flush of youth by many years. She, the younger Miss Overman, owns the Count's complete works and may quite consent to re-lend them to us, knowing by now that we take very passionate and suitable care of books entrusted by friends. Please accentuate, without rubbing any of these sensitive ladies the wrong way, not to send "Resurrection" or "The Kreutzer Sonata" or possibly even "The Cossacks" again, an intensive, second reading of these masterpieces



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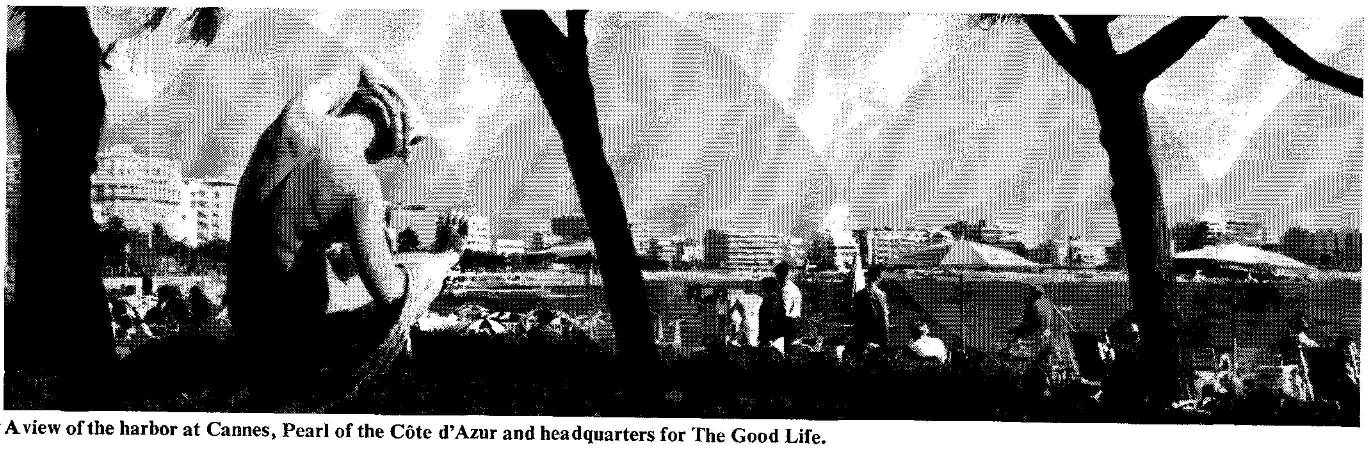

A view of the harbor at Cannes, Pearl of the Côte d'Azur and headquarters for The Good Life.

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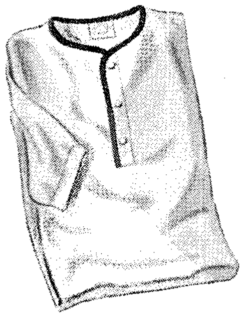
not being necessary or desired. Do not pass it along, as it is not entirely up their alley, but we particularly wish to remake the acquaintance of Stepan and Dolly Oblonsky, who quite captured our hearts, humanity, and amusement when last we met; these are characters, man and wife, in "Anna Karenina," magnificent in entirety. To be sure, the young, thoughtful hero of the book is utterly absorbing, too, as well as his sweetheart and future wife, an adorable kid in the last analysis; however, they are very callow; we are much more in need of the company of a charming rogue at this place, with straightforward kindness in his heart and bowels.

The Gayatri Prayer, by unknown author, preferably with original, rolling words attached to English translation; utterly beautiful, sublime, and refreshing. *Incidentally, here is an important* matter for Boo Boo, lest I forget to include it. Boo Boo, my marvellous kid! Discard entirely the temporary prayer you asked me to give you before going to bed! If it takes your immediate fancy, substitute this new one, which quite gets around your current objections to the word "God." There is no excusable law that says you have to use the word if it is currently a stumbling block. Try this, as follows: "I am a young child about to go to sleep, as usual. The word God is currently a thorn in my side, being habitually used and revered, perhaps in superb faith, by two girl friends of mine, young Lotta Davilla and Marjorie Herzberg, whom I consider appreciably mean, as well as liars from the word go. I address the nameless hallmark, preferably without shape or ridiculous attributes, who has always been kind and charming enough to guide my destiny both between and during the splendid, touching use of human bodies. Dear hallmark, give me some decent, reasonable instructions for tomorrow, quite while I am sleeping. It is not necessary that I know what these instructions are, pending development of understanding, but I would be delighted and grateful to have them under my belt nevertheless. I will assume temporarily that these instructions will prove potent, effective, encouraging, and quite intensive, provided I hold my mind quite still and empty, in the manner suggested by my presumptuous, elder brother." At conclusion, say "Amen" or merely "Good night," which ever takes your fancy or strikes you as sincere and spontaneous. That is all I was able to think of on the train, but I tucked it away to pass on at my earliest con-



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Pour into 6 oz. glass
Enjoy!

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A Volume That Speaks Volumes

Already, the images are getting a bit fuzzy—like those of a noisy, fast-moving dream whose "unforgettability" doesn't last beyond the first sip of the morning's orange juice.

Yet, there were many sights and sounds of that 1964 Presidential Election Year well worth recalling. And NBC News, which pursued that story from March's pre-Primary politicking in New Hampshire right through November's agonizing after-thoughts in Arizona, has now recaptured it all for the printed page.

VOTE
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE

History in Motion

In a handsome, exciting and important book entitled "SOMEHOW IT WORKS," Chet Huntley, David Brinkley and their NBC News colleagues have not only recalled for us the tempo and temper of America in an Election Year; they've given us a dramatic, step-by-step account of how our nation goes about selecting its Chief Executive.

The volume is no stuffy recounting of details. Most of its words come directly from the NBC newscasters, candidates, statesmen, spectators, delegates, winners, losers and never-were's—words spoken at the very time and scene of the action.

Even for NBC-TV audiences who followed the Election Year rather closely, the real attraction of "SOMEHOW IT WORKS" (Doubleday, $15) will be one of rediscovery rather than review. Somehow, the whole story becomes terribly suspenseful once more, even though we now know how it all came out.

The recollections evoked in the book's 60,000 words and more-than-100 gravure photographs cover both the serious and lighter sides of the 1964 political races... Henry Cabot Lodge's Primary victory from afar (10,000 miles afar)... Bill Scranton's acid-etched letter to Barry Goldwater... Newsman John Chancellor's on-camera narration of his own arrest on the Cow Palace floor ("It's hard to be dignified at a time like this")... Bull Connor's "Get that microphone out of my eye"... and, just about everywhere, the crowds—intense, excited, bored, noisy, jubilant and deadpanned, but all part of a quadrennial phenomenon that manages to get a job done in spite of itself.

In fact, that's the very thought implicit in the book's title, a phrase taken from a Brinkley observation at one of last summer's Convention demonstrations. "It is," he said, "partly political, partly emotional, partly propaganda, partly a social mechanism, partly a carnival, and partly mass hysteria. It can be described as nonsense, and often is—but *somehow it works.*"

A Study in Democracy

It is inevitable that the book should mirror the thoroughness with which the dedicated personnel of NBC News covered that 1964 Election story. But the pages also reflect the strengths, the awkwardnesses and the staying power of the democratic process. As Chet Huntley puts it in the epilogue, it may well have been an Election Year marred by "too much vulgarity and meanness; too little nobility and inspiration. But the continuity of the system by which we govern ourselves, remains intact." In that sense, at least, it was an Election in which there were really no losers.

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venience. However, use it only if you find it undistasteful! Tamper with it as freely and ardently as you choose! If it is distasteful or embarrassing, discard it without a particle of regret and wait till I get home and can freely re-consider the issue! Do not think me infallible! I am utterly fallible!

The list for Mr. Fraser now continues at random:

Don Quixote, by Cervantes, both volumes again if not too much trouble; this man is a genius beyond easy or cheap compare! I am hopeful that Miss Overman will send this personally and not Mr. Fraser personally, as he is quite unable to pass on to us a work of genius without personal comment and maddening evaluation and condescension, I am afraid. In tribute to Cervantes, I would prefer to receive these works in the mail without useless discussion and other needless crap.

Raja-Yoga and Bhakti-Yoga, two heartrending, handy, quite tiny volumes, perfect for the pockets of any average, mobile boys our age, by Vivekananda of India. He is one of the most exciting, original, and best equipped giants of this century I have ever run into; my personal sympathy for him will never be outgrown or exhausted as long as I live, mark my words; I would easily give ten years of my life, possibly more, if I could have shaken his hand or at least said a brisk, respectful hello to him on some busy street in Calcutta or elsewhere. He was fully acquainted with the lights I mentioned earlier, far more than I! One hopes that he would have not found me too worldly and sensual a person! This devilish thought often haunts me when his gigantic name passes through my mind; a very enigmatic and saddening experience; would to God there were a better footing between the unsensual and the sensual persons of this universe. I have no stomach for gaps of that kind; I personally can't stand it, which is another looming sign of instability.

For first acquaintance or renewed acquaintance, as small-size editions as possible of the following writers of genius or talent:

Charles Dickens, either in blessed entirety or in any touching shape or form. My God, I salute you, Charles Dickens!

George Eliot; however, not in her entirety. Please leave this question to Miss Overman or Mr. Fraser to decide. As Miss Eliot is not too dear to my heart or mind in the last analysis, leaving the question to Miss Overman or Mr. Fraser also gives me a sorely

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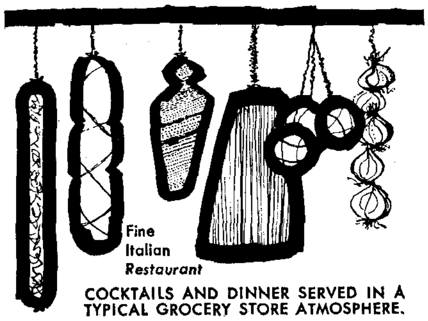
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needed chance to be courteous and respectful, as becomes my ridiculous age, without paying a very heavy price for it. This is a fairly disgusting thought, quite bordering on the calculating, but I can't help it. I am ashamed of it, but I am very worried by my inhumane attitude towards unreliable advice. I am striving very hard to find a course of action in a matter of this kind which is both humane and acceptable.

William Makepeace Thackeray, not in entirety. Please ask Miss Overman to let Mr. Fraser deal with this personally. No harm involved, mindful of the two books by William Makepeace Thackeray I have already read. As in the case of Miss Eliot, he is excellent, but I cannot take my hat off to him in utter gratitude, I find, so this is another good, disgusting chance to fall back on Mr. Fraser's personal taste. I am now exposing my rotten weaknesses and calculations right in front of my beloved parents and young brothers and sister, I realize, but my hands are tied; also I have no excusable right to appear a stronger person or youth than I really am, which is not damnably strong, by any human token!

Jane Austen, in entirety or in any shape or form, discounting "Pride and Prejudice," which is already in possession. I will not disturb this incomparable girl's genius with dubious remarks; I have already hurt Miss Overman's feelings inexcusably by refusing to discuss this girl, but I lack even the slight decency to regret it very much. Quite in a pinch, I would be willing to meet somebody at Rosings, but I cannot enter into a discussion of a womanly genius this humorous, magnificent, and personal to me; I have made some feeble, human attempts, but nothing at all meritorious.

John Bunyan. If I am getting too curt or terse, please excuse it, but I am racing to a brisk conclusion of this letter. All too frankly, I did not give this man a fair chance when I was younger, finding him too unwilling to give a few personal weaknesses, such as sloth, greed, and many others, the benefit of a few prickly, quite torturous doubts; I personally have met dozens upon dozens of splendid, touching human beings on the road of life who enjoy sloth to the hilt, yet remain human beings one would turn to in need, as well as excellent, beneficial company for children, such as the slothful, delightful Herb Cowley, fired from one menial, theatrical job after another! Does the slothful Herb Cowley ever fail his friends in need? Are his humor and jolliness not a subtle sup-

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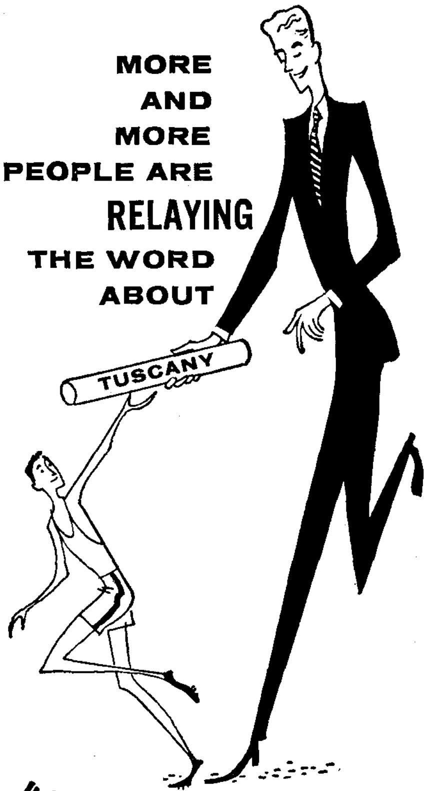

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port to passing strangers? Does John Bunyan think God has some maddening prejudice against taking these things into very pleasant consideration on Judgment Day, which, in my forward opinion, quite regularly occurs between human bodies? Upon re-reading John Bunyan this time, I am aiming to give his natural, touching genius more recognition and admiration, but his general attitude is a permanent thorn in my side, I am afraid. He is too damnably harsh for my taste. Here is where a decent, private re-reading of the touching, splendid Holy Bible comes in very handy, freely preserving one's precious sanity on a rainy day, the incomparable Jesus Christ freely suggesting, as follows: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Quite right; I do not find one thing unreasonable there, far from it; however, John Bunyan, a baptized Christian warrior, to be sure, seems to think the noble Jesus Christ said, as follows: "Be ye therefore flawless, even as your Father which is in heaven is flawless!" My God, here is inaccuracy incarnate! Did anybody say anything about being flawless? Perfection is an absolutely different word, magnificently left hanging for the human being's kind benefit throughout the ages! That is what I call thrilling, sensible leeway. My God, I am fully in favor of a little leeway or the damnable jig is up! Fortunately, *in my own* forward opinion, based on the dubious information of the unreliable brain, the jig is never damnable and never up; when it maddeningly appears to be, it is merely time to rally one's magnificent forces again and review the issue, if necessary, quite up to one's neck in blood or deceptive, ignorant sorrow, taking plenty of decent time to recall that even our magnificent God's perfection allows for a touching amount of maddening leeway, such as famines, untimely deaths, on the surface, of young children, lovely women and ladies, valiant, stubborn men, and countless other, quite shocking discrepancies in the opinion of the human brain. However, if I keep this up, I will firmly decline to give this immortal author, John Bunyan, a quite decent re-reading this summer. I swiftly pass on to the next author on the disorderly list.

Warwick Deeping; not too hopeful, but strongly recommended by very nice, chance acquaintance at the main library. While the consequences are often quite hellish, I am absolutely and perhaps permanently against ignoring books recommended from the heart by very nice people and strangers; it is

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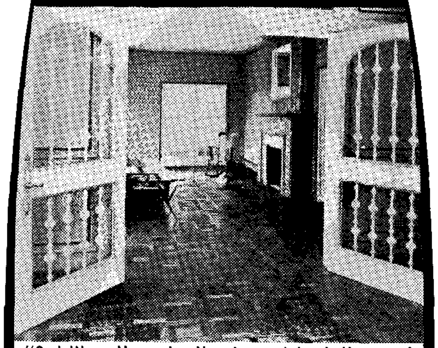

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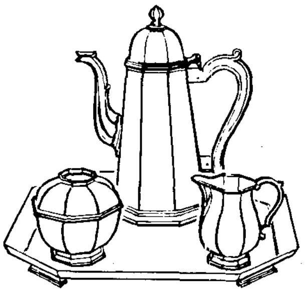

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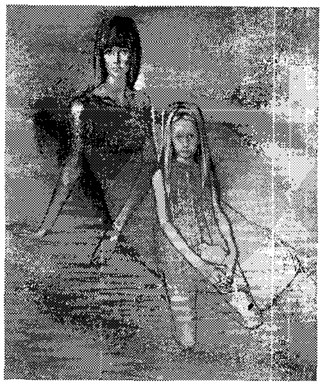

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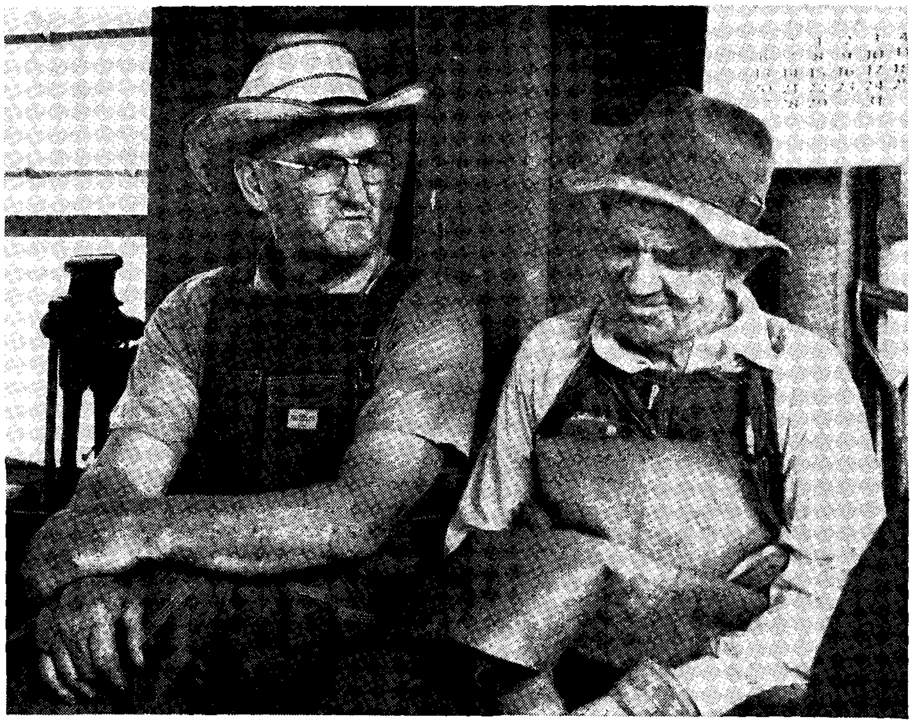
too risky and inhuman; also the consequences are often painful in a fairly charming way.

The Brontë sisters again; here are ravishing girls! Please bear in mind that Buddy was in the middle of "Villette," a softly gripping book, when the time drew near to embark for camp; this zealous reader, as you know quite well, brooks no interruptions that are not entirely unavoidable! It may be remembered, as well, that his sensuality is awakening at a very early date; one is at a human loss, at moments, not to reach out to these doomed girls carnally. In the past, I personally never reached out to Charlotte in a carnal manner; however, in retrospect, her attractions are quite a damned pleasant surprise.

Chinese Materia Medica, by Porter Smith; here is an ancient book, quite out of circulation, possibly unsound and annoying; however, I would like to go through it under the rose and, if worthy, give it to your magnificent son Buddy as a little surprise. You can easily have no idea how much unawakened knowledge of weeds and splendid flora this lad brought with him, principally in his spatulate fingers, from previous appearances; unless it interferes with his life's work, this unawakened knowledge must not go down the drain! I, his senior by two years, am his earnest, ignorant pupil in these matters! Quite apart from the delicious meals he has offered Griffith Hammersmith and myself, he is absolutely powerless to pluck an innocent flower without examining and smelling its roots, dampening them with a little saliva to remove the soil; they are crying out to this boy, awaiting the return of his splendid ears! Unfortunately, the paltry number of books on this subject, usually English, are fraught with inaccuracy, wishful folly, and deplorable superstition, with gross exaggeration the reigning hallmark! Let us, his loving family, turn with some hope and good cheer to the wondrous Chinese, freely sharing with the noble Hindus a wide, open mind on the subject of the body, the human breath, and the staggering differences between the left and right sides of the body. This leaves some refreshing hope to go on, provided the author, Porter Smith, has given body and soul to the unlimited subject and is not another maddening, pretentious dabbler merely keen on making a pleasant niche for himself in the field, but do not let me castigate this fellow without a handsome, decent trial!

In convenient amounts, suitable for



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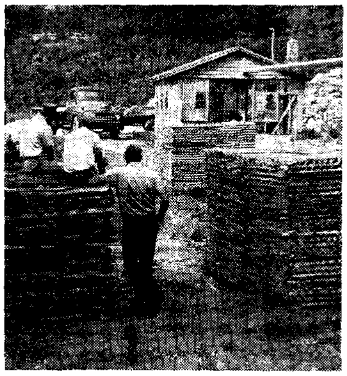

One of the stories you're bound to hear is about how Jack Daniel first made the charcoal he used to smooth out his sippin' whiskey. He sawed up the hard maple, ricked it, and burned it right up in the woods. Then later he built a sawmill in the Hollow and did it all here, the way we do now. And the charcoal that results is exactly the same. You can count on our old-timers to make sure of that.

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the wear and tear of camp life, please send the following Frenchmen, for practice or pure pleasure, depending upon the magnetism of the individual Frenchman involved. In fairly large amounts, please send books by Victor Hugo, Gustave Flaubert, Honoré de Balzac or merely Honoré Balzac, as the latter freely gave himself the aristocratic "de" from a touching, humorous motive, quite unlicensed. The humorous lust for aristocracy in this world is unending! It is not too humorous in the last analysis, in my forward opinion. Some pleasant, rainy day, when you have the stomach for it, examine the bowels of any effective revolution since history began; deep in the heart of every outstanding reformer, if you do not find personal envy, jealousy, hunger for personal aristocracy, in a new, clever disguise, running a very close race with desire for more food and less poverty, I will gladly answer to God for this entire, cynical attitude. Unfortunately, I see no immediate solution to the situation.

In smaller amounts, also in French for practice or pure pleasure, diverse selections from the works of Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, Martin Leppert, Eugène Sue. Please ask Miss Overman to ask Mr. Fraser not to insert any biographies of Guy de Maupassant by mistake or design, quite particularly those by Élise Suchard, Robert Kurz, and Leonard Beland Walker, which I have already read with untold pain and sorrow and do not wish Buddy to read with pain and sorrow at such a tender age. As sensualists from the word go, I am afraid, we need every decent, thoroughgoing warning sign we can get on the subject of sensuality, but neither your son Buddy nor I have the slightest intention of dying by the phallus as surely as the sword; we fully intend to come to grips with the subject of sensuality, I give you my word of honor; however, I absolutely decline to accept Guy de Maupassant as a good illustration of abuse of sensuality, though it is very tempting. Had he not abused his male organ, he would have abused something else. I do not trust you, Monsieur de Maupassant! I do not trust you or any other monumental author who thrives, day in, day out, on lowly irony! My inexcusable ill-will freely extends to you as well, Anatole France, great ironist! My brother and I, as well as myriad human readers, come to you in superb faith and you give us a slap in the face! If that is the best you can do, have the rudimentary courtesy to kill yourselves or kindly burn your magnificent pens!

Please forgive the above, deplorable outburst; it is sorely inexcusable, no apology being quite acceptable, but my attitude towards universal irony and slaps in the face is admittedly harsh; I am working on it, I assure you, but making fairly rotten progress. Let us change to a less hopeless topic, returning to the list. Please ask Miss Overman to send Marcel Proust, as a final Frenchman, in entirety. Buddy has not yet had the onslaught of meeting this uncomfortable, devastating genius of modern times, but is now swiftly approaching readiness, his tender age quite aside; I have already prepared him slightly, in the bowels of the main library, with many magnificent passages, such as the following, from the tantalizing "À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs," which this remarkable reader has preferred to remember by heart, as follows: "On ne trouve jamais aussi hauts qu'on avait espérés, une cathédrale, une vague dans la tempête, le bond d'un danseur." In a trice, this lad instantaneously translated every word to perfection except "vague," which quite means an ocean wave, as well as being captivated by the beauty! If he is old enough to be captivated by the beauty of this incomparable, decadent genius, he should be quite prepared to take the rampant perversion and homosexuality in his stride; there is quite a bit of it going on here anyway, particularly in the Intermediates. I see no earthly point in approaching these matters with false, blind, kid gloves. However, do not, under any human condition, advance the impression to Mr. Fraser that I am offering any Proust book for Buddy's benefit. Very dangerous shoals ahead! Considering Buddy's youthful age, Mr. Fraser is not in the least above using things like this to amuse or greatly interest his friends in casual conversation, having a fairly violent passion for being the center of interest in conversational matters! Such an event, I assure you, would slowly work evil on us, quite undermining all our private, confidential training in behaving as inoffensive, regular boys in quite dangerous, heartless, public places! Although entirely kind at heart, helpful, and educated widely, Mr. Fraser has quite a big mouth, be utterly assured. Vanity plays a small part in this; forfeit of individuality at an early age plays a much larger part. This thoughtful, widely educated man is unscrupulous

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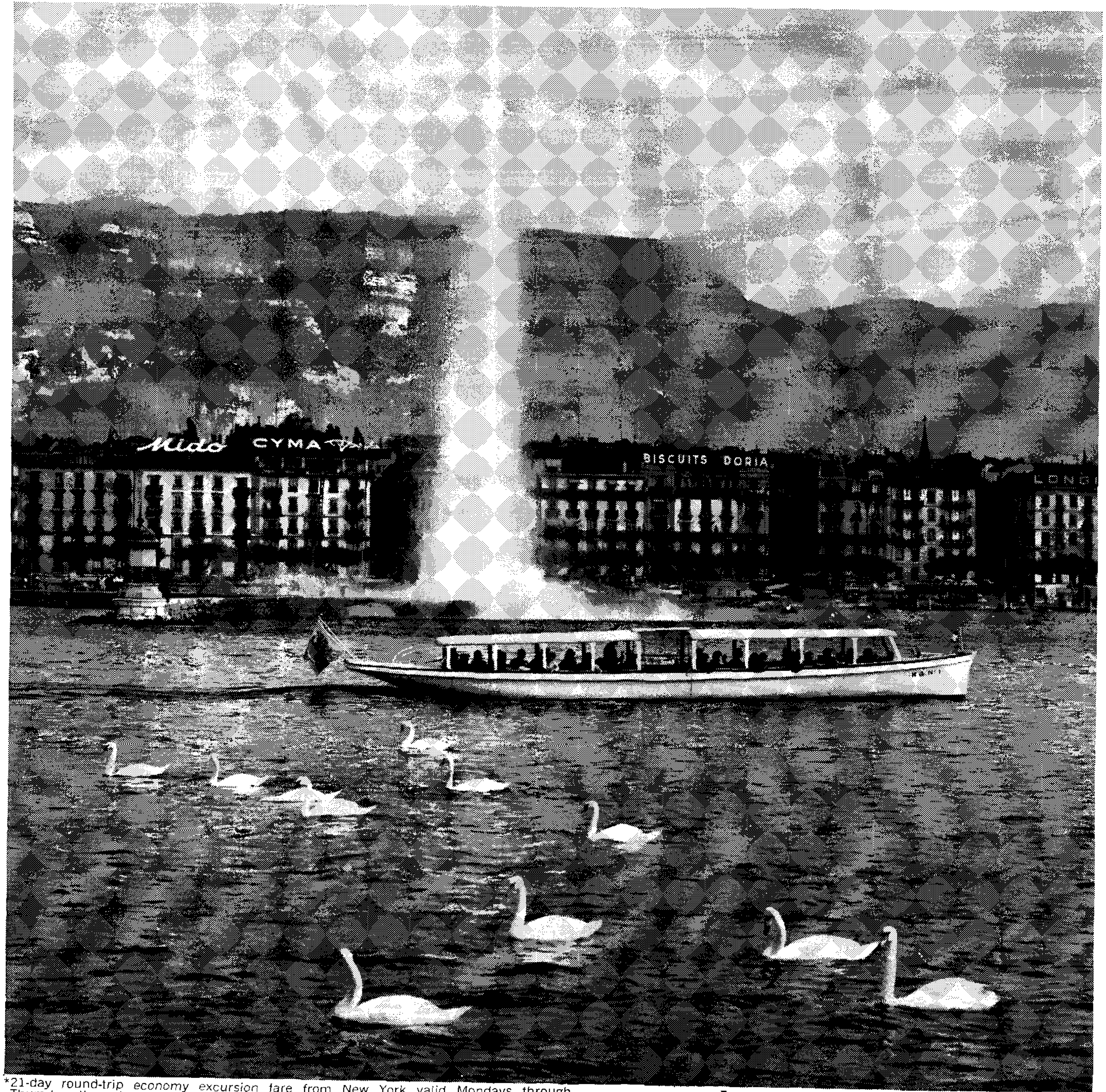

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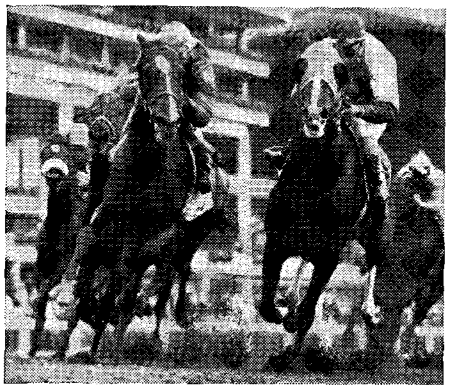

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about using an independent child as a conversational highlight, the sad, unrelenting factor being that good people who do not strive hard enough to uncover their own destinies and incessant responsibilities in life content themselves with parasitic occupations, feeding upon other chaps' lives to the marrow. Mr. Fraser, a damned charming person at frequent intervals, has my sympathy from the word go, but I absolutely decline to allow him to use my junior brother, as well as any other hopeful, secret genius of remarkably tender age, to serve as host fish to Mr. Fraser! Only harm without measure can come from this crap! At all costs, as long as humanly possible, let this young boy keep his precious shares in the divinely human state of nobodyness!

The list now continues at random.

The complete works, quite in full, of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with the exception of any books that are not utterly concerned with Sherlock Holmes, such as "The White Company." Oh, here is cause for mental frolic and amusement when I tell you what happened to me in this regard one day quite recently! I was quietly swimming in the lake during Aquatics Period, quite without a thought in my head, merely recalling sympathetically to myself the pleasant passion of Miss Constable, at the main library, for the great Goethe's works in full. At this quiet moment, a thought occurred to me which raised my eyebrows unmercifully! It was suddenly borne in upon me, utterly beyond dispute, that I love Sir Arthur Conan Doyle but do not love the great Goethe! As I darted idly through the water, it became crystal clear that it is far from an established fact that I am even demonstrably fond of the great Goethe, in my heart, while my love for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, via his contributions, is an absolute certainty! I have rarely ever had a more revealing incident in any body of water. I daresay I shall never get any closer to drowning in sheer gratitude for a passing portion of truth. Think for a stunning moment what this means! It means that every man, woman, and child over the age, let us say, of twenty-one or thirty, at the very outside, should never do anything extremely important or crucial in their life without first consulting a list of persons in the world, living or dead, whom he loves. Remember, I implore you, that he has no right whatever to include on this list anybody he merely admires quite to distraction! If the person or the person's contributions have not roused his love and unexplainable hap-

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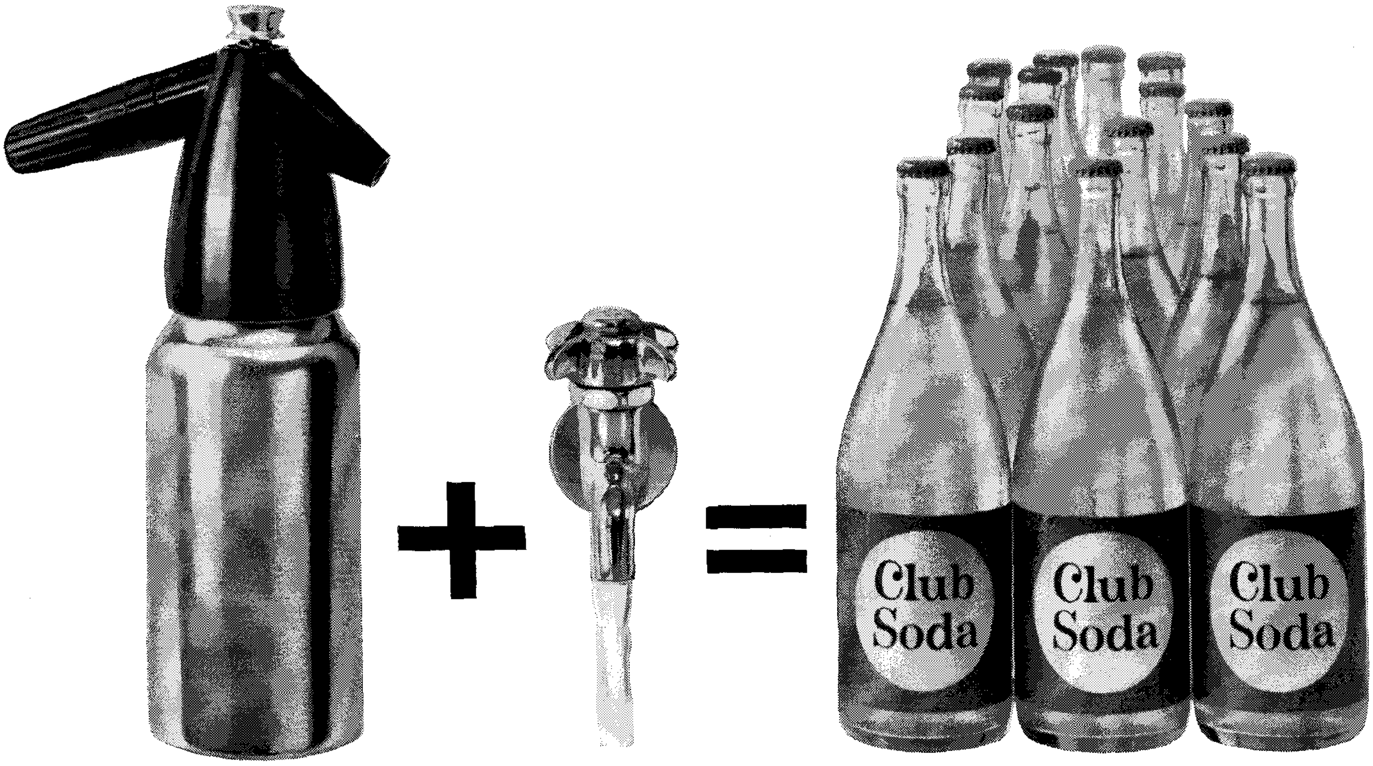

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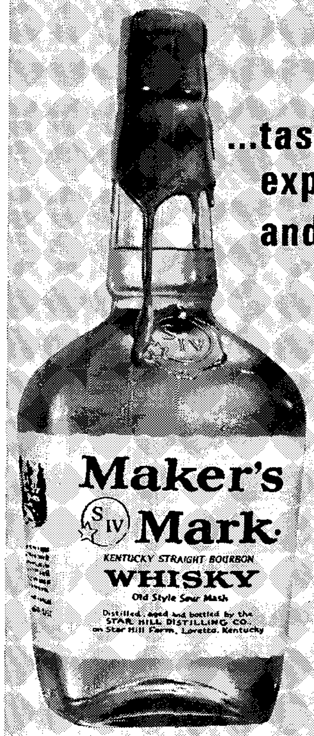
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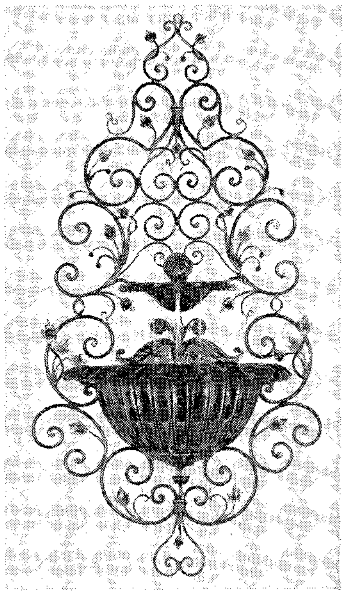
piness or eternal warmth, that person must be ruthlessly severed from the list! There may be another list for that person, and quite a pleasant one, let us presume, but this list I have in mind is exclusively for love. My God, it could be the finest, most terrible, personal guard against deceit and lies both to oneself and to any friends or acquaintances in casual or heated conversation with oneself! I have already made quite a number of such lists in my leisure time, for private consultation, embracing many types of people on earth. As a very revealing example of where this can lead, and which I think you will enjoy to the hilt, who would you say casually is the only singer on my list whose voice is represented either on Victrola record or personal appearance? Enrico Caruso? I am quite afraid this is not the case. Excluding family members, whose voices *have never* failed to charm me, to be sure, the only singer I am utterly prepared to say I love his singing voice, without fear of lying or quite intelligently deceiving myself, is my incomparable friend Mr. Bubbles, of Buck & Bubbles, merely singing softly to himself in his dressing room next to yours in Cleveland! This is not to disparage Enrico Caruso or Al Jolson, but facts heartlessly remain facts! I cannot help it! If you make a terrible list of this kind, you are quite stuck with it. For my own part, I give you my word of honor that when I return to New York I will never again leave my room for a moment without a very *telling* few of my lists on my person, saving a simple trip to the living room or bathroom. I do not know where it will all lead to, I can freely confess to you, but if it does not lead to more lies in the world, it is something. The worst it can do is to show that I am a stupid boy, quite without any impeccable taste in the last analysis, but this may not be exactly the case, thank God.

Moving rapidly along, kindly send any unflinching book on the World War, in its shameful, exploitive entirety, preferably unwritten by vainglorious or nostalgic veterans or enterprising journalists of slight ability or conscience. I would greatly appreciate anything not containing excellent photographs. The older one gets, the more inclined one is to trample on excellent photographs.

Please send me the following, choice, foul books, perhaps coupled together for convenient packaging, also that they may avoid contaminating any books by men or woman of genius, talent, or



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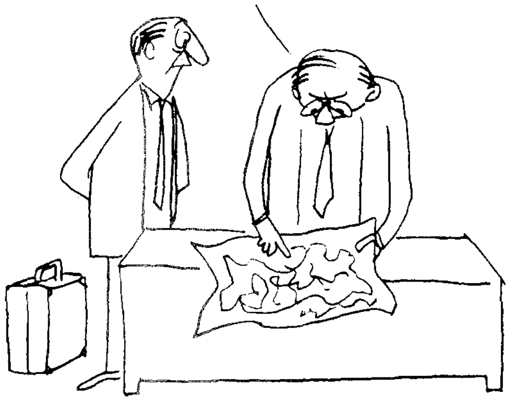
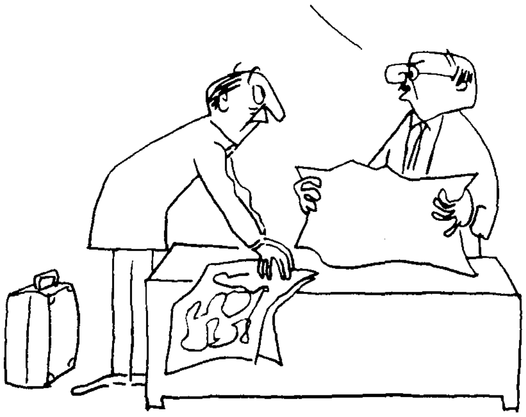
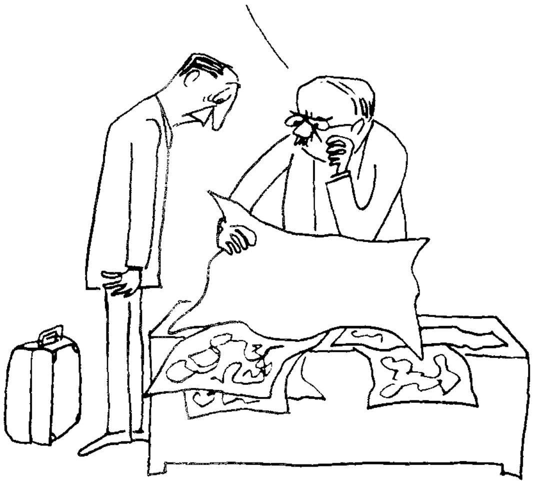


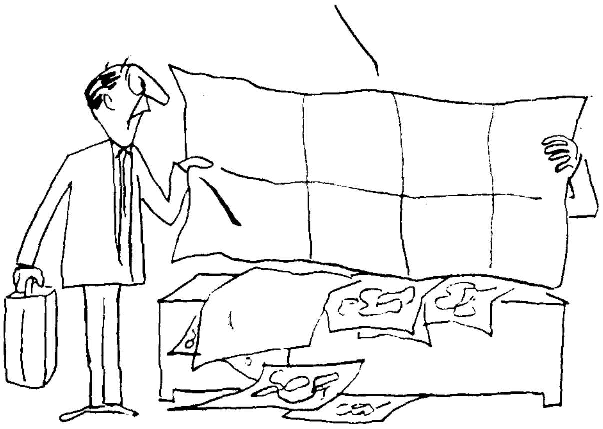
Stop off on the way to see Merwin Motor Company.
(They're primed for a sale.) That's just 32 miles
the other side of Baldy Mountain...



Then, if you take the old State pike on the way back,
you can swing over to see Erstwhile Engines in
Whimper County...another hot lead...



Unless, of course, the bridge is out.
But then you can take the ferry a couple
of miles north and make a call on
Victorious Valve Stems in Lower Cheswick...



Just one more hot prospect...
Be sure to stop in on Gum-Free Gaskets
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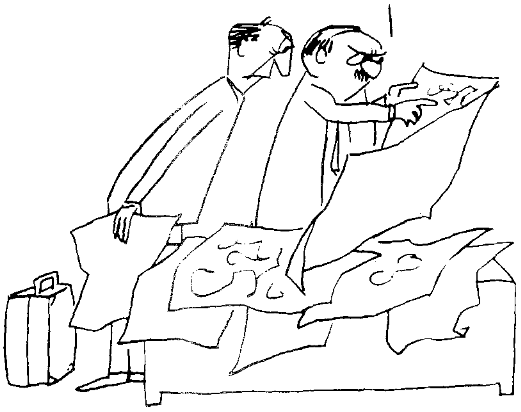

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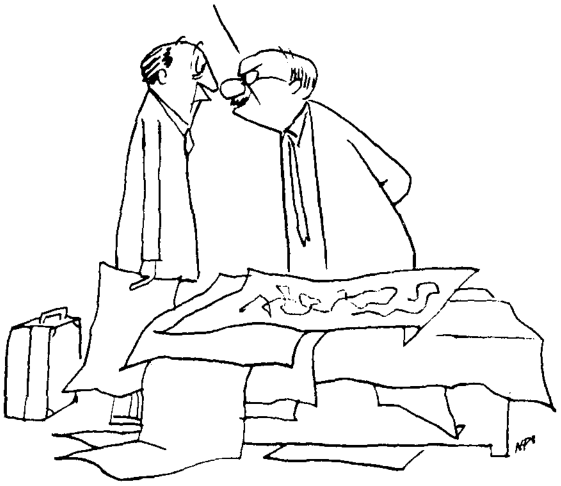

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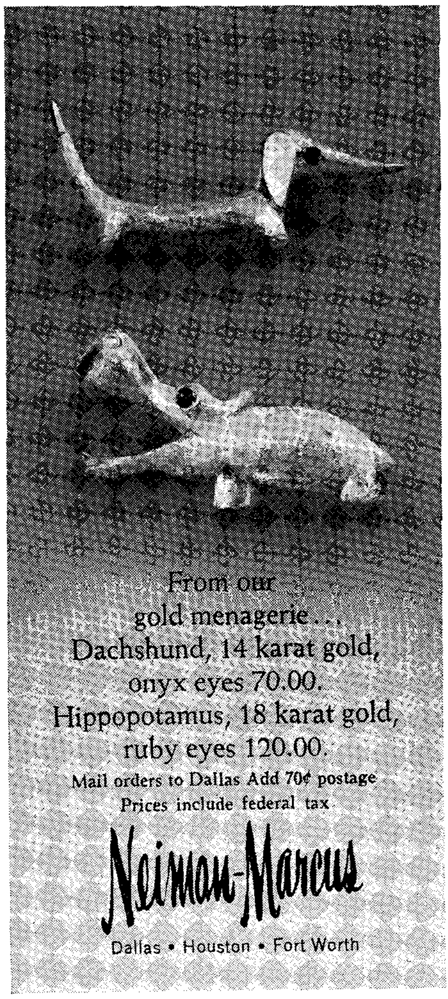

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thrilling, modest scholarship: "Alexander," by Alfred Erdonna, and "Origins and Speculations," by Theo Acton Baum. Quite without exerting yourselves or my good friends at the library, please do your utmost to drop these in the earliest mail at your convenience. These are invaluably stupid books that I would like Buddy to have under his belt before entering school next year for the first time in this appearance. Do not trample too quickly on stupid books! One of the swiftest ways, though very enervating and torturous, to have a young, utterly competent boy like Buddy avoid shutting his eyes to daily stupidity and foulness in the world is to offer him an excellent, stupid, foul book. Perhaps in utter silence one can then say to him, avoiding emotional sorrow or rank fury in the voice, merely handing over the invaluable books on a silver platter: "Here, young man, are two books both of which are subtle, admirably unemotional, and unnoticeably rotten to the core. Both are written by distinguished, false scholars, men of condescension, exploitation, and quiet, personal ambition. I have personally finished reading their books with tears of shame and anger. Without another word, I give you two, godsent models of the feculent curse of intellectuality and smooth education running rampant without talent or penetrating humanity." I would not say a single, additional syllable to the young man in question. You may quite think this sounds very harsh again. It would be only foolish and humorous to deny it; it is very harsh. On the other side of the ledger, you may not know the dangers of these men. Let us clear the air momentarily by examining them with simple brevity, proceeding with Alfred Erdonna first. A professor at a leading university in England, he has written this biography of Alexander the Great in a leisurely, readable fashion, despite its size, frequently making references to his wife, also a distinguished professor at a leading university, and to his charming dog, Alexander, and his former, old professor, Professor Heeder, who also lived off Alexander the Great for a number of years. Between the two of them, they have made an excellent living off Alexander the Great, quite in their spare time, if not in monetary gain certainly in fame and prestige. Despite this, Alfred Erdonna treats Alexander the Great like just another charming dog in his damned possession! I am personally not crazy about Alexander the Great or any incurably, militant person, but how dare Alfred Erdonna finish his book quite

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giving you the subtle, unfair impression that he, Alfred Erdonna, is superior to Alexander the Great in the last analysis merely because he and his wife, and possibly dog, are in a very cozy position to exploit and patronize Alexander the Great! He is not even in the least bit grateful to Alexander the Great for having existed so that he, Alfred Erdonna, could have the privilege of quite sponging off him in a leisurely, distinguished way. I am not even taking this false, scholarly personage to task because he quite personally dislikes heroes and heroism from the word go, even devoting a chapter to Alexander and Napoleon, in similar capacities, to show what harm and bloodful nonsense heroes have wrought upon the world. The germ of this is very sympathetic to me, in acknowledged frankness, but two things are necessary to write such a daring, unoriginal chapter. Surely it is worth a moment's casual discussion; I beg you to be patient and blindly affectionate with me till it is over! There is also a third thing necessary.

1. You are in a much stabler position to dislike heroes and heroism utterly if you yourself are quite equipped to do something heroic. If you are not equipped to do anything heroic, you may still enter the discussion honorably, but with terrible caution and reasonableness, very deliberately and painstakingly turning on every single light in your body, also perhaps re-doubling your fervent prayers to God not to go astray in any cheap way.

2. You must have a model of the human brain handy for general reasons. If you do not have a model of the human brain handy, a peeled chestnut will do only too damn well! But it is quite necessary to see with your own eyes, in a matter of this kind, involving such matters as heroes and heroism, that the human brain is just a charming, likable, quite dissectible agency, without a shred of reliable ability to understand human history in full or what temporary role, heroic or unheroic, it is time to play with all one's heart and conscience.

3. He, Alfred Erdonna, freely acknowledges that Alexander the Great's personal teacher, when a lad, was Aristotle. Not once, at any decent time, does Alfred Erdonna sadly take Aristotle to task for failing to teach Alexander the Great to avoid becoming great! There is utterly no mention, in any book on this interesting subject I have ever read, that Aristotle ever even at least begged Alexander to accept only the mantle of accidental greatness and refuse, quite like excrement, if you

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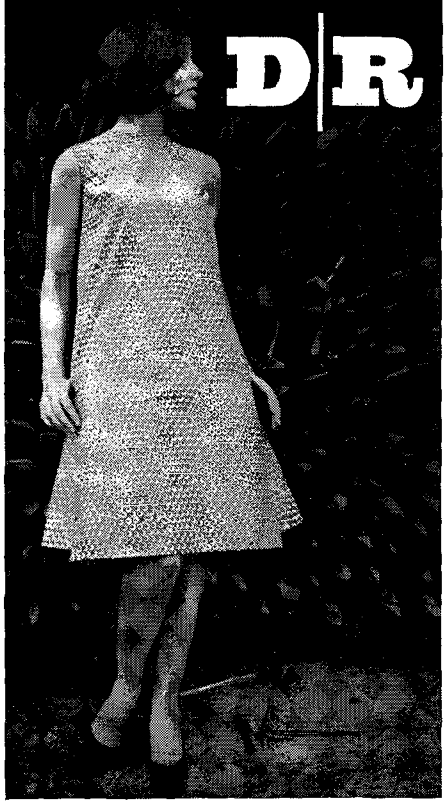

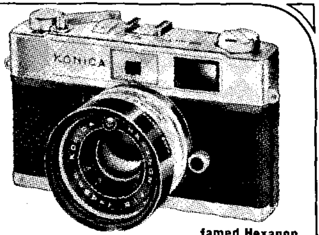

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will pardon me briefly, any other kind of greatness whatsoever.

I will gladly close the damnable subject here. My nerves are quite raw now; also I have quite forfeited the decent time I was going to give to Theo Acton Baum's dubious and very dangerous, untalented, coldhearted work of literature. However, to repeat, I will not answer for my peace of mind if Buddy is allowed to enter school and the long, utterly complicated road of formal education until he has had these perilous, conceited, utterly commonplace books under his belt.

Moving along quite at a trot now, humorously speaking, please send me *any thoughtful books on human whirling* or spinning. You will recall, quite with my undying, humorous sympathy, that at least three of your children, in sheer independence of each other, and utterly untaught, have picked up the delicate custom of spinning the body around with alarming speed, after which regrettably ostentatious experience the person who does the whirling can often, though not always, by any means, arrive at a decision or an impressive answer to a problem, usually quite small. The practice, to be sure, has been invaluable to me on more than one trivial occasion in the library, provided one can find a place unseen *by the naked eye.* To date, of course, I have discovered a few people spread widely throughout the world who have used this practice with success, even the touching Shakers, to a small extent. Also, there is an impressive rumor that St. Francis of Assisi, a marvellous person, once asked a fellow monk to do a little spinning when they were on an important crossroad with hesitation which direction to take. There, to be sure, you have the Byzantine influence on the Troubadours, but I am far from convinced that the practice can be limited to one corner of this thrilling globe. While I am very shortly going to give up the practice for the rest of my life, leaving more responsibility on another portion of my mind, the fact quite remains that copious information on the subject will be very welcome, as the other children may, for personal reasons, prefer to continue the practice well into maturity, though I doubt it.

To continue and mercifully conclude this list, I would be thankful to read anything in English written by the tolerable Cheng brothers or anybody else passably gifted and heartrendingly ambitious who had the disagreeable luck to do any religious writing *in China* after the two, towering, incomparable geniuses of Lao-tse and Chuang-tse,

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not to mention Gautama Buddha! One need not approach Miss Overman or Mr. Fraser with kid gloves on this subject, as I have already broken the ice repeatedly, but delicacy of approach is still quite advisable! Neither Miss Overman nor Mr. Fraser has ever been even slightly bitten by the subject of God or essential chaos in the universe, therefore casting quite a cool, dissembling countenance on my consuming interest in such affairs. Their concern, thank God, is far from petty or unaffectionate, the distinguished Edgar Semple having told Mr. Fraser that I have the makings of a splendid American poet, which is quite true in the last analysis. They are quite fearful, one and all, that my consuming admiration for God, straightforward and shapeless, will upset the delightful apple cart of my poetry; this is not stupid; there is always a slight, magnificent, utterly worthy risk that I will be a crashing failure from the word go, disappointing all my friends and loved ones, a very sober, rotten possibility that brings the usual fluid to my eyes as I bring the matter into the open. It would be quite a moving, humorous boon, to be sure, if one knew quite well, every single day of one's splendid current appearance, exactly where one's everlasting duty lies, obvious and concrete! Quite to my regret and secret delight, my glimpses are ludicrously helpless to aid me in such matters! While there is always a flimsy possibility that one's beloved, shapeless God will surprise one out of the blue with a charming, useful command, such as "Seymour Glass, do this," or "Seymour Glass, my young, foolish son, do that," I utterly fail to warm up to this possibility. This is quite a gross exaggeration, to be sure. I am utterly warming up to the possibility when I am freely and deliciously pondering it, but I am also utterly and eternally abhorring it, from the very roots of my dubious soul! Vulgarly speaking, the whole possibility of getting charming, personal commands from God, quite shapeless or adorned with an impressive, charming beard, stinks to high heaven of sheer favoritism! Let God raise one human being up over another, lavishing handsome favors upon him, and the hour has struck to leave His charming service forever, and quite good riddance! This sounds very harsh, but I am an emotional youth, frankly mortal, with innumerable experiences under my belt of mortal favoritism; I cannot stand the sight of it; let God favor us all with charming, personal commands or none of us! If You have the stomach to read this letter, dear God, be assured that I

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VENTURE

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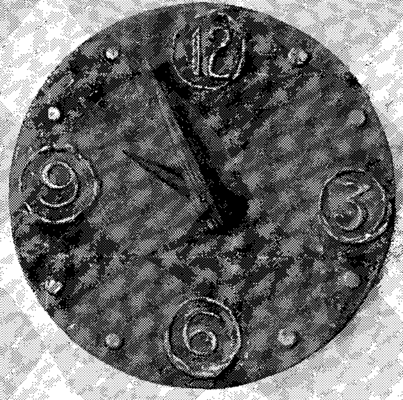

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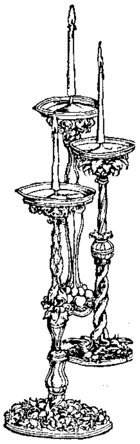

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am meaning what I say! Do not sprinkle any dubious sugar on my destiny! Do not favor me with charming, personal commands and magnificent short cuts! Do not ask me to join any élite organization of mortals that is not widely open to all and sundry! Recall quite fervently that I have felt equipped to love Your astonishing, noble Son, Jesus Christ, on the acceptable basis that you did not play favorites with Him or give Him carte blanche throughout his appearance! Give me one, single inkling that You gave Him carte blanche and I will regretfully wipe His name from the slim list of those human beings I respect without countless reservations, despite His many and diverse miracles, which were perhaps necessary in the general circumstance but remain a dubious feature, in my forward opinion, as well as a nasty stumbling block for decent, likable atheists, such as Leon Sundheim and Mickey Waters, the former an elevator operator at the Hotel Alamac, the latter a charming drifter without employment. Foolish tears are coursing down my face, to be sure; there is no decent alternative. It is humorous and kindly of you, Your Grace, to allow me to remain absorbed in my own dubious methods, such as industrious absorption with the human heart and brain. My God, you are a hard one to figure out, thank God! I love you more than ever! Consider my dubious services everlastingly at your disposal!

I am freely resting for a moment, dear Les and Bessie and other loving victims of the above onslaught. Across the empty bungalow, through the view offered by the window above Tom Lantern's fortunate bunk, the afternoon sun is shining in a very moving manner, provided my brain is not merely shining in a very moving manner. With or without absolute proof, it is sometimes folly not to accept the happiness of which ever is shining.

I will conclude the interrupted list of books for Miss Overman and Mr. Fraser with a few, brisk strokes:

Please send anything on the colorful and greedy Medicis, as well as anything on the touching Transcendentalists, quite in our own back yard. Also send copies, preferably without exhibitionistic pencil marks on the page, of both the French edition and Mr. Cotton's translation of Montaigne's essays. There is a charming, shallow, delightful Frenchman! Let one's hat be doffed to any gifted, charming fellows; my God, they are rare and impressive!

Please send anything interesting on human civilization well before the

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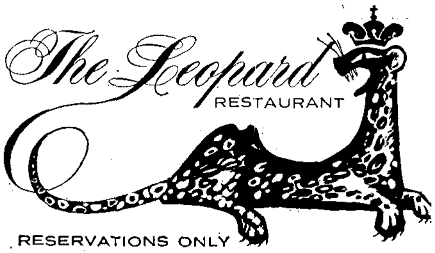

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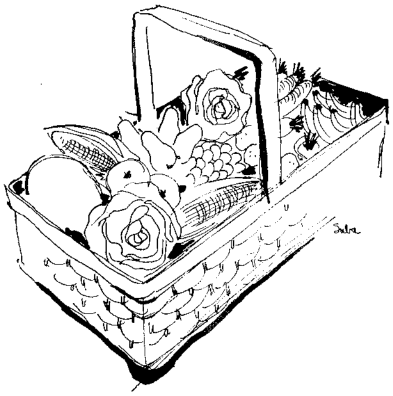
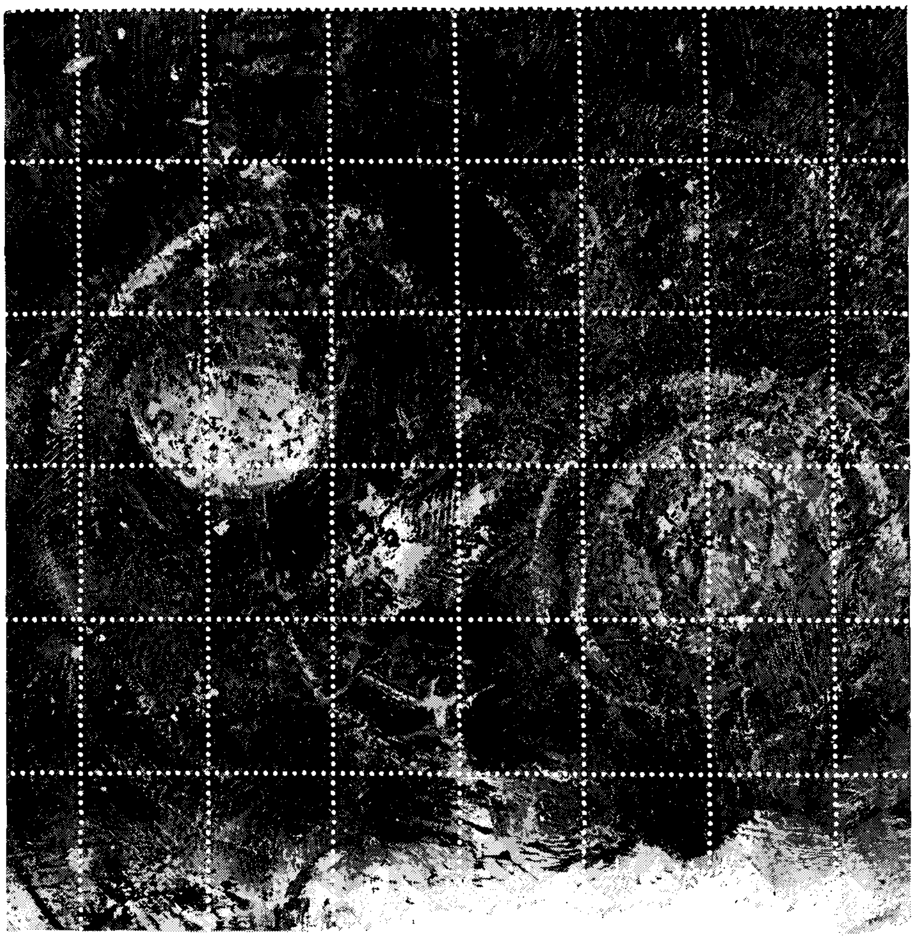
Greeks, although quite after the list of civilizations in the pocket of my former raincoat with the unfortunate gash in the shoulder, which Walt humorously declined to wear in public.

This is of unspeakable importance. Please send any books on the structure of the human heart that I have not read; a fairly compact list last lay in the top drawer of my chiffonier, either beneath my handkerchiefs or in the vicinity of Buddy's guns. Unusual, accurate drawings of the heart are always welcome, as any well-meaning, crude likeness of this incomparable organ, the finest of the body, is a pleasure to see; however, drawings are not essential in the last analysis, merely covering the pure, physical characteristics, leaving out the uncharted, best parts entirely! Unfortunately, quite to one's eternal chagrin, the best parts can only be viewed at very odd, thrilling, unexpected seconds when one's lights are quite definitely turned on; without a healthy talent for drawing, which I utterly lack, one is at a terrible loss to share the view with one's intimate and interested acquaintances. This is an unpretty state of affairs, to say the least! The entire view of this magnificent organ, without compare in the human body, should be in the possession of everyone and not merely of dubious young fellows like the undersigned!

Conveniently on the subject of the body, seen or unseen by the naked eye, please send any book devoted exclusively to the formation of callus. It will be very difficult or impossible, so please do not ask Miss Overman or Mr. Fraser to strain. However, if a book on this compelling subject should be found, be assured that it will be consumed eagerly around here, particularly any discussion of callus that unites a broken, human bone while it is healing, its intelligence being quite staggering and delightful, quite knowing when to begin and cease, without intentional assistance from the brain of the injured person. Here is another magnificent ac-





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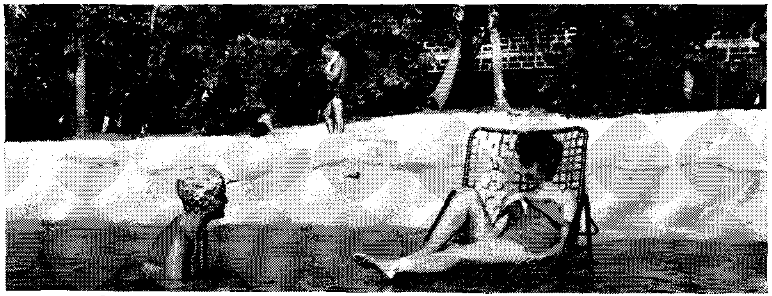

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complishment that is maddeningly attributed to "Mother Nature." With all quite due respect, I have been sick, for many years, of hearing her dubious name.

In February of this memorable year, I had the unspeakable pleasure of chatting back and forth, for a delicious quarter of an hour, with a handsome woman hailing from Czechoslovakia, a figure in sombre, costly clothes, yet with interesting, touching, dirty fingernails. The incident occurred in the main library, a month or so after the Honorable Louis Benford, in reply to my letter, swiftly and humorously made my dubious presence possible. Professing to be the mother of a young diplomat, which had a comfortable ring of truth to it, she softly introduced the subject of her favorite poet, Otakar Brezina, a Czech, urging me to read him. Perhaps Mr. Fraser can find one of his works for me, in English translation, I am afraid. The possibilities are quite hopeful, as this stunning woman, though very nervous and unbalanced in the last analysis, had a marvellous, lonely spark! Mr. Brezina has a stunning champion there! God bless ladies with costly, tasteful clothes and touching, dirty fingernails that champion gifted, foreign poets and decorate the library in beautiful, melancholy fashion! My God, this universe is nothing to snicker at!

In conclusion, quite absolutely final, I would greatly appreciate it if you would ask Miss Overman to ask Mrs. Hunter, possibly on the phone if it is convenient, to please track down the January, 1842, issue of *Dublin University Magazine*, the January, 1866, issue of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the September, 1866, number of the *North British Review*, as all these unrecent magazines contain articles about a very dear friend of mine, purely by correspondence, in my last appearance, quite frankly, Sir William Rowan Hamilton! I am very seldom able to do this, which is quite a blessing in disguise, but I can still see his friendly, lonely, sociable face before me, at wide intervals! Do not, however, mention any of these personal connections to Miss Overman, I beg you! Her set of automatic revulsions on this subject is perfectly normal; she is invariably taken aback with alarm and disappointment on the rare occurrences when I am damn foolish and thoughtless enough to introduce the unpopular subject of appearances. There is also another reason for not going into dubious details with her, as follows: It is, unfortunately, a subject

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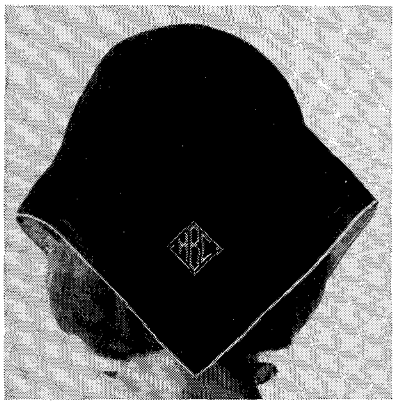

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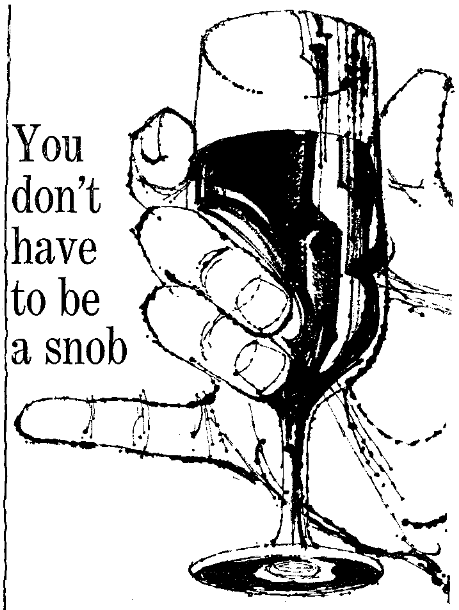

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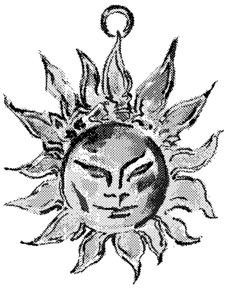

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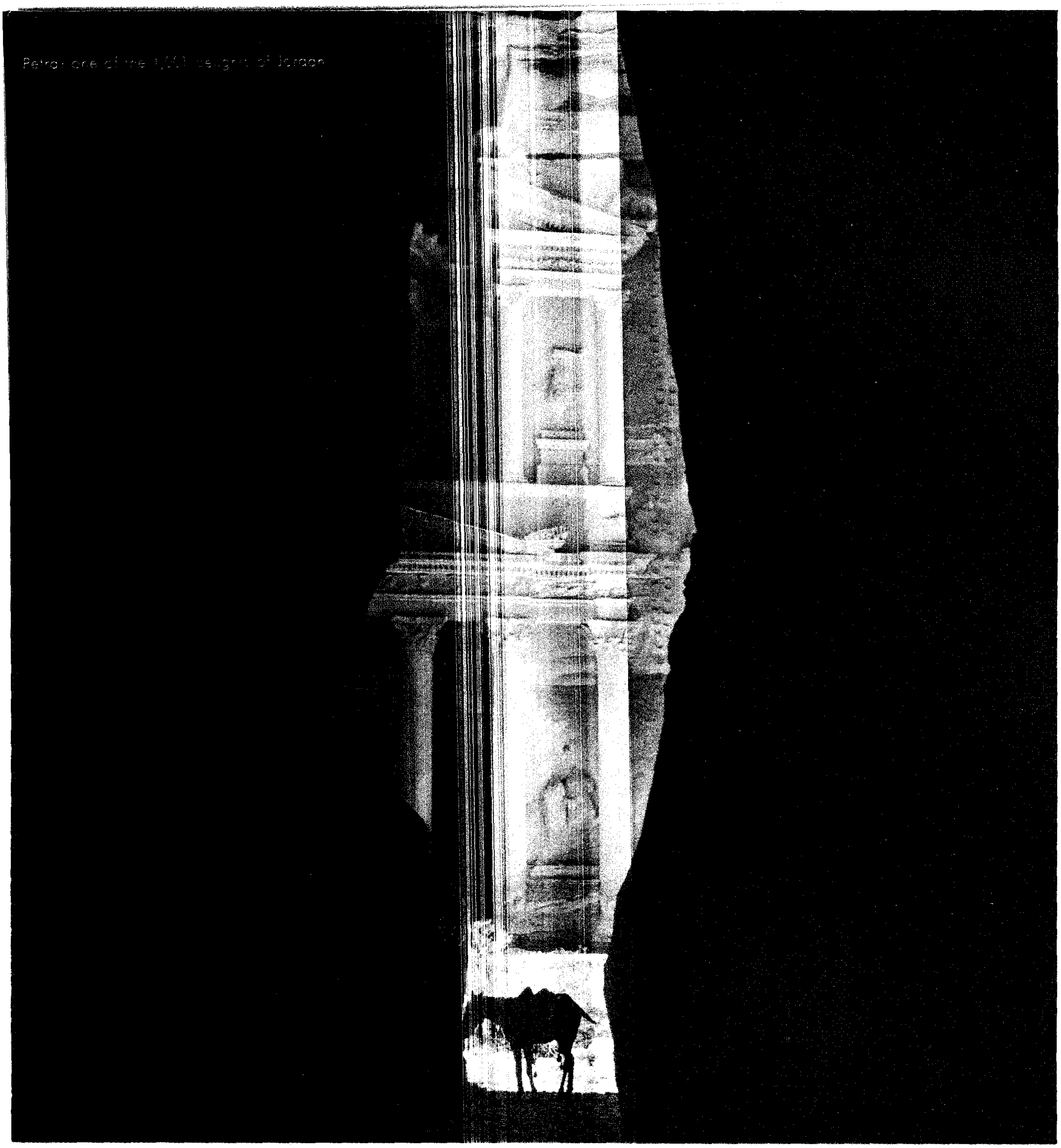

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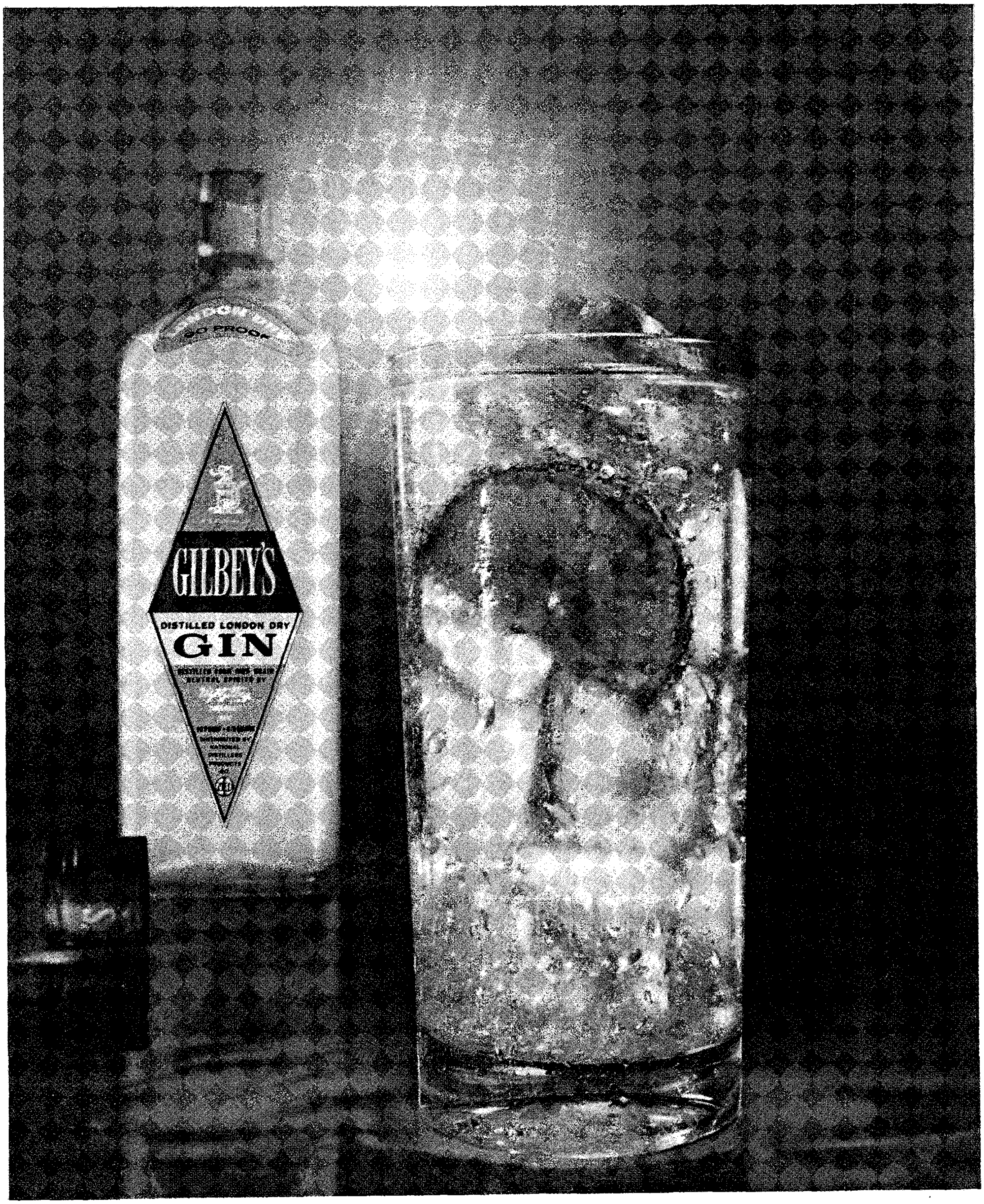
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that makes quite a rotten subject for casual, social conversation. Although Miss Overman does not generally use us, your son Buddy and myself, as dubious subjects of conversation to entertain her friends or associates, being an honorable lady and wont to consider other people's feelings and dubious positions, she is utterly incapable of withholding peculiar or slightly novel information from Mr. Fraser or any well-dressed, cultured gentleman with distinguished, white hair; they are her permanent weakness, being inclined to fall slightly in love with them if they are kind and attentive to her or use conversational persiflage with her, with or without sincerity. This is quite a gentle, humorous fault, to be sure, but it would be very expensive to indulge too freely. Please just ask her to phone Mrs. Hunter and see if the magazines in question can be tracked down without great inconvenience, mentioning no reasons, perhaps requesting in the same breath, quite casually, that she, Miss Overman, pass on to us any delightful light reading that she has enjoyed lately. This stinks to high heaven of rank duplicity, but her taste in light reading is also often delightful, so I regretfully recommend the ruse. I trust your discretion in this and all affairs completely, needless to say, Bessie sweetheart. Also we would appreciate it if you would casually slip Mr. and Mrs., Moon Mullins, and perhaps a few copies of *Variety* into a convenient envelope when you are done with them. Jesus, what a millstone, bore, and general nuisance I am becoming in your lives! No day passes that I am not mindful of my rotten, demanding traits of character. Also, quite by the way, I think I should warn you to warn Miss Overman that Mr. Fraser may well be vexed and quite floored at the number of books requested, though he himself failed to mention the maximum number he would be willing to send us while we were away. Please ask Miss Overman to impress upon him that we are both reading with increased, incredible rapidity every day of our lives and can return any very valuable books in a trice, where speed of return is essential and we can get stamps. Difficulties, I am afraid, will be myriad. He, Mr. Fraser, is really a very generous, kind man, with an astonishingly high tolerance for my rotten traits, but there is also a small catch in his generosity, as he likes to see the grateful recipients' faces in person when he does them a favor of this magnitude. This is entirely human and cannot be expected

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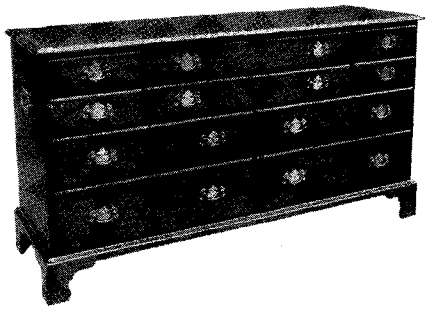

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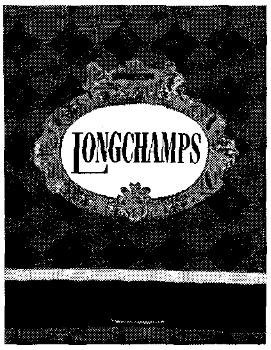

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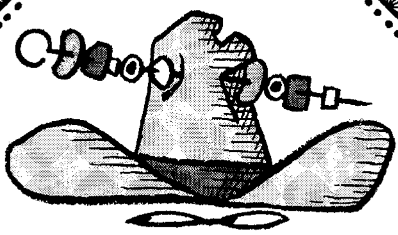
or uselessly desired to disappear from the earth overnight, but please keep the warning under your belts anyway. In my private, humorous opinion, we will be very damn lucky if Mr. Fraser sends us as much as two or three books on the entire list! Oh, my God, there is a maddening, comical thought!

Guess who entered the bungalow with a broad smile on his face! Your son Buddy! Also known as W. G. Glass, the superb author! What an inexpugnable lad he is! He has obviously had a productive day's work! I wish to God you were all here, quite in the flesh, to see his stunning, appealing, slightly tanned face; in more ways than one, dear Bessie and Les, you are paying a very exorbitant price for our frivolous summer's enjoyments and recreations. Au revoir! Buddy joins me in every sincere wish for your continued health and happy existence in our prolonged absence. We remain,

Your loving sons and brothers,
Seymour and W. G. Glass; united
forever by spirit and blood and
uncharted depths and chambers of
the heart.

In my haste to bring this letter to a swift termination, as well as my joy to see your astounding son pop into the bungalow, following an absence of seven and one half hours, I am in danger of overlooking a small cluster of final requests, quite slight, let us hope. As already mentioned, the chances are blackly excellent that Mr. Fraser will fall into a pit of dejection upon receiving this list of books, utterly regretting his sociable, spontaneous offer to me; however, I may be doing him quite a grave injustice with this thought; in the hopeful event that I am, which I sadly doubt, please ask Miss Overman to remind him that this will be absolutely our last fling for 6 long months at the very least! With summer's glorious end, we will be devoting the remainder of this memorable year to dictionary consultation entirely; we will avoid even poetry during the crucial period in the offing; this freely means that Mr. Fraser will not have the experience, more trouble than rewarding, of seeing our young, exasperating faces in any public library in Gotham for the entire, comfortable period of six, full months! Who will not be quite relieved to hear this, with the heartening exception of perhaps no one! Quite in connection with the 6 months just mentioned, I am freely asking you, as our beloved parents and brothers and sister, to issue a few, crisp, earnest prayers in our behalf. I



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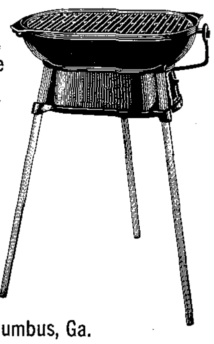

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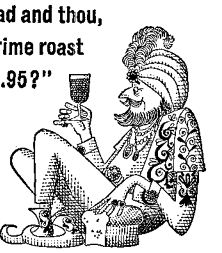

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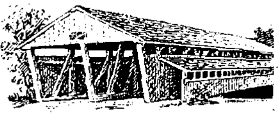

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am personally very hopeful that great layers of unnatural, affected, stilted fustian and rotten, disagreeable words will drop off my young body like flies during the crucial period to come! It is worth every effort, my future sentence construction quite hanging in the balance!

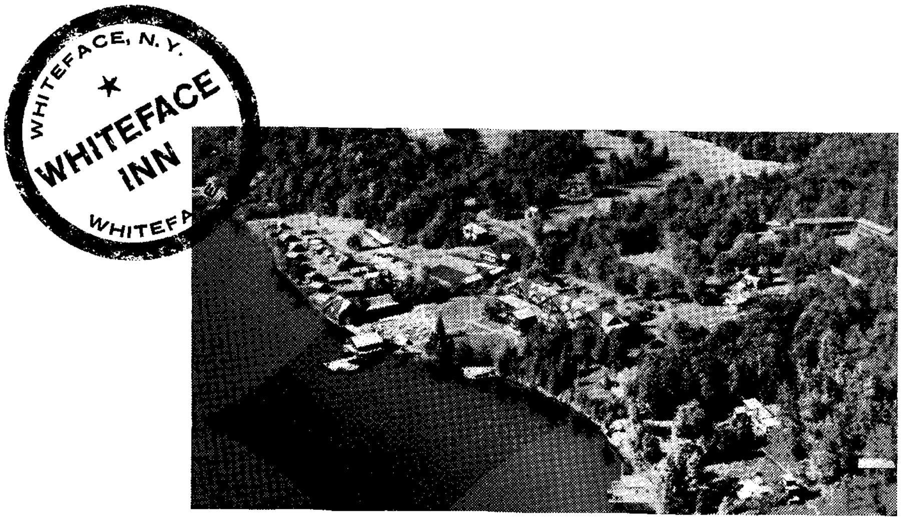
Please do not get annoyed with me, Bessie; however, here is my absolutely last word on the subject of retirement from the stage at an uncommonly early age. I quite beg you again not to do anything out of season. At least wait, quite patiently, till October and then keep your eyes very peeled for retirement opportunities; October could be very clean sailing! Also, lest I forget, Buddy requests that you be sure to send him some of those very big tablets, quite without lines, for his haunting stories. Absolutely do not send him the kind with lines, such as I am using up for this day of pleasant communication, as he despises them. Also, though I have not dared to discuss the matter with him in a frank manner, I think he would enjoy it very much if you sent him middle bunny, having lost big bunny when the porter on the train made the bed in the morning; please, however, do not refer to this matter in your future correspondence, merely placing middle bunny silently in a convenient package, perhaps an empty shoe box or container, and dispatching it in the mail. I know I can leave this or any other matter quite to your discretion, Bessie; my God, you are as admirable as you are lovable! As well as not sending him any more tablets with lines for his stories, also absolutely do not send him any tablets with very flimsy paper, such as onion skin, as he merely drops this kind in the garbage can for general disposal outside the bungalow. This is wasteful, to be sure, but I would appreciate it if you did not ask me to step in in a delicate matter of this kind. I am hesitant to say that certain kinds of waste do not offend me; indeed, certain kinds of waste tend to thrill me to the marrow. Also worth keeping in mind, it is this chap's leonine devotion to his literary implements, I give you my word of honor, that will be the eventual cause of his utter release, with honor and happiness, from this enchanting vale of tears, laughter, redeeming human love, affection, and courtesy.

With 50,000 additional kisses from the two looming pests of Bungalow 7 who love you,

Most cordially,

S. G.

—J. D. SALINGER



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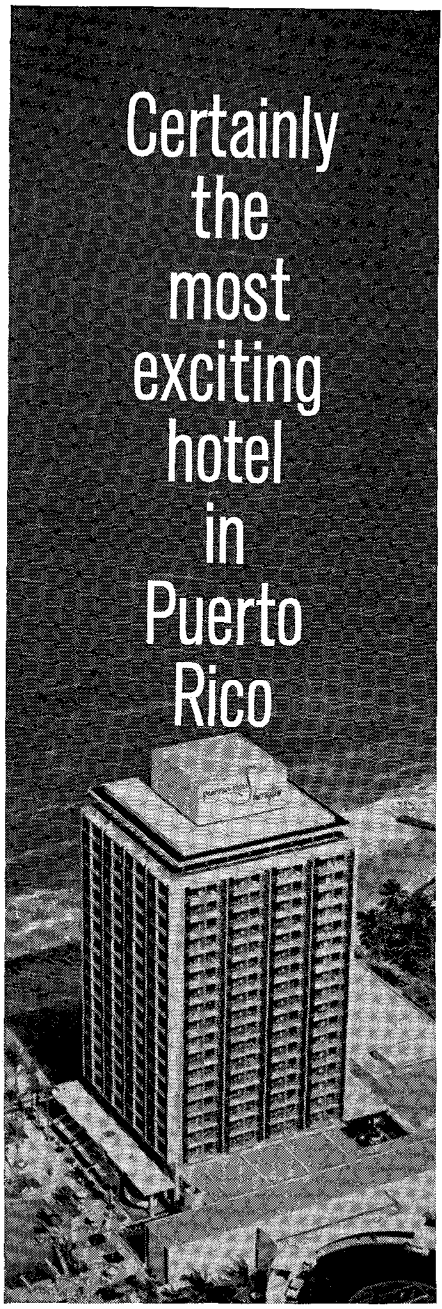

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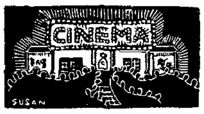
International Affair



At a time when dollars are being spent by the million to transport actors from all corners of the member nations of NATO, SEATO, CENTO, and the O.A.S. to distant authentic locations, where they are draped in pertinent bunting and photographed wielding colorful props and reciting lines hammered out by seventy-eight associate screenwriters for the prospective delight of an audience whose members have paid three dollars and a quarter apiece for a reserved seat and a dollar for a program—at a time, as I said, like this, "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines" makes the process seem as worthwhile as it will ever seem. Produced by Stan Margulies, directed by Ken Annakin, and written by Mr. Annakin and Jack Davies, "T.M.M.I.T.F.M." is a humorous account, loosely based on aeronautical history, of an international air race from London to Paris in 1910, when flying was a leisurely, if risky, outdoor sport whose vehicles had only recently been invented, and looked it. There are not many funny lines in the picture, but the sight gags seldom fail, and the actors are all at their best.

"The trouble with these international affairs," says Robert Morley, who plays Lord Rawnsley, the promoter of the race, "is that they attract foreigners." The foreigners in the cast include Stuart Whitman, Alberto Sordi, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Yujiro Ishihara, and Gert Frobe, who shows up in so many movies these days that he can't have had a day's rest since he made "Goldfinger." Among the natives are Terry-Thomas; Eric Sykes, as Terry-Thomas's malevolent, cringing valet; and James Fox and Sarah Miles, who are both as good as they were in "The Servant," though in quite different kinds of parts. Mr. Annakin seems to know when an actor can be left to his own devices (as Mr. Morley can) and when he can't (as with Terry-Thomas, who has mugged aimlessly through his recent pictures). It is a credit to the actors, who are competing for attention with the flying machines, in all their diverse design and impulsive performance, that the funniest scene in the movie occurs on the ground, when Terry-Thomas and Gert Frobe turn up on the beach at Dover in bathing suits.

"A High Wind in Jamaica," based on the novel by Richard Hughes, presents seven children as they are being shipped by their parents from the heathen atmosphere of Jamaica to England, where they are to be civilized. The band of bumbling and superstitious pirates that kidnaps them on the way is led haphazardly by Anthony Quinn. As everybody knows, the ambiguous alliance that develops between the pirate captain and Emily, one of the little girls, results in disaster, and before the children are rescued from their adventure one of them dies accidentally and another kills a man. The pirates are hanged for the killing while the children play badminton in a peaceful English park under the watchful eyes of their mother and father.

For some reason, the British have always been better at making movies about children than have the people in Hollywood, who, with unflinching loyalty to the memory of Shirley Temple, persist in exalting a succession of dimpled midget grownups. "A High Wind in Jamaica" is the work of Alexander Mackendrick, the versatile British director who made "Tight Little Island" and "Sweet Smell of Success." All the children in the cast—and particularly Deborah Baxter, who plays Emily—are excellent, and, in spite of these odds, so is Anthony Quinn. Gert Frobe appears, of course—this time briefly, as a Dutchman.

"Joy in the Morning" is a teen-age soap opera set in the nineteen-twenties, because that's when the book from which it was made—"Joy in the Morning," by Betty Smith—was set. It looks as though the Beatles will be gone and long forgotten before the teen-agers, who apparently continue to feel haunted by too many parents and not enough money, forswear movies like this one. Richard Chamberlain and Yvette Mimieux, the poor man's Carol Lynley (Carol Lynley is the poor man's Carroll Baker), suffer all they deserve to for being so clean-cut, and live happily ever after.

—Susan Lardner

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*News release from the University of Michigan*]

Seventy-seven per cent of the $42.2 million research budget came from federal sources. However, Vice President Norman sees no danger of the University of Michigan becoming a "federal grant" university.

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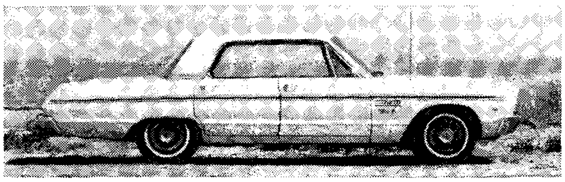
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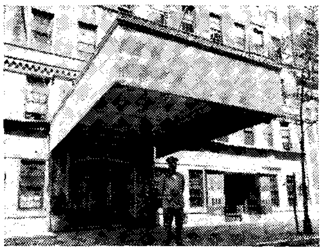
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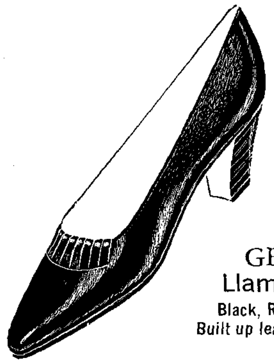

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE's beachwear department, on the third floor, is showing dramatic and picturesque fare to enliven the seaboard. Some of the clothes look as though they had stepped right out of "Kismet"—for example, chaddars, which are wrappy wraps that women of India and Iran drape over their heads but that you can drape over your shoulders at the Quogue Beach Club if you feel they make you look too much like a mummy. They come in a variety of designs. Some are reversible cottons with black and white stripes on one side, white terrycloth on the other, and the whole business edged with white ball fringe. Nonreversible versions, minus fringe, are of sheer cotton daubed with black, yellow, and white exotic designs, or else are of white silk painted with enormous peonies and shrubbery. (These last could double as evening cloaks.) The chaddars range from $55 to $120, and to wear under them there are matching beach shifts that cost from $50 to $90. Another kind of Indian—the noble redskin—has his say (via Italy, oddly) with some cover-up shifts of cotton velours that bear Navajo designs in white, black, orange, and taupe. They cost $60, and matching stretch bathing suits with wide V necks that plunge below the waist in back are $55. Drip-dry crêpe smocks printed all over with Wedgwood-blue-and-white undersea foliage sprouting chartreuse and lilac sea anemones are $20, and princesse bathing suits in the same print are $26. Brief-skirted nylon-stretch swimsuits that are all tiger stripes lace down the front with black shoestrings. A tiger in the tank for $26.

Up on Saks' seventh floor, in the hat department, you'll find exaggerated and imaginative engineers' caps with crowns of strawberry-pink duck and with visors of beige straw cloth that can be pulled down over the face when you want to snooze or fend off the sun; $7. White terrycloth semi-crew caps with claret-colored see-through plastic visors are from France and cost $5.

MARK CROSS has its mind on travel, naturally. Raincoat-topcoats of black nylon moire are real contortionists—they can fold up into one of their own pockets, which has been thoughtfully equipped with a zipper. The price is $26. The single-breasted jackets and A-line skirts of three-piece travelling suits are of a tweedy-looking cotton that, I'm told, sheds wrinkles. In turquoise and powder blue, they have deep-V collarless necks piped with powder-blue cotton to match the shell overbodices beneath them; in red and bright blue piped with bright-blue cotton to match *their* shells, they have low notched collars. They cost $70 and $80, respectively. Then, there are two-piece tailored dresses of a mixture of linen, Arnel, and wool in pink-and-white, peanut-and-white, or black-and-white stripes, which can be rolled up and popped into a corner of a suitcase. These have overblouses with white turnover collars, short cuffs, and elongated tab closings that reach all the way down to there. The price is $45. Christian Dior's mannish silk shirts in solid colors (pink, powder blue, ivory, and white) are $19; in candy stripes (red-and-white, blue-and-white, and yellow-and-white) they're $22.

HENRI BENDEL's Young Bendel department offers a group of crêpe shifts made specially for it by John Kloss, who is apparently a fan of modern art. The ones of yellow crêpe, say, have short black crêpe sleeves and round black crêpe inserts high at the sides that extend into broad bands across the back. Black crêpe shifts terminate in a series of strawberry-pink and pale-blue horizontal stripes, or, in an even more schizoid version, have vast strawberry-and-ice-blue bull's-eyes under the right sleeve, which is short and black. The left sleeve is long, slender, and black. Prices run from $80 to $115.

T. JONES—a name picked out of the air because it's short and easy to remember, like "Squire Western"—is a new establishment, at 1050 Third Avenue (62nd), devoted to simple, mannerly ready-to-wear clothes, some of them made in its own workroom. Well-tailored double-breasted coats with standaway turnover collars, slender set-in sleeves, and vertical flap pockets are on view in beige nubbly cotton tweed; $50. Skirts to match are $15 straight and $20 when they swing out at the hem. Sleeveless sheaths, with or without yokes, are available in a whole raft of fabrics—cotton (plain or ribbed, diamond or ribbon pattern), striped seersucker, French linen, silk

Ed Ames sings his favorite songs

Hi, I've just had the pleasure of recording what I consider a very special album. On it are twelve songs that I felt had that little something extra that made them stand out. They include favorites like "When the World Was Young," "I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You," "Inch Worm" and "Forgotten Dreams." I've also included several newer ones that have already established themselves, like "One Hand, One Heart," "Softly, As I Leave You," "Put On a Happy Face" and "A Married Man." They're all favorites of mine — and I'm sure you're going to like them too.

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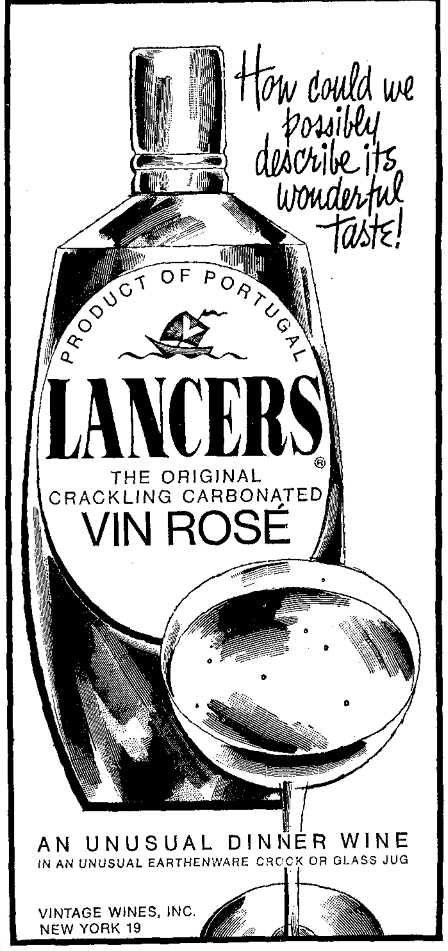
crêpe, silk-and-rayon, silk-and-worsted, and, for crisp days, wool jersey. The cottons begin at $35, and the silk-and-worsteds reach the peak, which is $65; adding short sleeves also adds ten per cent to the cost and a wait of two weeks. Waist-length or hip-length double-breasted jackets in the same materials are $55 and require the same waiting period; the sizes are 3 to 14, and the colors are multifarious.

HOUSE OF EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES, at 22 East 56th Street, has received a shipment of cotton shifts from Italy that are as fresh as the posies that ramble over them. Sleeveless ones of turquoise, pink, or citron cotton are appliquéd with white cotton daisies growing on short green stems and cost $52.50; in white cotton, with black-eyed Susans growing on long turquoise stems, they're $55. Short-sleeved shirt-shifts are served up in brown chambray with a print that depicts white fan-shaped baskets filled with white cosmos. Their mannish collars are white piqué, and pearl buttons fasten them part way down the front. Beach pouches and feed bags from Italy are made of white, green, or red heavy ribbed cotton printed with ships' wheels, lanterns, and ropes; $23.65 to $32.50, including the federal tax.

ROBERT LEADER, at 146 East 54th Street, can supply suits for afternoon-on that are made of cocoa cotton printed with enormous brown-and-white chestnut blossoms. The straight, hipbone jackets have low, round décolletages notched at the center and set-in bracelet-length sleeves, and the skirts are A-line; $125. Three-piece suits in dotted Swiss (red-and-white, blue-and-white, or black-and-white) are less ethereal and more tailored than they sound, going in for little-boy jackets, straight skirts, and shell overbodices; $62.50. For evening, Leader proposes one-piece dotted-Swiss dresses (pale blue with white dots) topped by Empire bodices of diagonally striped blue-and-beige ribbon embroidered with pink rosebuds. Other evening dresses come in a choice of gingham checks (pink-and-white, blue-and-white, or black-and-white) and are veiled with misty white organdie; grosgrain sashes, tied in bows and trailing streamers, encircle the high waists. (The ribbon matches the color of the checks.) Both these last are $50.

KIMONOS are popular again, and the At-Home department of Bergdorf Goodman has them. These are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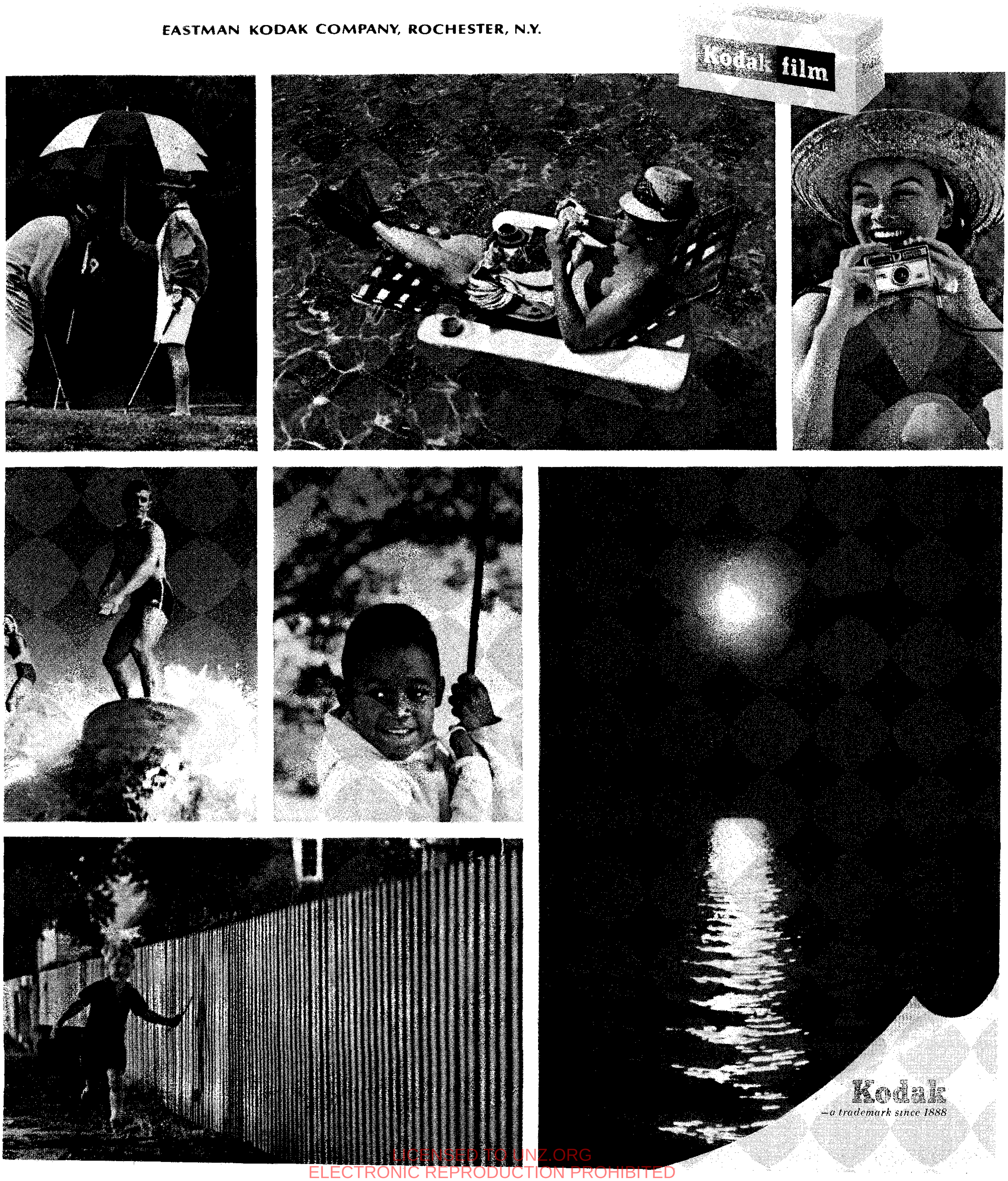

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short and made of a cotton-and-synthetic mixture in a rainbow of stripes; $20. White button-down-the-front robes of drip-dry cotton, with ruffles fluttering at the high, round necks and at their elbow sleeves, are bedizened with pink, blue, or lime *toile-de-Jouy* prints; the short ones are $23 and the long ones $30. Silk burnouses bear vast finger-paint scrawls in a whole palette of hues (purple, Shocking, green, gold, flame); $70. Long robes ending in culottes and so full that when seen head-on they suggest monks' robes (they have vaguely cowl-like rolled collars) are made of a double layer of white nylon tricot, and braided belts of the same stuff nip them in; $60.

JEAN GALE, at 535 Madison Avenue (54th), has grown a garden patch of blue-and-white striped seersucker play clothes for boys and girls (toddlers through size 12). Brother-and-sister sunsuits are planted with pea pods, carrots, tomatoes, turnips, and ears of corn; around $12, depending. Small boys' sunsuits display brown cotton horses with yellow yarn manes peering out of white piqué stalls as they watch red cotton chickens strutting around the barnyard. Little and bigger girls' dresses sprout pineapples, oranges, lemons, and plums at the sides of the hems; $20, more or less. For toddlers' special occasions, Mrs. G. offers some dresses from Portugal. Yellow cotton broadcloth ones have box pleats suspended from yokes, and above the hems are green fish blowing bubbles, or green and red chickens doing nothing, or blue and green fish swimming among blue and white pond lilies; $7.95.

AZUMA, at 666 Lexington Avenue (55th) and 790 Lexington Avenue (61st), has sun hats, from Japan, of woven paper that looks just like straw. They come with three-, four-, or six-inch brims that can be turned down to shade the face or up into cowboy shapes; $2.50 and $3. The colors are green, blue, purple, Shocking, yellow, orange, and natural. —M. M.

•

She said she lived in Los Angeles before travelling to Arkansas last October. "I hadn't seen them in five years," she said, pointing to seven color snapshots of her grandchildren. "I wanted to see my family."

But her family had fallen on hard times.

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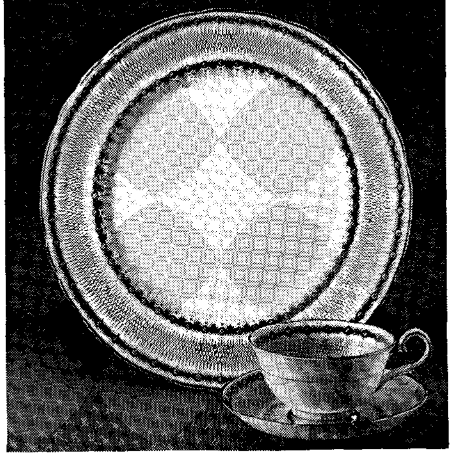

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THE RACE TRACK

Ladies First

IT has been remarked frequently that it is hard to be rhapsodic about this season's three-year-old fillies, so many of them are inconsistent. Still, I'm afraid I'll have to rhapsodize a bit in reporting the victory of Marshua in the forty-ninth running of the Coaching Club American Oaks at Aqueduct last Saturday. She had never run a mile and a quarter before, and it was therefore enormously to her credit that she led untiringly from beginning to end and won by two and a half lengths, from What a Treat. Terentia was third, six lengths behind. The time, which was 2:02⅗, was the best since the race came to the Big A.

As you've probably heard, the Oaks was the third of what the Aqueduct management calls its Triple Crown for Fillies: the Acorn Stakes, at a mile; the Mother Goose, at a mile and a furlong; and the Oaks, at a mile and a quarter. (No racer has won all three.) For more than six furlongs, Up Oars was closest to Marshua, followed by Discipline, and then both of them tired, Up Oars finishing fifth and Discipline ninth. Cordially, the winner of the Mother Goose a fortnight before, passed them both in the stretch to finish fourth. Ground Control, the winner of the Acorn, was never in the picture. Marshua, a daughter of Nashua, was rated only one pound below Queen Empress, the best of the fillies in the Free Handicap for the two-year-olds of 1964. In the Acorn, which was her first start this year, she was second, but the next time out, in the Mother Goose, she was down the course. Perhaps she didn't like the sloppy track. To make up for it, she picked up $84,175 in prize money in the Oaks for Mrs. Wallace Gilroy, who owns her.

HERE I go again, dragging Affectionately into these notes. In my book, she ran the race of the week at the Big A. In the Liberty Belle Handicap the other afternoon, she carried 132 pounds, which Diogenes Checkpoints says is the highest weight ever carried by a mare in a handicap in this country, and made her opposition look like buggy horses. Stepping the first quarter in 0:21⅘ and the half mile in

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FLIP

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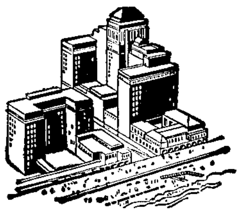

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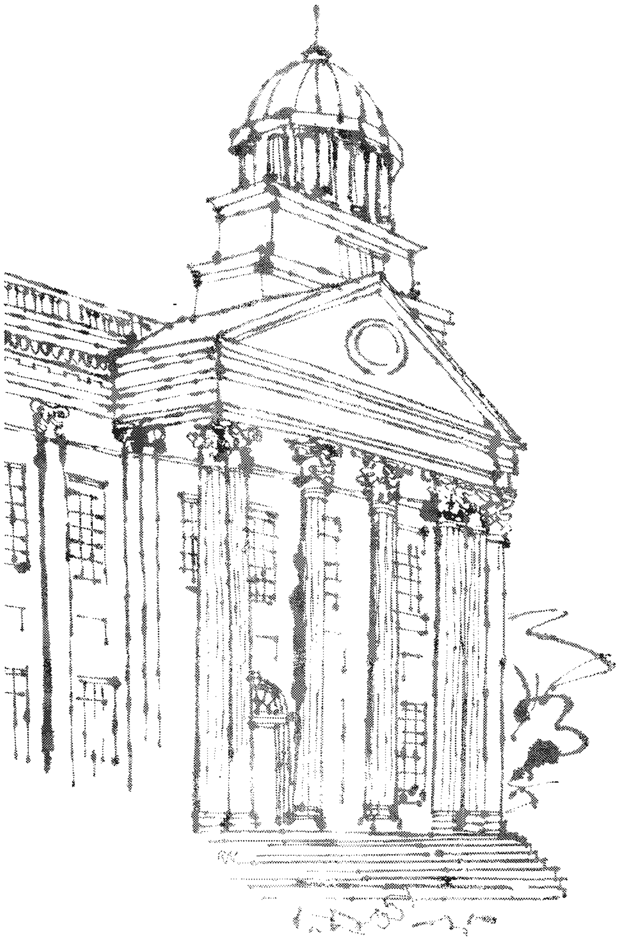

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0:44⅖ (by that time she was six lengths in front), she coasted home in 1:09⅖. As I've said before, she is a remarkable individual. She looks so fit and so relaxed that it's hard to realize she raced at Santa Anita last winter and has been racing at Aqueduct ever since the season opened here. For this, Hirsch Jacobs, her trainer, deserves full marks. Her next start is expected to be in the seven-furlong Vagrancy Handicap, for fillies and mares, at Aqueduct a week from Saturday, and it should be another piece of pie for her.

DAPPER DAN has joined the three-year-olds on the hospital list, having somehow chipped a bit of bone from his right knee in the Belmont Stakes. This can happen in a race when a tiring horse makes a wrong step, and it may be remembered that Dapper Dan swerved sharply toward the rail in the stretch. However, the mishap did not affect his running at that crucial time; in fact, he wasn't lame until the next day. Well, the chip has been removed by surgery, and he's expected to return to the races in the autumn. And you'll be pleased to know, as I was, that Bold Lad, his more noted stablemate, is training so satisfactorily that he may be under colors in a fortnight.

ON the record, I suppose the most impressive two-year-old out this season is the Edgehill Farm's Our Michael. Starting as the odds-on favorite for the Christiana Stakes at Delaware Park last weekend, he lived up to his reputation, winning easily from Flame Tree, New Windsor, and seven others. Incidentally, Sellers, who rode him, is having a high old time; he had the mount on Our Michael in the Juvenile at Aqueduct and in the Tyro at Monmouth Park, and on Hail to All in the Jersey Derby and the Belmont Stakes—winners all.

FOR SATURDAY HORSEPLAYERS: The Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs, the season's first important event over the turf course at Aqueduct, comes up this weekend. Rip van Winkle's little men from High Tor say they have the winner. Ask them. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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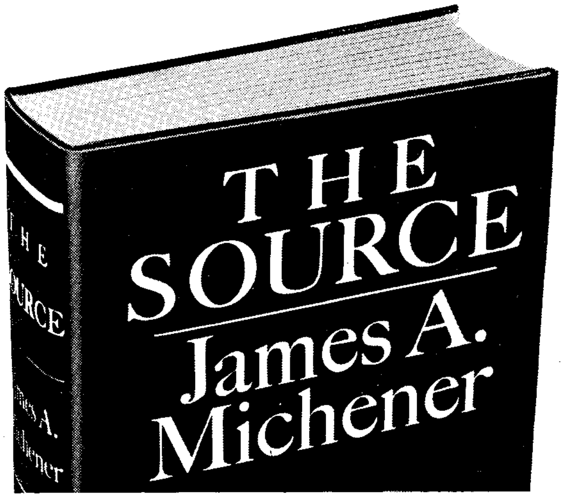

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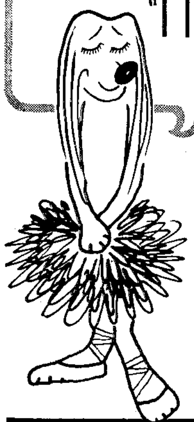

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread, by Don Robertson (Putnam). Morris Bird III, nine years old, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the greatest thing since sliced bread, and that nobody will deny. This funny, sentimental novel, set in Cleveland in the long-ago days of 1944, tells us of the day Morris Bird III set out in search of his friend Stanley, who had moved to the other side of town, and of what the search turned into, and how it ended. What the search turned into is described in this indescribable story, and the chances are that it has not yet ended. Mr. Robertson is a tremendously good writer.

Demian, by Hermann Hesse, translated from the German by Michael Roloff and Michael Lebeck (Harper & Row). This novel, written by Hesse after he had survived the First World War and undergone psychoanalysis with Jung, begins as an account of boyhood that is as sensitive as Proust and as harrowing as Kafka. Toward the middle, the novel simply falls apart and becomes hysterical, mystical, and sentimental all at once. The book is brought into historical and philosophical perspective in a little introduction by Thomas Mann. The translation is excellent.

GENERAL

Twenty-One Years, by Randolph S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin). A short autobiographical memoir by the second child and only son of the late Sir Winston Churchill, covering the period 1911-32—childhood, adolescence, and his gilded coming of age. It teems with great names (all of them dropped without a hint of self-consciousness) who were always underfoot at home or among his classmates at Sandroyd and Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and there are a number of cheerful little recollections of eccentric masters, jaunts to Italy, four-hour luncheon parties, and a date with Tallulah Bankhead, but there is practically nothing about his relationship with his father (beyond an unquestioning admiration), and it is all very neat and perfunctory. The book's blandness is emphasized by the inclusion, as an epilogue, of an interview that the managing editor of the *Sunday Times* had with Mr. Churchill in 1964, in which Mr. Churchill snorts ("I think politics should be run by the people who've carved out an individual and independent position for themselves in the life of the nation. And not these faceless men") and grumbles ("Substantially I went along with my father all the way, but I was always looking for opportunities to establish an individual position, and it's very hard to do so, obviously, when you're living under the shadow of the great oak tree—the small sapling, so close to the parent tree, doesn't perhaps receive enough sunshine") and generally sounds alive. Photographs.

On Escalation: Metaphors and Scenarios, by Herman Kahn (Praeger). Like most of Mr. Kahn's writing on national strategy, this book is as much a work of imagination as of intellect. The author attempts to envision possible levels of conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union—his metaphor is the rungs of a ladder—starting from verbal abuse and going up to the awful stage when both states fire all their nuclear bombs. In order to help us avoid escalation by mistake, Mr. Kahn imagines ways that conflict may reach undesirably high levels; he also suggests how, at any level—even after some nuclear weapons have been used—the peak of disaster may still be avoided. His prose is careless; his ideas are brilliant.

The New Face of War, by Malcolm W. Browne, with a preface by Henry Cabot Lodge (Bobbs-Merrill). The author, who has been the Associated Press correspondent in South Vietnam since 1961 and who shared with David Halberstam, of the New York *Times*, a Pulitzer Prize in 1964, describes the shape and style of a complicated, unpleasant war. His book is knowledgeable and sensitive. The guerrilla operations (both ours and the enemy's) vary in size, scope, objectives, and technique, and Mr. Browne tells about all kinds. Some of the complications—American involvement in the fighting and Buddhist involvement in politics—developed unex-

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pectedly; Mr. Browne explains why they happened and how they have worked out. He surveys the vast area of political-psychological warfare, which includes such diverse activities as a campaign of terror aimed at, and largely copied from, the Vietcong; talking to peasants; and scattering leaflets from airplanes. He not only keeps track of the tactics everybody has tried but also makes a keen appraisal of their success. Mr. Browne presents the reader with a panorama rather than a chronicle, but he tucks in a lot of recent history along the way. Almost everything he has to say is discouraging, but he still thinks that we must stay in South Vietnam until the South Vietnamese have won.

THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE, by David Halberstam (Random House). Mr. Halberstam was in South Vietnam from the summer of 1962 to the end of 1964, during the Buddhist demonstrations and the successful coup against President Ngo Dinh Diem. He was kept busy in nearly continuous controversy with the agencies of the United States, who insisted that the war against the Vietcong was going beautifully, and with the government of Ngo Dinh Diem, his brother Nhu, and Nhu's wife. (The more the regime failed, the more it blamed everybody else, especially newspapermen.) Though Mr. Halberstam tells a lot about the battles waged by and against the press, he remembers that his readers also want to hear about the real war, and he tells, as an exciting narrative, all he learned (which is plenty) about combat and politics in Southeast Asia. The author admits to an irrational affection for South Vietnam and its people; he, too, insists that however hard Americans find the job, the United States must defend them.

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO? by Robert Penn Warren (Random House). The author used a tape recorder to interview many of the Negroes who are taking leading parts in the civil-rights movement. These interviews, as Mr. Warren presents them here, add up to a cram course on the movement, its goals, its prospects, and, above all, its personnel. He talked to famous men, like the Reverend Martin Luther King, and he talked to men scarcely known outside their own neighborhoods—the book starts with a description by the Reverend Joe Carter, of West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana, of his first

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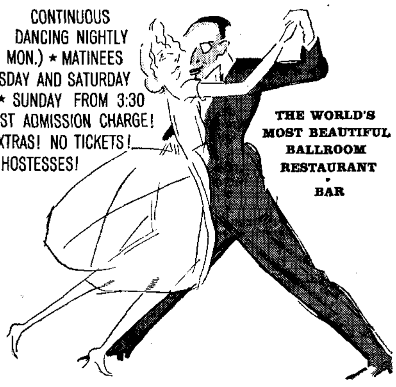

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attempt to register to vote, at the age of fifty-five. Mr. Warren visited young people, like Robert Moses, of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and older people, like Dr. Felton Clark, the president of Southern University for Negroes, in Louisiana. He sought the opinions of well-known Negro writers, of Negro undergraduates, of Negroes who had grown up in the North and attended schools with whites, and of Negroes raised entirely within the Southern pattern of segregation. All were agreed on some basic matters—for instance, that qualified Negroes should be allowed to vote. But as members of different generations and products of different experiences they display considerable variations of opinion and mood. It is much to Mr. Warren's credit as a provocative, self-effacing reporter that the reader catches the personality of each speaker. One of the most attractive aspects of the civil-rights movement (and of the book) is its slice-of-life, or cross-section-of-America, diversity.

Science and the Shabby Curate of Poetry: Essays About the Two Cultures, by Martin Green (Norton). This excellent and plain-spoken book takes its title from a remark of Auden's: "When I find myself in the company of scientists I feel like a shabby curate who has strayed by mistake into a drawing room full of dukes." Actually, according to Mr. Green—a product of Cambridge, a disciple of F. R. Leavis, and, more recently, a student of science—the shabbiness that the literary mind feels in the presence of science is strongly tinged with a defensive contempt, for that mind refuses almost hysterically to admit the truth of C. P. Snow's depiction of two cultures. There is, the literary mind insists, only one culture, and it is a literary culture. Mr. Green here examines this well-entrenched conviction: "The imagination of the modern intelligentsia, in its most highly developed forms, is unbalanced, misshapen; it is over-literary, too purely psychological-moral; this whole 'natural' mode of experience turns sentimental in its grasp, leaves it merely nostalgic, or bored, or appalled, while still uninformed. Most people who are literarily educated, and perhaps especially those with very active and responsible imaginations, just don't know enough to form an adequate response to half of their environment; the more

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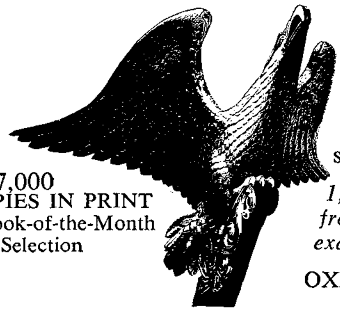
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changing and challenging half." And he concludes: "We cannot respond in any vigorous and masculine way even to traditional things like the sea and the sky unless we know them factually, according to contemporary categories, as contemporary facts, not as occasions for sensibility. Much less can we respond to the new, man-made things, the great machines, the texture and substance of modern life, unless we know enough about it to accept it emotionally as our own creation, not theirs, the others', the enemies'. . . . Ours is a scientific civilization, and we must be able to respond to so large a fact with something better than a wish it weren't so."

NOTE: "Warrior Herdsmen," Elizabeth Marshall Thomas's account of her experiences with the Dodoth tribe in Uganda, has been published by Knopf. Most of the book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Little, Brown has published "A Man Named Hoffman and Other Narratives of Medical Detection," by Berton Roueché. All the articles were first printed in this magazine. . . . "An Inquiry Into Enoughness," a collection of Daniel Lang's recent articles on nuclear matters, has been published by McGraw-Hill. Once again, the contents of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

CANDLE HOLDERS—To make such fancy candles, Mrs. Quintana takes a dog food can, cuts the sides in strips, then bends the strips up around the glass and curls the ends. A tuna fish can goes around the top curled down, and WALLAH!—*From the Santa Fe New Mexican Sunday Magazine.*

That's French.

•

Kenneth J. Smith, leader of the Philadelphia Ethical Society, will address the Platform Meeting of the Westchester Ethical Society tomorrow at 11 A.M. on the topic "The Playboy Magazine—Philosophy of Life and Sex Evaluated." There will be no Sunday School tomorrow.—*Mount Vernon* (N.Y.) *Argus.*

One thing at a time, eh?

•

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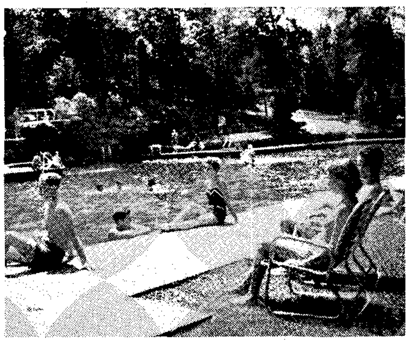

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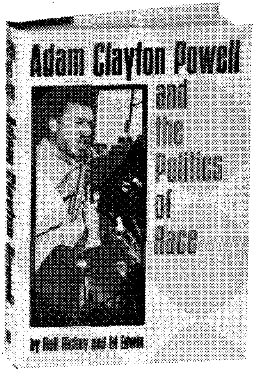

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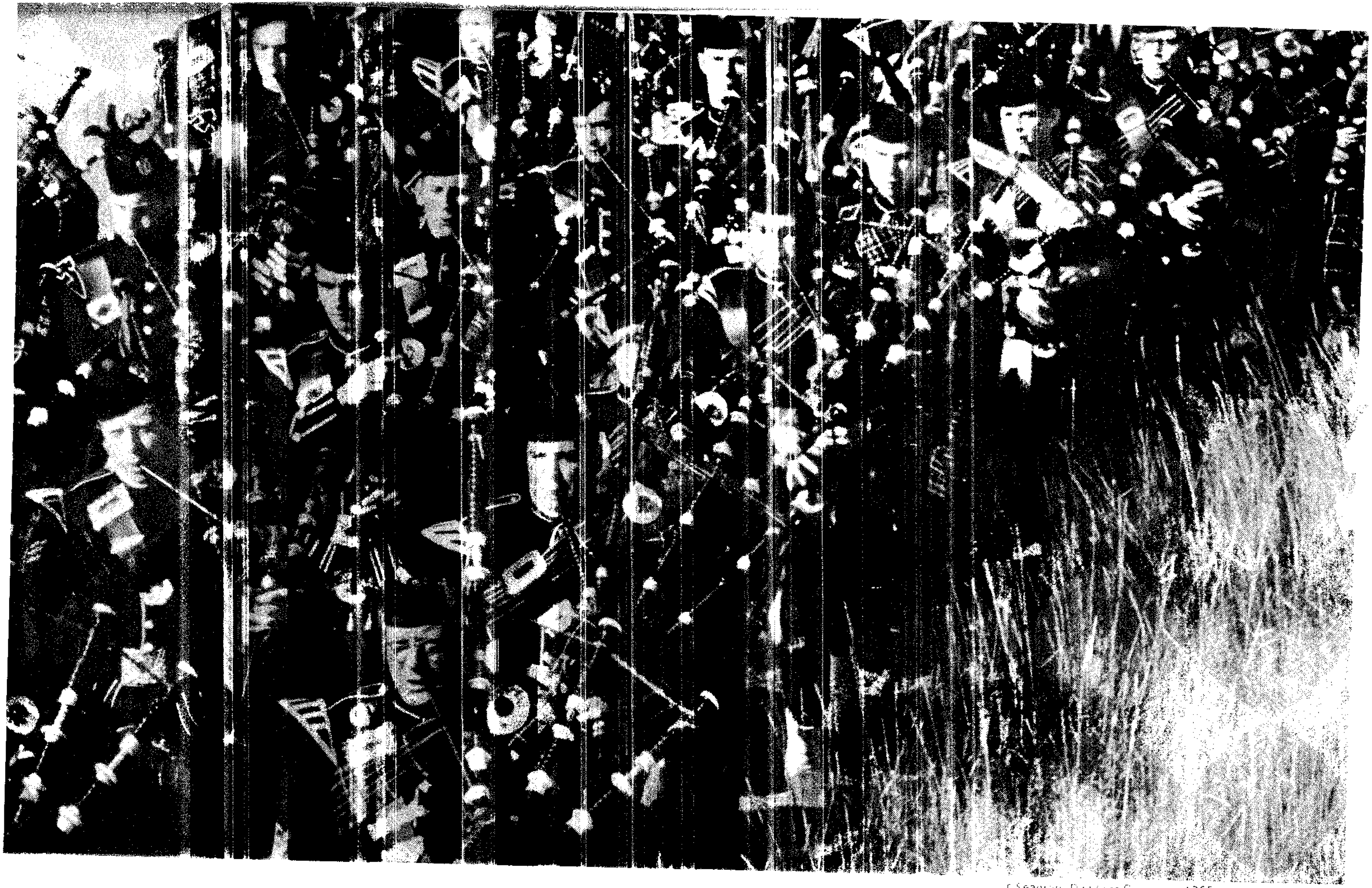

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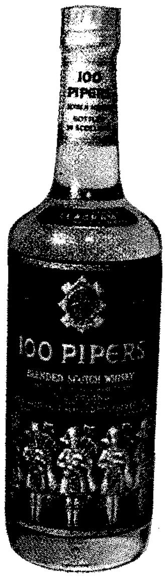

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